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THE

ESSAYIST:

A

YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

THE musician may tune his instrument in private, ere his audience have yet assembled; the architect conceals the foundation of his building beneath the superstructure. But an author's harp must be tuned in the hearing of those, who are to understand its after harmonies; the foundation stones of his edifice must lie open to common view, or his friends will hesitate to trust themselves beneath the roof.——THE FRIEND.

Vol. X....New Series.

BOSTON:
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1833.

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To

MY BRETHREN OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

WITH THE CONFIDENT HOPE THAT THE HIGHEST INTERESTS OF OUR

YOUNG MEN

Are destined to be extensively promoted through their exertions,

THIS VOLUME

Is respectfully Inscribed,

AS A TOKEN OF THE SINCERE REGARD

OF

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

Our interest in the objects which this Periodical is intended to subserve, will not permit us thus to conclude the present volume, without a few words of explanation and comment. Indeed, we feel deeply that an explanation is due to the numerous highly respectable individuals who have favored us with their subscriptions, on account of the great irregularity with which the several numbers of the volume have been issued.

When the volume was commenced, we thought we saw our way clear, having the promise of extensive assistance from a private Literary Association, to accomplish our object without devoting any other time to it than what might be obtained aside from that which would be necessarily devoted to our printing department. It proved to be the case, however, that the Association, so far from meeting the expectation of many of its members in its results, soon dwindled away into a mere nominal existence. On account of this circumstance, together with an increase of business which we did not anticipate, it became absolutely necessary to issue the work till the close of the volume in the irregular manner in which it has appeared. We earnestly hope that those who have not been acquainted with our situation, will consider this a sufficient explanation.

The position at present occupied by the Young Men of our community, is in many respects a novel one. In the cause of self-improvement, they have assumed a stand at once decided and honorable. The spirit of culture abroad among them has, thus far, developed itself chiefly in a social form. And, notwithstanding there may be some plausible objections urged against such a principle of action carried so far as it has been of late, it cannot be doubted that, as a *popular* means, it is the best, if not the only impulse capable of exciting and maintaining, among the mass of young men, a due regard for intellectual and moral elevation.

It is obvious, however, that such a state of things demands peculiar and modifying influences. A Periodical conscientiously devoted to the purpose, is eminently fitted to exert influences of this nature. Its usefulness would be still more extensive, since it would serve as a stimulous to carry forward and a record to preserve the best results of other improving agencies. The *beau ideal* of such a work has long been familiar and interesting to us, and we yet hope to see it bodied forth. As the testimony of personal experience, we can safely affirm, that an enterprise of this nature carried on among us, would exhibit a degree of talent, utility and interest, of the existence of which the community are as yet quite unaware.

THE ESSAYIST has not, indeed, from circumstances already alluded to, comprehended the objects or met the views, to promote which it was originated. Still, regarding it as a specimen of what may be done in a similar way, we find cause for satisfaction, and feel that it has not lived in vain through a regularly progressive infancy, and an irregular youth, if these are but the precursors of a vigorous manhood.

In justice to our contributors we must say, that among the ESSAYS contained in this work, are several of a superior order, both as regards matter and style, and we believe that the Prose, taken as a whole, will not suffer by comparison with that of any periodical of equal compass we are acquainted with. It displays a comparatively small proportion of light magazine writing, but, on the other hand, presents much which is worth embodying in a more durable shape. It has been a principle with us to insert no ordinary poetry, and one to which, with very few exceptions, we have strictly adhered.

Our time and attention being at present so much engrossed by other objects, we have concluded not to publish another volume of this work. It is our intention, however, so soon as circumstances shall be favorable, to make arrangements, by paying the highest price for articles accepted, for the prompt publication of a Magazine devoted to the interests of young men, which shall rank among the first periodicals of the day.

We present our sincere thanks to all those who have befriended us, trusting we shall hereafter prove to be more worthy of their favorable regard.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1831. No. I.

Introduction.

We present our friends and the public with the first number of a work which has been heretofore proposed, in the firm confidence of receiving the encouragement which our humble efforts to please and profit them may deserve. Possibly 'we say it who should n't say it,' but our opinion is, at all events, that the course we have marked out for ourselves, will be found neither without interest nor without use to those who may befriend us. And notwithstanding the vast dignity of the move we have made from our chrysalis state in the Essayist, and the huge importance which attaches to our editorial character in consequence thereof, we shall still be gratified to meet and to greet our acquaintances on all proper and convenient occasions. It will be well to save some trouble, however, by pointing out the subjects we wish our writers to treat upon, and the manner of treatment we wish them to adopt.

We do not intend that our magazine shall contain any very long or very elaborate articles. We think it better in most cases to say too little than too much: and the remark is particularly applicable to a work like ours. The fact is, that voluminous papers are not very generally read in this country, however lucid or learned, or sound or sensible they may be. We are too busy, hasty, practical a people—those of us especially so, who belong to the operative class, and are obliged to make the most and best use, at least the most expeditious use, of all the little leisure we can get.

In all other circumstances as in this, we are desirous of consulting the particular situation, taste and necessities of those

whom we must mainly depend upon for support. The matter of the magazine, then, must be practical; and in this view we wish to comprise criticisms and strictures upon the living manners, fashions, literature, prevalent opinions and general tone of the age. Some parts of the Spectator—a work which we are antiquated enough both to admire and recommend—occur to us as coming near enough to a model of what we wish for in this department. Of course, these criticisms and strictures must be founded mostly upon actual observation, manly in their moral aim, and gentlemanly in their style. If they are not all these, they certainly will not be profitable, and very probably will not be even agreeable or admissible. With these provisos, the more spirit and nerve in them the better. Truth and sense and argument, we are sorry to say it, are not alone sufficient to *re*form the world, and scarcely to *in*form it. If they were, sermons would do more good, and novels less damage.

As to fictitious composition, we have no great respect for the common run of love-tales, we frankly confess. Nor do we intend to admit, or expect to receive any, which are not made subservient to some higher end than caricaturing human life and human nature under the everlasting mottos of heroes and heroines, bright eyes and poison, love, murder and witchcraft. At the same time, we have no doubt that fiction may sometimes be advantageously made the medium of sound observations upon men and manners, and especially of wholesome satire. Most of these remarks will apply as precisely to poetry. The mere gingle of rhyme is but a poor substitute for sense, spirit or principle. Wherever it is an *accompaniment*, we shall receive it with pleasure; and of course, in that case the more ornamental the better. The diamond itself, without polish, is but a trifle more precious than granite.

We shall be glad to receive well written Biographical notices, and shall make it a point to prepare or provide them frequently. There are names enough of our own countrymen, to suggest abundant matter both of entertainment and instruction, in this line of literature. Occasional essays upon Composition, with an especial reference to the benefit of young writers; notices of all new works in which we believe that our readers are or should be interested; in a word, any matter which is brief, decorous, practical and spirited, will come within our professed plan.

As to our own principles, we are not of that class who think it an indication of wisdom, to say that they have no settled views

in relation to any of the great subjects which affect the interests of our country and the world. On the contrary, we think it a duty to establish and support an opinion of our own, on every important question which relates to the general good. And, as we are convinced that we have a perfect right to think and speak as we choose, (paying proper regard always to decorum,) we cannot consistently deny the same privilege to others. On the whole, we do respect and shall respect all parties, so far as their conduct does and shall justify such deference; and therefore shall be willing to receive fair and well written articles on all controverted subjects of sufficient dignity and consequence to deserve the notice of the public.

In fine, having engaged the assistance of some of our best writers, with such matter as we propose the magazine shall contain, and without the aid of much fiction, or of *mere* fiction at all, we shall be disappointed if we cannot succeed both in interesting the imagination and improving the mind, without perverting the one or corrupting the other.

Living American Literature.

In subsequent numbers of the Essayist, we propose to furnish, from one of the best sources, a series of essays upon the American Literature of the present day. They will be written chiefly in the form of philosophical and critical notices of the genius and productions of particular authors; and may of course be made to comprise, in this way, nearly everything which is valuable enough for distinct comment. Nor will our remarks be necessarily limited, in their application, to the individual concerned in each instance. We shall indeed endeavor to make them illustrative of his peculiar excellencies and his peculiar faults, as also to establish every position laid down by citations, sufficiently just and ample, without being superfluous and tedious. But it will inevitably be the case that the majority both of an author's good and bad qualities, will be found to be generic rather than anomalous; or, in other words, will be qualities belonging commonly and perhaps universally, in some degree, to the literature of the country. Thus we shall be able to ascertain the characteristics of the national mind, by analyzing the minds of individuals—merely adding to universal criticism the interest of personal portraiture.

Among the living American poets, we shall probably begin with those of the best-settled reputation, who are understood to have committed nearly all which they can do as to quality, and enough in quantity to be fair subjects of trial and verdict. Bryant is one of these. Percival, Pierpont, Halleck, Hillhouse, Neal, Sprague, Willis and Mrs. Sigourney are others. We might mention several more, but have hardly the assurance yet, to depend, with the certainty that greater definiteness would imply, upon one circumstance which is quite necessary to the success of the plan—our own existence. There will be time enough, however, for embracing many other names within our design, when we have done something like justice to those we have mentioned already.

We shall not, however, confine our attention to writers of poetry, the department in which the authors just named are almost exclusively distinguished. Large and respectable portions of our literature of the present day, even of the merely ornamental or elegant, are in prose. Such, for instance, are several of the first and favorite works of Irving. Paulding and Flint are writers of the same class; and though the character of each of these, as an author, is peculiar in some degree to himself, we know of few minds in American literature which are worthy of a more critical examination, or will repay it with more interest.

We are not the less disposed, in the prosecution of this plan, to hope for success in the only point which we aim at—usefulness—from the circumstance, that although the writers and the works we propose to notice have been long known and widely read, they have been in many cases the subject only of general and vague comment. They are liked or disliked; they are said to succeed or to fail; to have written too much or too little; and a thousand other various opinions are pronounced in the same loose terms. But how seldom have the reasons been given, as they always should be, in these cases; how much has been and is decided by mere impression; and how much more satisfactory would it be for us who read, and how much more profitable for those who write, if the sources of success and failure were traced out, and the principles of style and genius peculiar to each case dissected and laid bare for the benefit of the student. Such will be the chief object of the following essays, and this we shall endeavor to keep always in sight, however far we may be from attaining it.

The Star of the Soul.

Faint as the glow-worm's fire,
Beam forth upon the night,
The pilot's certain changeless star,
And the seaman's silver light.

Yet are they dearer, far,
Than the buried wealth untold,
That strews the rills of Araby,
Or the Orman vales, with gold.

They point, through shade and storm,
From Heaven and from earth,
To many a weary wanderer,
His country—and the hearth,

Where young bright eyes shall greet him
With the joy of bursting tears;
And faded cheeks shall bloom again,
Paled with the grief of years.

And so, Hope's lofty light,
From the unseen stormy beach,
Over wind and wave, far out,
Its trembling gleam doth reach.

Yet, built on earth's low strand,
That light may only show
Where the fields of time are greenest,
And its flowers the fairest blow.

Oh! that to me one beam
Of the star, unveiled, were given;
The hope that hangs its flame divine
O'er the far high cliffs of heaven!

B. B. T.

Picture of the Gay World.

There are some persons in society, who, like not a few sensitive authors of books, are startled by the thought of being subject to the scrutiny of one who will not flatter them; and think it uncharitable, if not impolite, for even a friend thoroughly to inspect their motives and conduct. That they are deceived as to their own interest and that of society in general, is sufficiently obvious; but to undeceive them is no easy task. They imagine that their views of the ends of life are more enlarged than those of any other portion of mankind; and you cannot convince them of the contrary, until that veil is torn from their

understanding, which is thrown over it by their predominent feeling, self-importance.' Still, it is necessary that all orders of men should undergo a complete inspection; and I trust that the Essayist will maintain a bold as well as just stand in its criticisms on the manners and customs of society.

I have in my possession a valuable ancient book, which contains a picture of the gay world, worthy of being transferred to the pages of any periodical. Believing it to be unnecessary, in drawing pictures of life, to delineate traits which have been faithfully sketched by others, I do not hesitate to introduce this picture, taking the liberty to modify the language and sentiment so as to make them appropriate to the state of the world at the present time.

Among the fashionable part of mankind throughout christendom, there are in all countries persons, who, though they feel a just abhorrence to atheism and professed infidelity, yet have very little religion, and are found to be scarcely half believers in christianity, when their lives come to be looked into and their sentiments examined. What is chiefly aimed at in a refined education is, to procure as much ease and pleasure upon earth as that can afford. Therefore men are first instructed in all the various arts of rendering their behaviour agreeable to others, with the least disturbance to themselves. They are imbued with the knowledge of all the elegant comforts of life, as well as the lessons of human prudence, to avoid pain and trouble, in order to enjoy as much of the world, and with as little opposition, as it is possible. While thus men study their own private interest in assisting each other to promote and increase the pleasures of life in general, they find by experience, that to compass those ends, everything ought to be banished from conversation that can have the least tendency of making others uneasy; and to reproach men with their faults or imperfections, neglects or omissions, or to put them in mind of their duty, are offices that none are allowed to take upon themselves but parents or professed masters and tutors, nor even they before company. To reprove and pretend to teach others we have no authority over, is ill manners, even in a clergyman out of the pulpit; nor is he there to mention things that are melancholy or dismal, if he would pass for a polite preacher. But whatever we may vouchsafe to hear at church, the essentials of christianity are never to be talked of when we are out of it, among the most gay, upon any account whatever. The subject is not diverting. Besides, everybody is supposed to know those things, and to take care accordingly; nay, it is unmannerly to think otherwise. The

decency in fashion being the chief, if not the only rule most modish people walk by, not a few of them go to church and receive the sacrament, from the same principle that obliges them to pay visits to one another, and now and then to make an entertainment. But as the greatest care of the gay world is to be agreeable, and appear well bred, so most of them take particular care, and many against their consciences, not to seem burdened with more religion than it is fashionable to have; for fear of being thought to be either hypocrites or bigots.

Virtue, however, is a very fashionable word, and some of the most luxurious are extremely fond of the amiable sound, though they mean nothing by it but a great veneration for whatever is courtly or sublime, and an equal aversion to everything that is vulgar or unbecoming. They seem to imagine, that it chiefly consists in a strict compliance to the rules of politeness, and all the laws of honor that have any regard to the respect which is due to themselves. It is the existence of this virtue that is often maintained with so much pomp of words, and for the eternity of which so many champions are ready to take up arms: while the votaries of it deny themselves no pleasure they can enjoy, either fashionably or in secret; and, instead of sacrificing the heart to the love of real virtue, can only condescend to abandon the outward deformity of vice, for the satisfaction they receive from appearing to be well bred. It is counted ridiculous for men to commit violence upon themselves, or to maintain that virtue requires self-denial; many court philosophers are agreed, that nothing can be lovely or desirable, that is mortifying or uneasy. A civil behaviour among the fair in public, and a deportment inoffensive both in words and actions, is all the chastity the gay world requires in men. Whatsoever liberties a man gives himself in private, his reputation shall not suffer while he conceals his amours from all those who are not unmannerly inquisitive, and takes care that nothing criminal can ever be proved upon him. *Si non castè saltem cautè* is a precept that sufficiently shows what everybody expects; and though incontinence is owned to be a sin, yet never to have been guilty of it is a character which many single men under thirty would not be fond of, even among modest women.

As the world everywhere, in compliment to itself, desires to be counted really virtuous, so barefaced vices, and all trespasses committed in sight of it, are heinous and unpardonable. To see a man drunk in the open street or any serious assem-

bly at noon day, is shocking; because it is a violation of the laws of decency, and plainly shows a disregard of the respect and the duty which everybody is supposed to owe to the public. Men of mean circumstances likewise may be blamed for spending more time or money in drinking, than they can afford; but when these and all worldly considerations are out of the question, drunkenness itself, as it is a sin, an offence to Heaven, is seldom censured; and many men of fortune do not scruple to own that they were at such a time in such a company, where they drank very hard. Where nothing is committed that is either beastly or otherwise extravagant, persons who meet on purpose to drink and be merry, reckon their manner of passing away the time as innocent as any other, though most days in the year they spend an hour in that diversion. No man had ever the reputation of being a good companion, in such company, who would never drink to excess; and if the dose a man takes never disorders him the next day, the worst that shall be said of him is, that he loves his bottle with moderation: though every night constantly he makes drinking his pastime, and hardly ever goes to bed entirely sober.

Avarice, it is true, is generally detested; but as men may be as guilty of it by scraping money together as they can be by hoarding it up, so all the base, the sordid and unreasonable means of acquiring wealth, ought to be equally condemned and exploded, with the vile, the pitiful and penurious ways of saving it. But the world is more indulgent. No man is taxed with avarice, that will conform with the gay world, and live every way in splendor, though he should always be raising the rents of his estate, and hardly suffer his tenants to live under him; though he should enrich himself by usury, and all the barbarous advantages that extortion can make of the necessities of others; and though moreover he should be a bad pay-master himself, and an unmerciful creditor to the unfortunate; it is all one—no man is counted covetous who entertains well, and will allow his family what is fashionable for a person in his condition. How often do we see men of very large estates unreasonably solicitous after greater riches! What greediness do some men discover in extending the perquisites of their offices! what dishonorable condescensions are made for places of profit! what slavish attendance is given, and what low submissions and unmanly cringes are made to favorites for pensions, by men that could subsist without them! Yet these things are no reproach to men, and they are never upbraided with them but by their enemies, or

those who envy them, and perhaps the discontented and the poor. On the contrary, most of the well bred people that live in affluence themselves, will commend them for their diligence and activity, and say of them, that they take care of the main chance—that they are industrious men for their families, and that they know how, and are fit to live in the world.

But these kind constructions are not more hurtful to the practice of christianity, than the high opinion which in an artful education men are taught to have of their species is to the belief of its doctrine, if a right use be not made of it. That the great preeminence we have over all other creatures we are acquainted with, consists in our rational faculty, is very true; but it is as true that the more we are taught to admire ourselves, the more our pride increases, and the greater stress we lay on the sufficiency of our reason. For, as experience teaches us that the greater and the more transcendent the esteem is which men have for their own worth the less capable they generally are to bear injuries without resentment, so we see in like manner that the more exalted the notions which men entertain of their better part, their reasoning faculty, the more remote and averse they will be from giving their assent to anything that seems to insult or contradict it: and asking a man to admit of anything he cannot comprehend, the proud reasoner calls an affront to human understanding. But as ease and pleasure are the grand aim of the fashionable world, and civility is inseparable from their behaviour, whether they are believers in christianity or not, so well bred people never quarrel with the religion they are brought up in. They will readily comply with every ceremony in divine worship they have been used to, and never dispute with you, either about the Old or the New Testament, if in your turn you will forbear laying great stress upon faith and mysteries, and allow them to give an allegorical or any other figurative sense to whatever they cannot comprehend or account for by the light of nature.

I am far from believing, that in the gay world there are not in all christian countries many persons of stricter virtue and greater sincerity in religion, than I have here described; but that a considerable part of mankind have a great resemblance to the picture I have been drawing, I appeal to every knowing and candid reader.

CLEOMENES.

To Autumn.

Beautiful Autumn! with thy ruddy cheek
Flushed by the splendor of October's sun,
And all thy crimson garments stained with gold,
And auburn tresses fluttering in the breeze,
Welcome! thrice welcome to thy liberal reign!

I love within thy many-colored woods
To pause, when comes the sober-suited Eve
To dim the brilliant clouds and crimson leaves,
And hush the hum of insect and the song
Of the complaining birds that haunt the groves.

Then on the reedy brink of lonely pool
I pause to note the image of the clouds
Tinct with the last rich colors of the Day,
Fade and dissolve along the crystal wave.
Then all the insects of Autumnal-time,
Flutter around the surface, or dip in,
Or skim, in rapid rings, the unwrinkled waves.
Then drops the sluggish turtle from his rock,
And many a thievish bird dips in his beak.

Beautiful Autumn! with thy bounding step
And mirthful laugh resounding o'er the hills,
I never gaze upon thy glowing cheek
And forehead white, o'errun with raven curls,
But to my heart the thought of thy brief life
And early death, a bitter pang doth send.
I know the living splendor of that hue
Is but the hectic that consumption lends.

M.

Travelling in the West.

I had been dragged by four lazy horses, in a jolting wagon, under the care of a long Scotchman, to the Falls of Niagara. They tell me that some have gone away disappointed at the cataract—that they have gone away, as though what they had taken to be a boundless ocean, rushing into a depth unimaginable, with a noise like the shout of ten thousand archangels, had turned out to be nothing but a small mill-stream, tumbling awkwardly over a broad plank. It was not so with me; the immense bodies of ice close in the teeth of the cataract—the fearful volume of water—the depth into which it fell—the crash of its descent, and last of all, and most sublime, the clouds of spray that poured continuously up, like the smoke from the mouths of a legion of cannon—all

formed a scene exceeding greatly all my former ideas of it. There is only one thing in which I was disappointed, and that was the noise at a distance: it has been greatly exaggerated. I had been surprised, contrary to my expectations, for I had been afraid of being disappointed. So thanking heaven that I was not so much *sans* taste, as one who asked where the Notch of the White Hills was after passing it, (a story which Crawford will tell you with great glee,) I proceeded on to Buffalo. People who wish for a subject to wonder at, should look in upon Rochester and Buffalo, cities as they are almost, grown up as they have in what was but a little time since a wilderness, and my word for it, they will feel some little astonishment. They are to be incorporated cities before long. Rochester will do passing well as a name, but the other—suppose they call it by the proper name of the American animal, the city of Bison. The name is altogether out of character. Passing all this, however, as matter of little import, I proceed to quote from memory some passages which are there laid up, with a special reference to you which are gathered.

It was about one of the morning when I left the door of the Eagle, and inserted myself into another narrow and long Dutch wagon. I think that a man cannot be waked from a sound sleep, blunder into his clothing, and stumble down stairs, and into a stage, all in the space of some five minutes, without feeling a great disposition to peevishness. Why then should not I? There I was, sitting on one seat, and extending my legs out over another, which was too near me to admit of their being placed between, while every jolt of the cart gave me serious apprehensions of some bodily injury. I had been worse off before, however. The stage between Rochester and Lewiston had broken down, and as the provident stage company had laid up all of its coaches in Rochester—for which may heaven cause them to ride in Ohio!—we were forced to travel twenty miles or more in a common wagon with ten in it, and a large *quantum* of mails and trunks—some of us sitting and some lying on the knees of the others; after which every trouble was easy.

It was a cold and chilly morning; so wrapping myself in my cloak, I betook myself to my reflections till daylight, when I looked round to take a view of my companions. There was my friend, to whom you have been already introduced, sound asleep just before me; by my side was a long Yankee from Vermont, on his way to Detroit, and two men of the same extraction from the shores of Seneca Lake, who were going

the same way; and the remaining traveller was a little keen eyed fellow with a thin nose, who was settled somewhere in Pennsylvania. We had a long and dull ride on the shore of the lake; at one time dragged through the sand, at another through a muddy road that was as bad, while on one side were bare trees on the edge of a swampy ground, and on the other a field of ice as far as could be seen. In the course of the day we stopped at a little village on the lake, and observed a house of peculiar appearance. It was a strange mixture of English and Dutch architecture. The end of it stood into the street, and the front door, so to speak, was on the side of the house; the roof on one side was much wider than on the other, and sloped much nearer to the ground; and for ornament to the fabric there was a *chef d'œuvre* of art in the shape of a window, nearly up to the roof, on the end which looked into the road. It was a representation of a globe, with all its meridians and parallels, and it needed no skill to discover that such an idea could only have found birth within the cranium of a Dutchman. In each end of what would be called in New England the back part of the house, was apparently a small room, and between these was a space opened to the air, and surrounded with a railing. If you add to this that the house, fences and out-building were all painted red, you have as good an idea of the place as I can give you.

After we had started from this place, our little Pennsylvanian, upon some inquiries which I made, gave me the following history, which I shall take a pleasure in presenting to you as nearly as I can in his own words.

The site of the little village of Alexander, which we have just left, had lain, heaven knows how long, buried under a vast forest, or rather a succession of them, which had risen and fallen, and given birth to other forests, since, perhaps, the creation of the world—when of a sudden a company of thin-visaged New Hampshire men, with nether accoutrements which had been made for them when they were boys, and coats which were made for their grandfathers, each with a red-cheeked and broad-waisted wife, and some with a host of white-headed urchins, the future clearers of the territory beyond the Mississippi, made their appearance among the astounded trees. The natural order of succession was interrupted, and trees that might to all appearances have lived on for some fifty years longer, were tumbled down with little remorse amid the ruins of their forefathers, upon which they had grown. It is hardly worth while to follow the growth of the village; suffice it to say that there was soon a wonderful

increase in the matter of future settlers, and that it was not long before a schoolmaster was found for them, who also performed, and all for a small salary, the duties of a preacher. It was never known what caused republicans, so stern as they were, to call their village by the name of a tyrant; I never could discover—but doubtless you remember the anecdote which Flint tells in his review; if not, 't is too good to be lost. He says that the people in a certain state were about to give a name to their capital. They had held a long debate upon the matter, when a wag observed with a serious air, that there had been a nation who were great friends and lovers of all the arts and sciences—that they were called Vandals. It was voted *nem. dis.* that the town should be called Vandal, and for euphony, adding another syllable, they made of it Vandalia.

I know not in what year it was that a new vehicle entered the street, for they had but one in Alexander. It was much such a wagon as we have just now vacated for this comfortable coach. It was loaded with a few pieces of furniture, and some little merchandize, and its occupants were one Dutchman and a little girl. They are both described in a moment. He was just short and stout and stolid enough to form a Dutchman, but not a caricature. She was a beautiful little fairy, with fair hair and dark eyes, and as unlike a Dutch girl as might reasonably be supposed. The man descended at the door of the Macedonian hotel, and calling for the landlord gave him his directions.

'You gan take dese horse to der stable and give dem der oats, which is petter as gorn—and do you take dis box under your arm wit care—and you may take dis girl to your vroum.'

So saying, he sententiously stuck his hands into the pockets of his broad coat, and walked off.

'Well now, if that do n't beat all,' ejaculated honest Samuel Pulsifer, the deacon and innkeeper of the village—'and if them nags a'n't pretty slick; confound it! how heavy the box is—and the little girl is wonderfully pretty.' So looking after the Dutchman a moment, he followed his directions.

It was an hour before the stranger returned. He walked into the bar-room, and sitting down betook himself to his pipe. It was now getting towards evening, and the bar-room began to fill, and a regular fire of questions was opened upon the stranger—and in good truth there was some excuse for it, for the village was almost shut out from the world, and the arrival of a stranger was a rare occurrence. He discovered no reluctance to answer in monosyllable to any question not

relating to himself—and these were not put him by the New Englanders, who were, though I speak contrary to the common opinion, too well supplied with a natural politeness to inquire broadly and at once about his concerns. A Scotchman saved them the trouble. He asked him successively:

'Ye 'll be frae the auld coontrie? Ha! then haply frae Rhode Island? Deevil!—Vermoont? Sanfus! frae the auld Bay State? Weel then; ye think I dinna ken whar ye coom frae, but I keen weel enoof—ye 're frae the fair valley of the siller Mohawk—hae na I guessed richt now.'

'Der deyvil! you are five times as worse as der Yankese,' was all the answer he obtained.

Not deterred by this, he inquired if it was his ain bairn he had brought with him—and received for answer a cool and Dutch (and if you cannot conceive of it by this description, I have done) 'ya.'

The Dutchman now inquired for the owner of the land on which the house is now built which you remarked so particularly, and found that it belonged to the landlord of the inn. He soon made a bargain for it, and engaged a carpenter, (who might have been Hiram Doolittle himself, for aught I know to the contrary—at any rate their work was similar, except that the judge was less obstinate than the Dutchman,) who insisted upon at least a share in planning the house. In due time the building was finished—such as you saw it but lately; a house-keeper engaged, whose only qualification insisted upon was taciturnity; a store opened in which the stranger, Dierck Voorhies, appeared as owner, salesman and book-keeper; and our little girl Helen put under the care of the good preacher and schoolmaster, Everard Hall, where she made a strange and wonderful improvement. Twelve years made an astonishing difference in the village, as well as in its inhabitants. There were now two churches glittering in all the splendor of white paint and tinned steeples. The old inn had been made to give way to a more imposing building; two or three new stores had sprung up; and some one or two fashionable young men had made their appearance, simultaneously as it were, with some other exotics, which had found a place in the garden of our old Dutch friend. *He* was unchanged; his store and his sign had been transformed, but there was no change in him; he had remained untouched, while the innkeeper had grown old, and taken to his spectacles, and while the little girl whom we first saw as a little fairy had grown up to the size and beauty of womanhood. Her form was full

and rich, but not redundant; her hair had deepened its hue, and become of a dark and glossy brown, shading in dark profusion her high and white forehead; her eyes too had become almost black, yet without any of that wild fierceness which you will often see in such an eye, but full of a soft and perhaps melancholy expression. Nothing could be more Grecian than the nose, or more delicious than the lip, rather thin than full as it was; and nothing rounder and more finely chiselled than the neck; and you might scarcely expect to find a more lovely being paddling in her canoe upon the broad lake, or fleeing like a fairy along the sands. It may well be supposed that she was not without lovers. There was the young doctor, who cast many a tender glance at her through his spectacles—and a young clerk or two who founded their claim to favor upon a certain undefined gentility, and an immense gilt watch chain; yet she was not easily won.

There had been warm weather for some days, in April, and of a sudden there came up a storm on the lake. The waves roared and dashed like those of the sea, and the winds blew violently. In the midst of the storm Helen went down to the shore of the lake. It was a terrible sight. To the north the lake was open and clear of ice, but white with foam, like a broad ocean in the night. Southward was a field of ice extending even to the river Niagara, and now and then by the tremendous force of the wind tossed up and swelling and crushing into powder, and blowing away before the wind. Such a commotion, from its contrast with the common stillness of the lake, is more terrible than it would be on the sea. As she stood gazing, a schooner came in sight round a point of land three or four miles distant, bearing down directly towards the shore under bare poles. While she gazed, a voice near her ejaculated—'De deyvil! wit dat rate dey will run ashore sooner as they will do something else.' Indeed it seemed so—the vessel was coming down directly towards them. Where they stood was a sandy shore for about a quarter of a mile, while above and below for a considerable distance the shores were rock-bound. The suspense did not last long; they were evidently preparing to run aground. As she drew nearer she sailed more slowly. She seemed laden to the water's edge. A current struck her, and the wind blew through her rigging without moving her. She was stationary a moment—she quivered—and went down. She had been filling with water for some time. The greater

part of her crew were saved—and two of them, particularly our friend Dierck, plunged into the lake to row out. These were a middle aged man, in the uniform of a British officer, and a young man, who, when he reached the shore, was quite insensible. They were taken to the Dutch house—and when Edward Craighead, son of Captain Craighead of his majesty's forces, recovered his senses, he saw Helen bending over him, and said some very silly things to her, I am inclined to believe ;—most certainly, however, she did not think them so, inasmuch as the descendant of the Voorhies' found him two days afterwards pressing her hand to his lips, and am I sure that she did no more than to blush. They soon came to an explanation, and on inquiring into the standing of both father and son, the old man made no objection to a marriage; and in truth there was an assemblage of people at his house not more than a week or two after, and a certain ceremony; and after this was over, the Dutchman, contrary to all his usual habits, seemed to be inclined to put a few words together. Said he—

'I shall tell you all, how as when I did come out here wit my cart and money, what could I see in New York, close by the Genesee Falls, but dwenty Indians—more as that, may be. Deyvil, I thought I was caught—but they were friendly—and because they had der little girl as they would leave sooner as carry it, and perhaps kill it, I did buy her, and dis is she,' (putting his hand upon the head of Helen,) 'and dis is what they gave me, as was take wit you.' So saying, he gave her a little pocket book, puckered up his mouth, and became as Dutch as ever.

At sight of the pocket book the Captain changed countenance. He took it, opened it, and read from it, 'Rosehill, July'—dropped it, and clasping Helen in his arms, covered her with kisses. It is no one's business if he did weep, that I know. There was a long account given, which may all be compressed into one or two words. Some twelve years before, the Indians had burned his house, killed the nurse, and carried off the child. It was always supposed that Helen had perished in the flames; and some bones which had been found were buried with great care—probably the honor had been performed to her favorite dog.

Amid all the excitement of the discovery, our old friend had calmly smoked his pipe. At length he ejaculated—'Deyvil! and so der jung man has married his own sister; dere is a fine kettle wit fish!'

The Captain laughed heartily, and answered—'It is fortunate for us all that he is only my *adopted* son.'

All parties are yet alive. Lieutenant Craighead and his bride are in Canada with their father the major; and the Dutchman still sells broadcloth and flannels, and smokes his pipe in his amphibious dwelling house.

P.

The Polish Standards.

The following is drawn up for the Essayist, and the Journal and Tribune, in obedience to a vote passed at a meeting of the Polish Committee on Tuesday evening, Sept. 13th, by which three members of that association, to wit, Messrs. Thatcher, Light and Child, were appointed for this purpose. It comprises all the principal documents connected with the consecration which could be obtained from their respective authors; and it is hoped, will be found as correct and complete in other respects as the limits of time and space to which the sub-committee were restricted, would permit.

It will be recollected by those who are interested in the subject indicated by our title, that the first meeting of the Young Men of Boston for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of measures which might be proposed for the relief or encouragement of the Poles, was called on the 10th of June, 1831. That meeting, which was respectably attended, was organized by the choice of Mr. William R. Stacy, Chairman, and of Mr. George W. Light, Secretary; and, after remarks were made by several gentlemen who expressed deep interest in the cause of the Poles, was adjourned to the 13th of June. An account of the proceedings of this occasion will be found in the following Report, drawn up by the Secretary, and published in the various papers of the city. For the purpose of saving room, however, we have taken the liberty to omit the names of the Committee designated on this occasion, as the names of those who accepted and acted in that capacity, and of such as were afterwards added to their number by the Committee, to fill vacancies, are attached to the Address to the Polish Nation.

At a very numerous meeting of the Young Men of Boston, in favor of the Poles, held according to adjournment at Concert Hall, on Monday Evening, June 13, the meeting was called to order by the Chairman, and the Proceedings of the first meeting read by the Secretary. Remarks

were then called for by the Chairman, and Mr. B. B. Thatcher, after an eloquent appeal in favor of the objects of the meeting, offered the following Resolutions:

RESOLVED, That, as freemen and as Americans, we are deeply interested in the overthrow of Despotism and the progress of Liberty throughout the world; that we regard every step gained by liberal principles as an additional safeguard to existing free institutions; and that we believe the true refinement, prosperity and happiness of all civil society to be inseparable from free forms of Government.

RESOLVED, That we recognize the great principle, consecrated by the blood of our ancestors, that the will of a people should be the law of their land; that we recognize no right but such as springs from free concession or from just conquest in one nation to limit the sovereignty, or the exercise of the sovereignty, of any other nation; and that we consider the dominion extended by Russia over Poland, alike in its origin and continuance, a flagitious violation of natural and national law, unparalleled in the history of modern times.

RESOLVED, That we cordially cherish the remembrance of the Revolutionary services of the sons of Poland in our behalf, and that, together with this sentiment, we regard the recent struggle and present situation of the Poles, as demanding an expression of our sympathy with their sufferings, our approbation of the principles for which they contend, and, whatever may be or may have been the issue, our admiration of their magnanimous defence of their liberties. And being convinced of the propriety of transmitting some testimonial of these feelings,

THEREFORE RESOLVED, That a Committee of fifty, to consist of Young Men of all the wards in the city, be appointed to procure by subscription funds for the purchase of two Standards with suitable devices, and to transmit them, with an address, to the Polish Nation; that individual subscription be limited to fifty cents; that such address be reported for acceptance to an adjourned meeting of this body; and that said meeting be called when and where said Committee shall appoint.

After spirited and appropriate remarks by other gentlemen, the foregoing resolutions were adopted with enthusiastic acclamation. The Committee was then appointed; and Col. E. G. Prescott was chosen Treasurer. A considerable amount was subscribed previous to the adjournment.

Subsequent to the date of the preceding Report, there have been regular meetings of the Committee each week; and by them collectively, or by various sub-committees appointed from their number, have all the important measures been taken which have led to the preparation, purchase and transmission of the Standards. These, it is well known, were the work of our fellow townsman, Mr. Charles Hubbard, and with all the materiel and decorations, were furnished for $600. The description of them which follows is the same, excepting a few necessary corrections, with one which has already been published in the prints of the day.

The Blue Standard is decorated in the centre with a painting of the Passage of the Delaware, an important and very interesting point in the history of the Revolution, already illustrated by the pencil of Trumbull. Washington, Knox and Greene are prominent figures in the group upon the banks of the river. Medallion heads of Washington and Lafayette,

with that of Kosciusko between them, embellish the top of the Standard, together with the arms and emblems of each of the three nations to whom belongs the glory of these patriots. The upper motto is in Latin: '*Paribus Auspiciis, par sit fortuna*'—(Fighting in the same cause, may they fight with the same fortune.) The inscription beneath the picture is—'To the Brave Sons of Poland from the Young Men of Boston.' The Reverse of this Standard is an allegorical representation of the last Polish insurrection. A young Polander is seen waving aloft the banner of Freedom with one hand, while in the other he has wielded a sword against the Dragon of Despotism. This instrument he throws away, and receives one in its place from the Angel of Liberty, who is beheld in a blaze of glory reaching her arm from the clouds in the act of bestowing that precious gift. The motto above is in Latin: '*Deo adjuvante, non timendum*'; a sentiment well expressed in Holy Writ—'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Underneath is inscribed—'A Token of Admiration to the Heroes who revived their Country's Glory.' The two sides are occupied with the following columns of names:

Lemanski.	Chlapowski.	Niemcewicz.	Dwernicki.
Klicki.	Czartoryski.	Ruhlan.	Chrzanowski.
Countess Plater.	M'lle Sczanieckie.	*Kaminski.*	*Plonczynski.*
Romarino.	Chlopicki.	Ostrowski.	Gierakowski.
Micielski.	*Zymirski.*	Lukasinski.	Krucowieski.
Radzivil.	Umiaski.	Rozychi.	Zamouski.
Skrzynecki.			

The front centre of the White Standard is filled with an original design, representing the Genius of Liberty, in a car, with a wand supporting the liberty cap, leading the American, Polish and French Eagles, and guiding a Star to the East. The upper motto of this Standard is, '*Afflictis sidus Amicum*'—(A Star auspicious to the persecuted.) The inscription beneath is—'An Offering of Freemen to the brave defenders of National Rights'; bearing the dates, 'July 4, 1776—January, 1831.' The Reverse centre presents a painting, from a French engraving, of '*Le dernier trait du courage de Poniatowski.*' The scene is laid at Leipzig, and the time is October 19th, 1813. Poniatowski at this time commanded the Polish troops who had joined Napoleon's army in Saxony, and who formed his eighth grand corps. On the occasion in question, he was ordered to cover the retreat of the whole army; but it so happened that the officer appointed by Bonaparte to blow up the bridge over the Pleisse did so before the proper time, and thus obliged the troops who had not yet effected a retreat, to hasten it by plunging into the river. Poniatowski was among them. After being twice wounded on the banks, he rushed into the stream, and sank for the last time. He had been made 'Marshal of the Empire' only four days previous. 'Thus,' says Fletcher in his History of Poland, 'ended the glorious but unfortunate career of this gallant soldier, who maintained to the last the proud character of a patriotic Pole.' The following are the names attached to the sides of the White Standard:

Kosciusko.	Greene.	Lech.	Casimir.
Warren.	Leszsko.	Washington.	Lincoln.
Sigismond.	Knox.	Sobieski.	Zolkienski.
Lafayette.	Piast.	Putnam.	Stanislas.
Dombrowski.	Stark.		

As a motto over the picture are given the last words of the Prince Poniatowski, '*Il vaut mieux mourir que de se rendre*'—(It is better to die than to surrender.) At the bottom is inscribed—'Presented by the Young Men of Boston, U. S. A., to the Heroic Poles.'

The day selected for the ceremonies attending the first display of the Standards, and of their final departure from the city, was Monday, the 12th of September, being three months from the date of the meeting at which they were voted to be procured. A Battalion, consisting of the following corps, was formed on the Boston Common at half past two o'clock:—Boston Light Dragoons, Capt. Leonard; two Companies of United States Infantry, from Fort Independence, Capt. Fraser; Washington Light Infantry, Capt. Kendall; Independent Boston Fusileers, Capt. Dennis; Boston Light Infantry, Capt. Blake; Winslow Blues, Capt. Cook; Mechanic Riflemen, Capt. Hunt; Soul of Soldiery, Capt. Cushing. The whole was under the command of Brig. Gen. John S. Tyler, who was assisted by Cols. Thos. Davis and E. G. Prescott, as Field, and Maj. Lincoln, Quar. Mas. W. C. Tyler, and Serg. B. F. Edmands, as Staff Officers. The escort was formed as a Battalion of six Companies of Infantry, flanked by the Washington *Light Infantry* on the right, and the Mechanic *Riflemen* on the left; the Cavalry acting as an advanced and rear guard. The procession, which was one of the first respectability, was received at the State House at 3 o'clock. The Committee were gratified by the presence of a number of distinguished strangers, among whom were Maj. Gen. Macomb, Commander in Chief of the American Army, and several French Gentlemen recently arrived in this country in discharge of a public appointment. Maj. Gen. Macomb received the salute from the Battalion, and the procession then passed through Beacon, School, Washington and State Streets, and Merchants Row, to Faneuil Hall, under the direction of Wm. F. Otis, Esq. as Chief Marshal. The Committee are under great obligation to Mr. Otis, with his Aids, J. B. Joy and G. P. Whittington, Esqs. for the efficient and faithful manner in which they performed their arduous duties during the day. The Military escort was the subject of universal admiration, and is generally allowed to have been the most splendid ever known in the city. To none of the Companies can too much credit be given for the spirited and soldier-like manner in which they went through with the laborious duties thus voluntarily and promptly assumed. The same remark applies also to the Brigade and the Boston Band, who volunteered to furnish the music for the occasion, and accordingly performed together in their best style, to the great satisfaction of an immense multitude of spectators, who covered the Common,

thronged all the streets, and filled all the windows, porticos and galleries wherever the procession passed.

The ceremonies of consecration took place at old Faneuil Hall, the place hallowed above all others in the minds of the citizens of Boston, by the most precious memorials and the most sacred recollections of the past. The vast galleries of the building had been crowded with ladies some time previous to the commencement of the exercises; and the interest manifested by this noble representation of the Fair of America, was not among the least of the gratifying circumstances of the day. The throng of auditors and spectators in and about the Hall, was almost without a precedent. Within they formed one solid mass, filling all the corners, columns, windows and doors of the house; while the crowd without occupied the streets and squares for a considerable distance in the vicinity. It is somewhat remarkable, under these circumstances, and especially considering the eagerness of the multitude to gain admission into the Hall, that not the slightest accident occurred to mar the harmony or the happiness of the occasion. The order of the exercises was as follows:—Voluntary by the Band; Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Beecher; Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. B. B. Thatcher; Address, by Josiah Quincy Jr. Esq.; Music; Report of the Committee; Address to the Polish Nation; Letter to Gen. Lafayette; Ode, written for the occasion by Miss Leslie; Music.

The excellent musical composition named first in the above order, was the production of Mr. Zeuner, one of the Committee. The Address to the Polish Nation, read by D. L. Child, the Letter to Gen. Lafayette, read by B. B. Thatcher, and the Odes written for the consecration, performed by a large number of gentleman and lady amateurs under the direction of Mr. Newhall, accompanied by the Bands, are inserted as part of this article. The Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Beecher was in the highest degree impressive and appropriate, and was peculiarly animated with those sentiments of enlightened patriotism which heretofore have distinguished his character. Great applause was given to the Address of Josiah Quincy Jr. Esq., who, with a spirit worthy of his name, availed himself without hesitation of a notice of only two days to prepare himself for the occasion. For the sake of preserving on record entire copies of the Address and Letter, the names of the Committee and of the Officers are given, in the order in which they respectively subscribed.

To the Polish Nation.

Brethren and Soldiers—The Young Men of Boston in the United States of America in common with the whole people of this Republic, have witnessed with deep solicitude and high admiration your heroic struggle for freedom and a rank among the nations of the earth. We deem it to be due to our own sentiments, to the memory of our fathers and their noble allies, and to those principles for which on these shores they shed their blood, to express our heartfelt sympathy in your sufferings, our best wishes for your cause, and our cordial congratulations upon the spirit and success with which you have hitherto maintained it.

You have dared, in the face of an angry and appalling power to reassert your national and unalienable rights. You have restored the lustre of your ancient renown. Poland, the victim of an audacious crime, which while it destroyed her, insulted and threatened the civilized world; Poland, the spoil of a foul conspiracy; Poland, punished for her virtues and robbed of everything but honor, has risen again in her native energy, and broken and spurned her fetters.

The glad tidings flew across the Atlantic, and was echoed in cheerful notes from the hills and fields, made memorable by the united achievements of Washington, Kosciusko and Lafayette. Joy thrilled through every American heart; but it was a joy saddened with anxiety. How was it possible that Poland disarmed and dismembered could stand for a moment the shock of the northern legions, fresh from conquest in the East, elated by the recent fall of Napoleon, and led by the confident and terrible surmounter of the Balkans? How could we believe or dare to indulge the hope, that the mothers, infants and maidens of Warsaw and Praga could be preserved from a renewal of the scenes of murder, rapine and conflagration, enacted under the impious homicide Suwarrow in 1794?

The astonishing fortitude and gallantry of Poland, the inspiring devotion of her daughters, the chivalry of her sons, and the Fabian wisdom and Marcellian prowess of her commander-in-chief, have averted the catastrophe which we feared, have gladdened our hearts with hope, and gained new interest and strength to your glorious cause in every country where instruction and civilization have penetrated.

Would to Heaven it were in our power, while we felicitate you upon your great merit and good fortune hitherto, to foresee a speedy and happy termination to your toils and dangers. But alas, we cannot. You are surrounded by potentates either attacking you to take away the last spot of your territory, or demoralized by the possession of that which they have taken heretofore. They have wronged you too much to be either friendly or neutral towards you. If they look within themselves, they see conscious guilt; if they look abroad, they see the world pointing at them the finger of scorn and shame; if they read, they know that history has eternized their perfidious and inhuman conduct, and the heroic virtues of their unoffending victim.

You are cut off from the sympathy and assistance of all who wish well to your cause, and have hailed with wonder and delight your signal success. On one side you have a government whose gratitude for the ancient gifts of Poland to the house of Brandenburg—gifts upon which the name and sovereignty of that family are founded, is manifested by turning and *rending* the giver. On another side there is a dynasty which the generous and warlike Sobieski and his brave companions, released from their beleaguered capital, and freed from the presence of a victorious and infidel enemy. It has responded to the obligation, not only by sharing in the plunder and partition of Poland, but also by detaining in du-

resse your brave comrades, whom *new* violations of the laws of nations, more than the fortune of war, had thrown into their power. Before you are the Scythian and Tartar hordes, gathered from the vast steppes of Europe and Siberia, possessed of the ferocity of savages and the discipline of soldiers.

Formidable and overwhelming to human eyes as this array of enemies appears, still we trust in God and the invincible courage and enthusiasm of the Polish nation to overcome them all. We would affectionately and respectfully remind you that at one gloomy period of our own Revolution, the fate of our country depended on the fortitude, skill and perseverance of Washington and two thousand half-naked and half-starved troops. Yet at the head of this little band of patriots, many of whom were barefooted, and in the dead of winter, he executed a sudden and distant march in snow, darkness and storm; crossed a wide and rapid stream, obstructed by ice, surprised, fought and defeated the foe. The victory saved the army from dissolution, the country from subjugation and ruin, and being fortunately followed by others, raised us at last to liberty, independence and unparalleled prosperity!

We exhort you, therefore, never to despair—never to yield. You may bleed, you may perish—but your enemies will envy your lot. It is better to be free for one dying moment, than to live in servitude and chains.

Whatever may be the result of the present conflict, your extraordinary sufferings and sacrifices will not be lost upon Poland or the World. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church, and the Tree of Liberty will flourish in that soil, which is enriched by the blood of patriots. Repose, then, your trust in GOD, and may He guard and guide you in your perilous and glorious career. May He shield your devoted life from treachery within, and from force without. May He dispose the hearts of princes to do justice, and of subjects to feel for the wrongs and oppression of their innocent fellow men.

BRAVE AND ADMIRABLE PEOPLE! Accept the National and Fraternal Emblems which we send you. They are not, as we would wish them to be, the symbols of triumph and peace, but of patriotism, hope, and firm reliance upon HEAVEN. Accept them as a small proof of sympathy and friendship. You will honor them, and gratify us, by permitting them to wave over your brave regiments. May victory light on them in the day of battle; may they be ensigns of death and terror to the fighting, of mercy and inviolability to the fallen foe; never to be furled until the shouts of your victory shall resound from the Black to the Baltic Sea; and the country of Copernicus and Kosciusko become as that of Washington and Franklin—Free, Sovereign and Independent.

WILLIAM RAND STACY, *Chairman of the Committee.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON LIGHT, *Secretary.*
JAMES BLAKE, JR., *As. Secretary.*

COMMITTEE.

David Lee Child	B. B. Thatcher	Stephen Titcomb	John Wedger
Aaron D. Capen	George Amerige	John McDowell	Moses Kimball
Calvin S. Russell	George Peirce	David Hooton	James L. Barber
N. A. Thompson	Elisha Tower	Edward G. Prescott	Frederic W. Bridge
Benjamin Rogers	Wm. H. Farnham	Isaac W. Frye	John. D. Weld
Francis Graeter	Charles H. Parker	George W. Coffin	David W. Barnes
George W. Smith	Edward Haynes, Jr.	Francis Holden	Josiah Dunham, Jr.
Robert B. Hall	Wm. W. Ross	Francis J. Grund	Richard Robins
Leonard H. Drury	Joseph Cabot	Nathaniel Ring	Charles E. Gay
John C. Derby	Francis Grimes	Wm. T. H. Duncan	Charles Stedman
Nathaniel B. Carney	Benjamin W. Mudge	Thos. C. W. Peirce	Lyman Tucker, Jr.
G. L. Huntington	Charles C. Beaman	Isaac McLellan, Jr.	
Francis R. Bigelow	Charles A. Browne	B. F. Edmands.	

To General Lafayette.

Sir—The undersigned ask permission to address you in the name of a Committee appointed by the Young Men of Boston for the providing a safe conveyance, to their final destination, of a pair of Standards which this letter accompanies. They were recently voted at a large meeting of our companions of this city, to be procured for, and forwarded to the gallant sons of Poland. We wish them to be received as a token of our remembrance of their ancient services in behalf of our own country; of our warm sympathy in their suffering; our cordial recognisance of the great principles for which they contend; and our admiration, above all, for the magnanimous bravery which has thus far supported the unequal conquest. We have thought, Sir—and are happy to find our judgment ratified by the body to whom we are responsible—that we cannot discharge the duties of our appointment in any manner either so safe and certain, or so gratifying to all interested parties, as by a frank application to that courtesy so often sought and enjoyed by our countrymen.

We are aware, Sir, while thus availing ourselves of your distinguished friendliness toward all that bear the name of America, of the difficulties which must attend the transmission of the Standards, and of the rational doubt to be entertained of their ultimate arrival. But we also trust, that in no event can our purposes, humble as they are, be utterly defeated. Our brave brethren, the Poles, will at least know of the interest we feel in their noble and holy cause. They will be assured, too, that it is an interest shared with us by the millions who look from the shores of this far country, with the same sorrow and joy, the same fears and hopes, on their struggles and sufferings, their sore discouragements, and their hard-earned victories. Even this knowledge may strengthen the warrior's arm in the hour of battle; even this may add something to the consolations of defeat, and something to the joy and the pride of triumph. It may be received as an earnest of the fame which awaits him. It may remind him that, fail as he may of success, he need not and will not fail of the glory of having deserved it; that fall though he may, he will fall upon a soil hallowed already with the life-blood, still vital, of Freedom's ancient martyrs, in the sure trust of winning at least a victory and a crown like *theirs*, in the remembrance and the reverence of men.

The Committee would do themselves injustice, did they not assure you, Sir, how sensible they are, of the pleasure and honor of being the instruments of this application. They cannot forget, in addressing you, that you have long interested yourself in the fate alike of the fortunate and the unfortunate people, who have given these testimonials, and who may receive them. They know that you were the comrade of Pulawski, as you were the associate and friend of Washington. They know that you have been—in all countries, under all circumstances, at all periods of an illustrious and unsullied life—not the friend of the free only, but the admirer of the brave, the patron of the oppressed, the enslaved and the suffering.

It is by these sentiments, that the Committee have been prompted to request of you, in behalf of the Young Men of Boston, such assistance as it may be convenient and agreeable for you to render them, in the transmission of the Standards and Address which are herewith forwarded to your hands.

William Rand Stacy, *Chairman of the Committee.*

George Washington Light, *Secretary.*
James Blake, Jr., *As. Secretary.*

Ode, by B. B. Thatcher.

Air—'Hail Columbia.'

Freedom! freedom!—hear the shout,
O'er the wide seas sounding out.
The trumpet of the battle calls
To arms! to arms!—the banners wave
For the last onset of the brave;
From the mountain and the moor,
On the farthest Danube's shore,
From the deserts of the north
Where the blue Elbe rushes forth,
Poland wakes from slavery's charm;
Poland lifts her ancient arm;
In her heroes' every vein
Poland's life-blood burns again.

Aye, and the ashes of her dead
Stir in their green and glorious bed;
Their spirits breathe upon the gale—
The fearless host that dared in fight,
Of old, the Moslem's myriad might.
The war-cry and the conqueror's hymn
Rouse them in their dwellings dim,
And they rise once more to feel,
In their sons, the tyrant's steel.
Poland wakes, &c.

On! on! then, noble band!
Bare the breast, and nerve the hand,
And throw the worthless scabbard by.
Ye shall not lose at least your fame;
Ye shall not fall without a name
To reach the stars amid the sky:
And your blood, that cannot die—
Ah! many a day, on many a field,
The martyr's harvest it shall yield.
Poland wakes, &c.

On!—o'er the bones that moulder round
Praga's crimson battle-ground—
On! for the living and the loved;
Ye shall need no other mail
To make the Russian eagle quail:
For the bride and for the sire,
By your old homes' roofless fire,
On! on!—O noble band,
Bare the breast and nerve the hand.
Poland wakes, &c.

ODE, BY MISS LESLIE.

Air—'Marseilles Hymn.'

Hail! to the eagle's flight of glory,
Now soaring mid the northern skies,
Fair Freedom's eagle—be his story
The same where'er his pinions rise.
From his bright glance the sun-light streaming
First gave Columbia's stars to shine,
Then colored France's rainbow sign,
And now o'er half the world is beaming.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, ye brave,
To triumph or to fall:
March on, march on, Sarmatia's sons,
March onward, one and all.

Hark! from the desert's farthest regions
The shouting Cossacks rend the air;
Though victors o'er the Moslem legions,
They know not all that patriots dare.
Fair Poland's plains before them lying,
No Balcan heights now intervene,
No mountain-barriers rise between,
The fierce invader's course defying.

CHORUS.

'Come on—come on, ye slaves;
In soul at least we 're free.
Come on—come on—our bodies now
Your Balcan ridge shall be.'

Then wealth was lavished without measure
To aid that cause, all else above,
And woman gave her heart's fond treasure,
The sacred ring of married love.
Oh! noble race—still, still we cherish
The mem'ry of thy gallant son,
Who came to aid us ere we won
The glorious wreath that ne'er shall perish.

CHORUS.

Advance, advance the flags—
The standards of the free—
Look down, look down, Kosciusko's shade,
We wave them now for thee.

At the close of the exercises at the Hall, the line was formed in State Street, where the Battalian received the Standards with appropriate honors, and escorted them to the Boston and Roxbury line, through State, Court, Tremont, Winter and Washington Streets. Nothing could exceed the magnificent effect produced by their first display in State Street, amidst the salutes of the martial bands, the splendid array of the long

line of military, and the cheers of thousands of spectators. On arriving at the Boston and Roxbury line, the Battalion was formed 'on right—into line.' The barouche bearing the Standards passed from the troops under a salute; and on arriving at the left of the line, was received by the Cavalry and escorted to the Norfolk House. The Battalion was soon after dismissed, and the Committee returned under escort of the Boston Light Infantry. The Standards have since been forwarded to New York, under the charge of a member of the Committee; and Capt. Orne, of the ship Formosa (which sailed on the 20th inst.) has generously offered to superintend their transmission to France.

Life in Town and Country.

The idea of 'total depravity,' it is asserted by some distinguished modern casuists, is daily more perfectly developed; and there is no doubt that it will soon be placed beyond all controversy. In this opinion, we who reside among the savages and green trees of the wilderness, are confirmed, by the provoking disregard which our town and city brethren pay to all the rules of pleasure and happiness. They appear to us like some

> ——'Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
> *That shifts to every form and shines in all.*'

We hear their notes of preparation, day after day, for balls, assemblies and pleasure excursion. Their historians make our heads airy in recording exhibitions of the varied forms into which their versatile genius has contrived, to dispose the pursuits of life. Ah! how burdensome is this worthless time! We see them exhaust the resources of art in rearing stately and gorgeous piles, which they dedicate to the only purpose of amusing a passing hour. We hear of the engagement of the most brilliant theatrical stars, English, French, and home-spun, to cater for their curious love of moving accidents, hair breath 'scapes, and dire murders. Their agents ransack the continent to fill up their operas and charm them with the music of the soul. From Greenland to India, there is not a green valley, not a bleak desert, not a crystal fountain nor a raging sea, that has not contributed some natural or artificial curiosity to their museums. Europe, Asia, Africa and America, are respectively compelled to yield quotas of wild beasts to their caravans. Ships from afar, from the Orient and the Occident, laden with luxuries, are daily arriving at their

wharves. For company, they have cosmopolites generally. The world is represented at their festive boards and in their walks. They have celebrations for almost every day in the week, when orators represent their greatness, and bards give them musical numbers in praise of their inflexible devotion to liberty. For their fireside amusements, they have a daily batch of some hundred newspapers,

'Laden with the spoils of time:'

romances, like a flood, are continually pouring in upon them —poetry, 'wonderful poetry,' ladies' magazines, monthlies and hourlies. This, and I have but lightly painted it, is the portrait of 'the town'; and yet every breeze wafts to us the tale of their sufferings and woes. I have seen paragraph upon paragraph, written by their editors, moving ways and means to keep off ennui! They languish and hold time as an enemy, notwithstanding. One would think they were shut up in prisons of 'thick-ribbed ice,' deprived of everything like that 'spice of life,' variety, with nothing to engage in, so ready are they to grasp at shadows. Why, it was but a brief time since that they in one of their freaks, sent notes of brotherly love to the *Polytechnic school*, and it is no uncommon thing to see them sending official congratulations to the benighted citizens of Europe—probably to make them aware that there are other arts in our country, than 'planting maize and potatoes, and boiling them into puddings.'

'Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.'

Perhaps it will make no very astute additions to our philosophy, but I give it as my candid opinion, that the creations of mind are influenced as much by time and place, as by any *real* standard, good or evil. I am aware, also, that many learned disquisitionists have contended for the superiority of the country over the town. Virgil in his second pastoral candidly declares that

'The gods to live in woods have left the skies,'

and a host of other philosophers have uttered much in favor of the green fields, towering forests and cherry-cheeked maidens of the country. With all due deference to these miscellaneous authorities, I still hold to my first position, and have long since looked upon the others as opinions which will soon be entirely superseded by it. For 'time and place,' then.

More than one 'wonderful' poet has written from the very spot to which I am now about to give a local habitation and a name. It is situated somewhere in those undefined regions denominated 'down east.' Suffice it to say that from the last of December to the first of April we who dwell there, are wedged in by sheets of impenetrable ice. No gallant ship with banners streaming in the wind meets our view for all that time, but ice—ice—ice. If we look in at our domestic accommodations, or to use a more expressive phrase, 'come home to our business and bosoms,' how dull and gloomy is the prospect! We feel in a manner as Ulysses did when he approached Scylla and Charibdis; that is, cedar shingles keep us here as Yankees, and ice presents a barrier to our approach to more hospitable regions. No goodly, enlivening theatre points its spire to the skies—no museums, save the *collections* from Passadumkeag and Mattanawcook, invite us to handle and behold other rare specimens of art. For music, and the voice of mirth and joy—with the exception of now and then a solitary music-grinder, we are indebted to numerous saw-mills, and their enterprising performers. For company, we have specimens of the material in the wild savage, with his uncouth appendages. For rope-dancing, that sublime practice peculiar to cities, we look to the fogs, as they go up in their thousand curious antics, and come down again, with this slight difference from the city art, a greater density and an increased velocity. Philosophy has speculated much for us, and once she went so far as to build for us a temple for the drama. It was built in the style of architectural grandeur, combined with much simplicity. It might indeed have been called nature, in her loveliest work. The *native board* was imitated; inside and out you might not discern the difference. It was done *in fresco*, *cool*, not vapid with heat. There, for a time, Othello had his representative, and Desdemona was lamented over, as 'cold, cold, my girl? Even as thy chastity.' But 'whip me from the possession of this heavenly sight,' in less than a month, these sons of the drama and children of the muses, keeping their devotions too near the midnight hour, were rudely beset by the peacemakers, and their specimen of nature's works 'rudely, too rudely, alas,' snapped to the ground, with the exception of the stage, which now appears to the view of the wondering traveller like the ruins of the Troad, standing 'alone in its glory.'

I had designed, Mr. Editor, to carry the contrast still further, and institute a comparison between the luxuries of the town and country, and some other things; but these I have concluded to keep for another paper. E. B.

Poetry of Francis Quarles.

The following is extracted from a quaint ancient book, written by this gentleman. I may give a more particular notice of it next month. FRANKLIN, JR.

False world, thou liest: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou suppliest:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou viest
With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure:
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou asks't the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There 's none can want where thou suppliest,
There 's none can give where thou deniest—
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou liest.

What well advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou viest;
If seen, and then revied, deniest;
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new coined treasure,
A paradise that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure;
Vain earth! that falsely thus compliest
With man; vain man, that thou reliest
On earth; vain man, thou doat'st: vain earth, thou liest.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash;
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou suppliest
Us mortals with? Are these the highest?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou liest.

Etymologies.

A FRIEND has agreed to furnish an article of a similar character with the following every month.

OCTOBER is derived from the Latin *octavus, ab, imber*, the eighth month from the rains or snows; alluding to the equinoctial storm in March.

GAZETTE, from the Italian *gazetta*, a Venetian coin which, as it is said, was the price of the first newspaper.

SALARY, from the Latin *sal*, salt; because the Roman soldiers were originally paid in salt.

SIMONY, from the resemblance this crime is said to bear to the sin of Simon Magus, who, upon seeing the miraculous effects of the laying on of the apostles' hands, offered them money.

DISASTER, from the Greek *dus*, evilly, and *aster*, a star. This word originally meant the supposed blast or stroke of an unfavorable planet.

AMAZON, from the Greek *a*, not, and *mazos*, a breast. It is said that this warlike nation of women, who inhabited Caucasus, cut off their right breast, that they might the more easily use their weapons.

DANDELION, from the French *dent de lion*, lion's tooth; from the resemblance the leaves of this plant bears to a lion's teeth.

SYCOPHANT, from the Greek *suke*, a fig, and *phao*, to tell. 'By a law of Solon,' says Plutarch, 'no production of the Attican lands, except oil, was allowed to be sold to strangers, and, therefore, it is not improbable, what some affirm, that the exportation of *figs* was formerly forbidden, and that the informer against the delinquents was called a *sycophant*.'

TRAGEDY, from the Greek *tragos*, a male-goat, and *ode*, a song. Tragedy which has attained so high a dignity, was at first only a trial of iambics between two peasants, and a goat was the prize. Thus Horace calls it *vile certamen ob hircum*—'a man contests for a he-goat.'

Essayist Room.

IN consequence of the length of the article entitled 'Travelling in the West,' which was in type previous to the reception of several papers better suited to our design, together with the account of the Standards, we can hardly call this a specimen number. All we can promise, however, with regard to the future, is, that the character of our magazine shall not diminish in point of interest or worth, and that no pains will be spared to render it more interesting, and more deserving of a respectable rank in the periodical literature of the day.

Several papers intended for this number, together with literary and other notices, and a list of the recent publications, are necessarily deferred. We have but little more than room enough for our notices to correspondents.

A FRIEND has sent us a number of the 'SPRITE,' which purports to be from the 'Elves of Ginnistian.' We may notice it particularly hereafter, only saying for the present that it is a sprightly representative of the elves of that region.

THE following sensible remarks are extracted from a letter lately received from a lady of high literary standing who is friendly to our design:

'I am glad you intend to be fastidious in your poetical articles. Indeed you must with *all*, or you will not be likely to obtain the best writers—as you know they do not like to put their gold and diamonds in among copper and paste. I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in giving this advice, as it is with a view to the success of your new work. I have seen so much trash in many of the periodicals of the day, that I think there is no danger of one's being too nice in the selection of pieces, if he intends to secure good contributions and good *readers*.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE poetry to 'Somnus' and to 'Ceres,' is of a very fine order. Some of the ideas in the piece to a 'Woodpecker' are crudely expressed, but it is respectable as a whole. A good article on 'Fletcher's History of Poland,' is received. 'A Trip to Nova Scotia' is well written, and contains a good variety. The paper on 'Napoleon' and the late French Revolution, is very acceptable. We thank 'Dusty' for his 'Morals of Seneca.' 'The Insane Hospital in Charlestown' is a useful article. There are many gems in 'Evening Sketches and Readings.' The gentleman who sent us the lines from Drayton's Historical Epistles has our thanks. Franklin, Jr.'s paper on 'Moral Butterflies' is deferred to make room for better matter. Review of 'Journal of a Residence in Germany,' 'Imagination,' 'American Eloquence,' 'Early Marriages,' 'Philosophy of Seeing,' 'Arts and Manufactures,' and 'Communication from a Fly,' shall receive attention—especially the latter. 'The Fatal Sleep' is reserved for our next number.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1832. No. II.

LIVING AMERICAN LITERATURE.

JOHN PIERPONT.

WE commence our notices of the American Poets with the gentleman named at the head of this article, for two or three reasons. One is founded upon the consideration due to his standing in society, his profession and his years; he is known and respected as a man, and even his severest censors, while they regard him unreservedly as a 'poor poet,' dignify him with the title of 'prime parson.'* A stronger reason with us as critics is, that whatever be the true merit of his poetical productions, and however diversified the opinions of men and women upon that matter, it is quite generally understood that his merit is as great as it ever will be. Mr. Pierpont's literary character is fixed as much as it ever will be fixed—be its foundation rock or sand. Some of his earliest publications subsequently to the appearance of the Airs of Palestine—the second edition of which was issued in 1817—possess all the characteristics of his most recent ones: and he has written as badly within the last three years as at any other period of his life.

On the whole, Mr. Pierpont is a favorite with the public—a fact admitted by those who condemn him with the least hesitation or qualification. This circumstance is by no means conclusive evidence in his favor—and least of all is it a satisfactory indication of his particular and peculiar merits; but considering the length of time he has been before the read-

* See 'Truth, a New Year's Gift for Scribblers.' This satire contains more assertion than proof, in many cases beside this. It must be admitted, however, that the assertions, such as they are, indicate talent.

ing community, the amount of his productions, and the variety of subjects at which he has tried his hand, it furnishes a presumption too strong to be wholly overlooked. As in case of the ephemeral favorite, there always *may* be something worthy of notice and commendation, notwithstanding the bias finally effected against him by the fulsome exaggeration of his admirers, so, in the case of the old favorite there generally *must* be. Let a man in any situation weather the storm of public opinion for twenty years together, and come forth at the end of that ordeal with his flag flying as gallantly and his sails as trimly set as they were in the outset, and the inference must inevitably be, that the hull was a sound one, made of good timber, and well spiked and caulked.

So far in general terms. But our object is not so much to reason as to prove. What then is the popularity of Mr. Pierpont particularly founded upon? What are his peculiar excellencies? And are they strictly poetical, or are they rather literary and intellectual and moral, in the general sense of those words? The last question brings us to the point; and we shall give our judgment in confirmation of the latter alternative. We are among those who to a certain extent believe in the ancient creed of *poeta nascitur;* and we do not consider Mr. Pierpont to be naturally endowed—or to have endowed himself, if you please, by habitual cultivation—with the appropriate qualities of poetry in an equal proportion with other qualities of his mind appropriate to other departments of effort. He has more of talent than taste, as indicated by his use of language; more of strength and depth than delicacy of thought; of moral feeling than fancy. His best poetry, bating the rhyme, would be excellent prose; and this, by the way, is more than can safely be said of many of his contemporaries. In the endeavor to catch inspiration, they unluckily forget common sense—like a certain shadow-seeking navigator mentioned by Æsop, *natans trans fluminem.* Mr. Pierpont makes few such mistakes. He is discreet and distinct always—often animated—sometimes eloquent;—and these are the best traits of a general good writer. But his expression of a good idea is frequently more remarkable for strength than elegance; his imagery rather illustrates than decorates; and his imagination adds little or no paraphernalia to the stamina of his research and reflection. For these reasons he comes short in poetry, as such, where he prospers in prose.

Let us explain our meaning, and at the same time prove, if possible, what we assert. The 'Airs of Palestine' being the

longest poem of our author, and the only one which presents a fair rather than a favorable specimen of his powers, we shall borrow from that. What a tremendous image have we here:

'Lo, at the stern the priest of Jesus rears
His reverend front, *ploughed by the share of years.*'

How much better, and yet how inconsistent with this passage, is the next couplet:

——'*The spirits of the air*
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings.'

Though, by the way, the *hair* in this case is about as superfluous as a literal wig would be to a crown already well covered. It ushers in an appendage of words, dragging their slow length in the last line, which taken together only go to constitute an obscurity after all. The rhyme is erected for the preservation of the preliminary image—like the first stanza of Pope's celebrated couplet—

'A wit 's a feather, *and a chief 's a rod;*
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.'

Never was a more famous verse joined with one more infamous. But to follow up the imagery:

——'the *diamond* lights on high
Burn bright, and *dance* harmonious through the sky.'

The incoherency of these two, not to point out the absurdity of each or either, alone, is too palpable for remark. You do not find a medley of this character throughout the entire works of many poets who have written twice as much as Mr. Pierpont. Again:

'Round the bold front of yon projecting cliff,
Shoots, *on white wings*, the missionary skiff,
And, *walking* steadily along the tide,' &c.

So he speaks of the breeze as wantoning over 'the long sweeping fingers of the willow'—a ludicrous image if it be any at all: and he says that 'Love twined *one tie*, that

'*Supplies a faithful clue*, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his father's throne.'

Inelegant and unpoetical words and phrases are frequent; though it will often be seen that they have some meaning, and generally a good one. For example:

'How fondly then, from all but hope exiled,
To Zion's wo *recurs* Religion's child!'

* * * *

'Hear there the flickering blackbird *strain his throat.*'

In the same bad taste fine descriptions are interrupted with flat lines, whipped unwillingly into service :

——'when nature pays
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.'
* * * *
'Crowd to the shore, *and plunge into the river*,
Breast the green waves,' &c.

Very palpable alliteration is another confirmation of our remarks :

'With thundering crash, are *burst bolts, bars* and locks.'
* * * *
'The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair.'

Worse than the wretched conceit about William Tell's archery in Barlow's Columbiad—

'*Picks off the pippin* from the smiling boy!'

In a word, we recollect scarcely an instance of an attempt at a fancy sketch or at detailed natural description, which is not maimed by some egregiously malapropos trifle. The substance is better than the care taken of it. The imagination is not so essentially vicious or deficient as might be conceived, but some nail is always wanting in some shoe.

Mr. Pierpont's characteristics, in fine, are his strong and sound thought, his susceptibility, and, as to mere style, his peculiar power of expressing a good deal in a few words. The latter quality belongs to him preeminently. Hence the excellence of many of his occasional pieces—the species of composition in which he must always excel when he exerts himself with his ordinary ambition. And the less room he allows himself, in such cases, the more eminently his power shows itself on the one hand, and the less liable he becomes to his gratuitous and forced faults on the other. Three of his best pieces, accordingly, are composed in a metre which, to any other poet in the country, would be a dead-set, a stumbling block and rock of offence. The 'Centennial Hymn' was one :

'These are the living lights,
That, from the bold green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came,
Toward Bethlehem star.'

And who else would attempt to express *anything* in the metre of the 'Charitable' or the 'Colonization' hymn? Mr. Pierpont

has expressed nearly everything that could well be said upon the subjects. But, as we said before, these very pieces are but able-bodied prose thoughts manacled in the limbos of rhyme. We know of no piece which unites so many of his excellencies, with so few of his faults, as the 'Pilgrim Fathers'; and that piece alone were reason enough, to any reasonable mind, for all the popularity we have attributed to the name of Mr. Pierpont. We cannot better occupy our remaining space than by extracting the whole of it.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When the Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

Sketches by a Looker-on....No. I.

I am an old maid. 'T was a hard thing to assume voluntarily the indisputable appendages of age, caps and spectacles; but years have gone by since I have ceased to look grave at the title—and it is not one now that I am ashamed to acknowledge, even in print. I am not about to give a recital of some doleful love adventure of my early days, nor a lecture against the pleasures of youth. Those who have shared them will own they have felt their bewitching excitement while they lasted, and their vanity when they were past. I have had my part in them. I have fatigued mind and body in a ball-room, and called it happiness; I have sat mewed up for hours in a splendidly furnished room, listening to the affected, commonplace observations of vanity and folly, and called it the refined conversation of good society. And through all this I *was* happy and pleased. I should have been the same had custom bid me saw wood instead of dance, and sit in a cotton factory instead of a well filled parlour. I had youth. Ah! fond deluder! I have been flattered, giddy and imprudent, as who has not, who has been young? I have done my best to win love, esteem and admiration, as what woman has not? I have loved, hoped, trusted, as what inexperienced heart has not? I have been disappointed, as who has not, who has nourished fond hopes and airy visions? There has been no time in my life when I would not have married, had I found one worthy and willing. I have often met those, whose appearance corresponded very well with the being my imagination had early drawn as my fellow traveller, and who seemed equally satisfied with mine; but they always went away, or I came away, and so the matter ended. So far as I could see or *hear*—for when vanity would blind us, there is generally some kind soul near to whisper our failings in our ear—there was nothing very repulsive or displeasing in my person and manners. Still here am I at the age of—of—why do I hesitate?—oh! thou spark of old-maidism, let me extinguish thee at once!—at the age of forty-nine—by chance, mere chance, a single woman with a pretty fortune, rather increasing than diminishing. Chuckle not, young gentlemen, ye who have no talent but for spending and no industry but in seeking out evil; exclaim not to yourselves that you have found the object of your wishes—an estate with the encumbrance of a wife for a few years. I am no patch for ragged fortunes. I will have none of ye. Even if I would, I doubt whether you would not soon repent your bargain; for with my cheerful disposition and regular way of

living I should not despair of shooting cupid's arrows from beneath a widow's weeds. No: jesting aside, I have seen enough of the married state to make me contented, at least, as I am. It must be a pleasant thing to see one's children springing up around, and making glad their native hearth; to see them in their turn settling down quietly for life with their heart's worthy choice; they and theirs gathering round one festive board at the annual Thanksgiving, and blessing the guiding Hand that pointed out to them the path that has led to wealth, happiness and respectability. It must be very sweet to hear the voices of filial love in the wearying days of sickness; to know the hand that smooths one's pillow does it not for hire—and to feel, even though we must die, that our name and our example pass not away with us. Of this an old maid knows nothing.

But can it be a pleasant thing to see the children one has cherished, departing from the homestead, perchance despising the homely roof that sheltered and the kindly hand that nursed them, and going out into the world to become—what?—anything that circumstances may make them; winners in the race of ambition at the expense of youth and virtue; or losers, disappointed and wretched, who, because they cannot rise, plunge themselves down the precipice of degradation? Can it be very sweet to hear the voices that should whisper peace and comfort, breathing reproaches on a parent's gray head? to lay on a dying bed, remembering the pains and anxieties so patiently endured—and think what has been their reward? remembering the group of little ones who clung around one in their early innocence, and to ask, where are they now?—and then to have memory run over the fearful catalogue; some laid in the grave by our own hand; some who went away and died; some severed by distance, perhaps in sickness and sorrow; some in prosperity who have forgotten one, and some left to wrangle over the little worldly gear one leaves behind, ere the body is quiet in its last resting place—the only resting place that man in his covetousness envies not his fellow. And of this an old maid knows nothing. Put the question to the *hearts* of the world, and decide by yeas and nays, which class has the majority. Of the thousand other troubles I have witnessed in the married state a great part had their origin in the dispositions of the parties; they would have made themselves wretched by some other means, had they remained single. Those that rose from the state itself had, perhaps, their counterbalancing joys. On this point I am not duly qualified to judge, so I say nothing.

I am cheerful in my situation; prepared to do good when I can, and avoid evil when I see it. Yes—though an old

maid, I am contented. I have long since ceased to be an actor in the pleasures and amusements of the gay and thoughtless; yet I mingle much in them; I am a looker-on; I love to study human nature. Some may smile with contempt at the idea of an inhabitant of a small country village talking of studying human nature. But learned friend, divide the world into as small portions as you will, it will still contain all its constituent parts, and in a village of a thousand people you will find the same passions and characters as in a city of fifty thousand. You will find the higher, the middling and the lower classes; the knave; the fool; and the—author. 'T is but the difference between the mass and the separated portion.

Being about to present you with sketches of scenes that fall under my observation, I have taken this trouble to introduce myself, so that from a knowledge of my peculiar situation you may know when to allow for the whims, oddities and prejudices inseparable from it. My writings would naturally be perfect; but I shall intersperse them with faults here and there, not so much to set off the beauties as to please the critics; and whenever they observe a superabundance of them they must ascribe it wholly to my anxious desire of pleasing them. I shall write of what and whom I choose, (always with truth and candor,) and if any be weak enough to be offended, why let them retaliate, if they are not ashamed to assail a poor lone woman, who, like a porcupine, has only a quill to defend herself against her adversaries.

I wonder what my first sketch will be about. Excuse me for uttering my thoughts. Good morning.

Common Sense.

——'Yet have I
Mingled a little in this earnest world,
And staked upon its chances, and have learned
Truths that I never gathered from my books.
And though the lessons they have taught me seem
Things of the wayside to the practised man,
It is a wisdom by much wandering learned.'

In the first number of the Essayist an intention was expressed that the Magazine should assume a practical character. In accordance with this plan we propose, in the present article, to consider the claims of that much abused quality, denominated common sense. We believe that the neglect

of this principle of action is not only a general evil, but seriously detrimental to the interests of literature; and consequently we deem it a fit subject for our consideration.

There is no principle more pernicious to the cause of general improvement, than that which favors the partial cultivation of the spiritual powers, to the detriment of their equal and effective exercise. And yet this principle is, to a great degree, recognized in practice. The varieties of physical habit are not greater than those which characterize the inner man—not so much in original and inherent qualities, as in subsequent developement. The truth of this position might be shown by a reference to practical life, in which it is evident there exists a proneness to give all the thoughts to stated and particular subjects, and thus to bring into action individual and distinct powers of the mind to the neglect of the rest. True, the great principle of political economy, division of labor, requires the exercise of different powers in different individuals; but it does not insuperably bar the developement of all the capacities, or prevent the mind from extending its researches to those subjects, which, being distinct from stated employments, favor the grand end of being, which is the improving exercise of the whole nature.

The truth is, this quality called common sense—by which we mean, that judgment matured and strengthened by experience, on which we depend for guidance in every action in life—is a very uncommon quality, or at least is rarely exercised. In some minds it is smothered by excess of feeling—in others it sheds but a dim light for want of cultivation. But without dwelling on particulars, let us consider the general reasons which have tended to derogate from its just estimation in human regards.

It is deemed by many altogether too common a quality to merit attention. The germ of it exists in every mind, and the means of cultivating it are within every one's reach: hence it is thought worthless when compared with the efforts of genius, or high attainments in learning. Even if this principle of judging were correct, it would not apply in this case; for, as observed at first, we maintain this principle, at least in its faithful exercise, to be comparatively rare.

In proportion as intellect has risen to its just rank in human estimation, the imagination has been cultivated at the expense of those powers, more requisite indeed to human happiness, but, as generally considered, less spiritual in their character. In accordance with the vague idea of genius which has been prevalent among us—an error which has been but

lately justly exposed and confuted—common sense is thought incompatible with the intellectuality of the talented and the visionary enthusiasm of the poet. We maintain, however, that the faithful exercise of sound judgment drawn from experience, is a part of the economy of our nature, by which the exuberance of feeling is to be chastened, the excited imagination restrained, and the best efforts of the human mind matured and rightly directed.

Common sense has thus been considered a quality peculiarly useful and appropriate for a certain class in society, and altogether without the province of the learned or scientific, whose *acquired* sense is thought to supersede every other. It is for want of this truly useful quality that talent is so often misdirected or unimproved. 'Concerning the man of erudition,' says a distinguished author, 'it is a maxim in every mouth, that he is a being of no practical utility.'

Let it not be urged, that common sense is a natural and not an acquired property. It is the product of experience; that is, an acquaintance with human nature, as exemplified in the ever-varying actions and events of life. And, in consequence, we find that the master mind who has read with the deepest penetration the broad page of the human heart, has left a legacy in his works not less attractive from their originality than their common sense. Whatever may be the conciseness and novelty which characterize the writings of Shakspeare, it is his precepts, responded to, as they are, by universal experience and observation, which are their peculiar charm. It may be doubted whether there is to be found in the English language a more concise set of useful and practical precepts than those contained in the advice of Polonius to Laertes prior to his departure for France:

'These few precepts, in thy memory, look thou character.
Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but, by no means, vulgar.
The friends thou hast and *and their adoption tried,*
Buckle them to thy heart with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of *entrance* to a quarrel, but, *being in,*
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.
But not expressed *in fancy;* rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best name and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

There is, indeed, no distinct morality in these maxims—no motives adduced which are drawn from the surpassing power of the soul, or the glory of its destiny. But notwithstanding, we may safely affirm, that common sense utters a kindred voice with conscience, and is the powerful advocate of virtue, showing by the lessons of human experience the reasonableness of nature's teachings and the voice of duty.

There is a dignity in the exercise of judgment, whether the result of experience or matured by study, worthy of human nature. When we witness a display of passion, however pure in its character, gushing forth like a fountain, or when we contemplate the gay playfulness or shadowy pencilling of the imagination, we acknowledge the depth of human feeling. But it is when we behold judgment governing momentary impulse, and like the 'sober livery' of evening, cooling the heat of enthusiasm, and chastening the light of fancy, that we sensibly feel how truly 'noble in reason' is man.

ADDISON, JR.

Mucius.

Porsena threatened Mucius with the torture by fire to make him discover his accomplices—whereupon Mucius thurst his hand into the flame, and as the flesh was burning, he kept looking upon Porsena with a firm and menacing aspect, to let him see that he was not to be intimidated. LIVY.

Proud Mucius stood within the judgment hall
Of the imperial palace—weak, yet firm—
With the strong fetter bound upon his arm,
Shackles upon his feet, and round his loins
A massy band of steel. His matted locks
Were dripping with the dew, for he had come
That moment from the vault, where the thick air
Was but a vapory dampness, and his lip,
Pale and contracted, trembled to a smile,
While in his dark and keenly flashing eye
There was a spell surpassing eloquence.

It was the judgment chamber. Round the wall
Hung warlike instruments—the helm and glave,
The burnished buckler, and the ponderous mace:
And guiltier things were there; upon the floor
Stood instruments of torture; *here* the rack,

With complicated screw, the wheel, the scourge;
And *there*, the cup of cordial, to bring back
In mockery the tortured life—a gift
More wretched than the agony of death.
Porsena sat upon his marble throne—
The jeweled sceptre resting in his hand,
The ermine mantle round him, and his brow
Boaring the coronet. Yet there was that
Burning within his heart, that sternly mocked
All power of utterance. His brain was vexed,
For he would know the secret that reposed
Deep in the heart of Mucius—and was now
Determined to receive no mockery.
'Art thou now ready to unweave the tale,
Or shall the rack be brought to aid thy tongue?
How now, death traitor?—What! still stand'st thou mute?
Then that shall be thy soul's interpreter.'
Stern Mucius raised his form in majesty,
And with the smile still playing on his lip,
Gave his deep feelings utterance.

Ha—Tyrant!—think'st thou fire
Will call out untold secrets from this heart?
Think'st thou the woe the torture can impart
Will shake me in my ire?
Bring forth the rack—and tear me as ye will—
I pledge thee here my word—*to curse thee still.*

I laugh to scorn thy threat;
I will defy the elements to sere
The sense of wrong that keenly rankles here:—
What! shall I then forget
My country's cause, and bend a suppliant knee,
In fear—to such a worthless thing as thee?

Go to—give anger vent;
Ay, bind me down with shackles to the wheel;
I challenge thee, proud worm, to make me feel
Aught for thee—save contempt.
Nay, scowl not thus;—whatever be my fate,
I smile in apathy—I scorn thy hate.

Mark ye this sinewy arm,
That ne'er has shrunk save from the deed of shame:
Mark ye this hand—I thrust it in the flame—
It shall not work thee harm!
See, Tyrant—see; the scorched flesh shrivels now;
Ay, hide thy eye—and clasp thy swarthy brow.

See—see—the sinews burn,
And wither in the blaze. Proud king, gaze on,
Till the last remnant of the flesh be gone:
Mark how the loose joints turn!
What say'st thou now?—still think ye to control
With fire or scourge, the workings of my soul?

Whence comes that vacant stare?
Why lays thy tremulous hand upon thy breast?—
Is it the deathless worm that will not rest,
But gnaws and revels there?
Is conscience at her work—cleansing the sin
Of that foul leprosy that feeds within?

Mind ye the shameful day
Ye bound me to your dungeon's slimy wall—
Where glistening worms, and scaly reptiles crawl,
And cankered fetters lay,
In vile repose, against the dripping stone,
Still holding in their clasp the whitened bone?

Pah!—pah!—the stifled air
Was wearisome to breathe. But hold—be plain—
Answer me this—why was that massy chain
Binding a freeman there?
Despot, 't was this—I dared to draw my brand
To guard the freedom of a trampled land.

I swerve not from my path;
I cherish in my soul that purpose still;
And ye may tear, and scourge me as ye will,
And bind me in your wrath
Down to the stake, and bid the faggots roll
Their billowy flames—*they cannot reach the soul!*

R. * W.

CUSTOM VS. NATURE.

CUSTOM is a chain stronger than iron. While most men adhere to it with unconquerable affection, few are found willing to advance a step, in any path, without precedent. We glance our eye up the history of the world, look upon those who have preceded us with almost stupid veneration, and forget that *we* also are men—men, whose ancestors were not blessed with different faculties or greater powers, nor were more capable of inventing ameliorations in mundane or other relations. The monarch who dates his precedents in the 'dark ages,' may not depart from them in any more enlightened period, if a ray of the surrounding sunshine chance to enter his dominions: a policy of allied nations—but they give to it the remarkable feature of yielding to stern fate!

But my purpose is not so much to speak of political relations and peculiarites. I am thinking just now, about that peculiar veneration which most of us have for antiquity—old, established rules of thought, by which men are manacled.

The solitary knows that he is acting a most natural part in leaving the haunts of men and seeking the shades of retirement. Their customs are to him oppressive, and a non-compliance with them has the withering effect of contempt or vengeance. Why then should he be considered as more singular than one who takes necessary precautions in any other emergency?

Why should one's mind be measured by a rule so absurd as the compliance or non-compliance with an invitation to attend a ball—or with another's rule of shaving his beard, or cutting, in a particular manner, the hair of his head? Why should one be a subject for the jeers of a mob, and the sarcastic remarks of his neighbors, because he believes that a long loose gown is a better and more convenient dress for him than the coat and tights of custom. I am concerned to know why, if I comply with the established rules of dress, my respectability lasts but six months precisely, unless I double my bill at the tailor's. Why must I stoop and bow to every man I meet, or receive the appellation of an uncivil puppy? Why must my ideas of woman be of that sort which takes it for granted that they cannot possibly do the least thing under heaven but arrive to perfection in the several arts of dressing and cultivating their curls; oggling at the theatre, fainting on the heath, and sighing at Tom Moore's ballads; when I know that many of them have been taught to do things of more utility?

I will illustrate these remarks by a short sketch of a character, who in the neighborhood in which he resides, has but limited respect, and is regarded as something anomalous.

This man, I have reason to know, possesses virtue and sterling honesty. If one thought right, I think he could not look upon him but with a feeling of the deepest respect, and a wish to follow in his footsteps. Not that from the peculiar nature of his situation the charm owes its origin; not that because he is unmarried, his domestic happiness is complete; but that his whole career appears to be worthy of a being made in the image of God. His manly character and independent mind, appear in such broad relief, as irresistibly to command my spontaneous approbation. I love to study his mind, so benevolent, so humane; containing nothing so complex as to turn admiration into awe; which, however, I am aware is not very general.—Not a visible taint of enthusiasm ever could be discerned in it, even on subjects of greatest moment; but reason, calm and dignified. The pressing fashions of the world; the examples handed down from generation to generation, are not his models. He seeks in every emergency

the right path—that which appears most plausible to the judgment which the Creator has given him; and having found it, nothing but absolute conviction of error, can dispose him to quit it; though it often subjects him to the aspersions of those automata who discover crime in the deviation from old custom and usage. Fashion is no mistress for him. He worships not at her shrine, where her principles are not based upon the immutable principles of truth. In many a circle, where they trip it on 'the light, fantastic toe,' he is alluded to with words of disrespect, because he approves not of so questionable an amusement. At many an altar from which I trust grateful incense goes up to God, he is remembered as an infidel, because he does not believe in some articles of some creeds. In a word, he may be called truly an independent man—guided by reason, and though, of course, sometimes incorrect in judgment, yet never knowingly deviating.

Many, perhaps, can recollect similar characters within the range of their own observation; and though to all of them, perhaps, the meed of integrity is awarded by a limited few, yet so strongly do custom and sectarian opinions affect the minds of the great multitude, that they generally remain in poverty and obscurity while they live, and at last go down to the grave unhonored and unlamented.

E. E.

Travelling Sketches.

July 6. Passed the Grand Monadnoc (in Dublin, N. H.) which with its panoply of foliage looked like a giant asleep under a great green carpet. The passing clouds leaned heavily upon it, and suggested the poetic idea of a feather bed on a hog's back.

7. At Keene (the residence of the present governor, Dinsmoor) saw people collecting at a tavern, to see 'the Lion,' as they said. It was Daniel Webster with his wife and a daughter. These, Boniface afterwards remarked, made less parade than a certain smaller personage he had formerly entertained. Perhaps it is not the really great that make all the flutter in the world.

8. Saw two bugs smaller than beetles conveying away a rounded lump of earth or filth nearly an inch thick. The master bug, which was a little the largest and dustiest, placed himself in the rear with his head and fore legs on the ground and hind parts raised on the ball; his task was to walk back-

ward on his fore feet and push the ball with his hind, occasionally clapping his head down to push more forcibly. His helpmate clung to the front part of the ball, climbing upward as it rolled, thus giving all the advantage of her weight to keep the centre of gravity forward. Where the path was level, speed and regularity cheered their toil; but this world has its ups and downs, and the bugs were prepared to meet them. When any difficulty occurred, the master walked forward to reconnoitre, rooting down opposition, and returning commonly by climbing over the ball. Where the way was sidelong, the mate was obliged to be on the under side acting as a prop, and suffering the ball to roll partly over her. And when they came to the brow of a hillock, the ball would whirl master and mate down in fine style, and they might pick themselves up at their leisure. When they came to soft earth they half imbedded their whirligig and rested, the master keeping under ground.

10. Crossed the Green Mountains. These make no great show; but for miles you climb upward and onward, and the comparatively level lands of New York spread below and before you like a new region. The road does not run over the highest summits, but high enough to show that the projectors had no fear of bears before their eyes. Unlike other mountains these do not present bold peaks and precipitous cliffs; but trim periwigs of heavy luxuriant forest cover them with striking uniformity. There is one meanness of art among these grandeurs of nature—a vile railless bridge (beyond Brattleboro') with exorbitant toll. This is to the disgrace of Vermont, as well as the dangerous unrepaired roads about Bennington. Decoy an enemy into the hasty-pudding gullies there, and you would have little need of another Stark.

11. Toward Troy saw a pillar by the road side, to the memory of a squire somebody—Squire Potter, I guess—who was killed there under his wagon. Amid gabble poetry as usual, there was one good line,

> 'No death's untimely to a life well spent.'

In summing up the squire's character 't was remarked,

> 'His fellow men were to his bosom dear,
> He *found them business* and relieved their pain.'

That I consider the most substantial and creditable manner of doing good. Employ a man and pay him, and you consult the honor of his noblest characteristics,—independence and dignity. Human happiness consists in the full employment

of all our faculties. Parents might do well to consider this during the process of rearing 'family paupers.'

17. Sailed (or rode) 80 miles in 30 hours on Clinton's artificial river—a 'grand' work indeed, 363 miles in length and cost 9 millions. The boats are 80 feet long and 14 broad, carry 40 tons and are drawn by two horses. The chief inconvenience to passengers is being obliged to take the shape of frogs in passing the numerous low bridges, unless you prefer to sit below in homelike comfort. The master of the boat said he had frequently conveyed Sam Patch, had seen all his jumps, and never saw him sober. O that Sam's brother sops would all follow his last cold water example.

23. Arrived at Penn-Yan—'what a name'—a large village west of Seneca lake. It was settled by a few families from New England and Pennsylvania, who differing about a name for it, an old joker to reconcile both parties proposed to manufacture a name by uniting the first syllables of Penn-sylvania and Yan-kee. The hint ludicrously succeeded. This was the neighborhood of Jemima Wilkinson—the 'Universal Friend'—who was to return from the land of spirits in four years. Wonderful to tell, she came not. Some of the sisterhood obtaining a private interview with the tardy ghost, were informed by Jemima that her earthly visit would be delayed a few years longer. There are respectable families here firm in the faith. The daughters will not marry because Jemima, like the primitive christians, utterly discountenanced such unnatural connections.

L. R.

[Reported for the Essayist.]

Literary Tribunal.

American Monthly Review vs. Alonzo Lewis.

PRESENT,

His Honor Public Opinion, *Judge.*
Austerus Censurer, Esq., *Counsel for Plaintiff.*
Liberalis Taste, Esq., *Counsel for Defendant.*

The jury having been duly impanelled, the indictment was read by the clerk. It charged the defendant with a voluntary and fraudulent assumption of a title and character—inasmuch as he had issued and circulated a production styled 'Poems,' and thence unlawfully ascribed unto himself the title of 'Poet';

and by so doing grievously imposed upon the public, having no just claims to said distinction.

The counsel for the plaintiff opened the case as follows:

May it please your honor and you gentlemen of the jury—It has devolved upon me to direct your serious attention to one among the many instances, of a course of conduct which stands alone upon the records of audacity and conceit. It would be committing an unwarrantable trespass upon your time and patience to allude in detail to the innumerable *would-be-poets* which constitute the *miasmata* of our literary atmosphere. It will suffice to present a single but indisputable argument.

You are, gentlemen, well aware of the absolute necessity of study to create and perfect the productions of mind. Now, I confidently maintain, that the defendant, shrinking from the difficulties of the way, has not made those frequent pilgrimages to the cell of this divinity, which alone can give to versified composition the nerve and finish which entitles it to the name of Poetry. Aware of the importance of establishing this point, I am prepared to substantiate the fact. Father Study, wounded by the neglect of his best, loved votaries, has consented to bear his testimony in the case.

[Hereupon the old sage took the stand. The thin snowy locks lie scattered upon his high temples, and his fixed eye betrayed the abstraction of his thoughts. He briefly testified, that the defendant's visits to his retirement for poetical purposes had been 'few and far between.']

The opposing counsel thus proceeded in the defence:

May it please your honor and you gentlemen of the jury—Permit me to introduce my plea with a few general remarks having an important bearing upon the case.

The great and sublime object of 'raising the temple of our country's freedom in proportions of moral and intellectual architecture,' presents a wide field of promise to every patriotic and generous mind. Hence there are few inquiries, relating to our literary interests, which deserve more attention than that which has for its object the examination of the various means adopted to incite and direct the labors of intellect. Among these a candid and just criticism is of unquestionable utility. No one can doubt, however, that in the early stages of literary progress, the chief influence to be applied is encouragement. For although to unlearn faults was considered by an ancient philosopher the most important part of education, still the arduous work must necessarily be preceded by the acquisition of a good degree of mental

and moral prowess. Not that the efficient aids of experience and the discriminations of judgment should be wanting; but the exuberant tendrils should be trained rather than broken, and the pruning knife should ever be followed by the balm. Our literature especially requires this tenderness. The saying has already gone abroad on the wings of political prejudice, that we can never produce indigenous mental products which will satisfy the keen intellectual appetite of the age, and therefore it would be the part of wisdom to stock the garden of our literature with *inimitable* exotics. But we should above all, cherish poetical talent; not only because we thus hope to temper the spirit of business and gain which is among us, and spiritualize our social character, but because the sensibility natural to poetry requires consideration and delicacy. But the claims of my client rest upon something more tangible than mere general argument. I shall prove to you, by the most valid testimony, that the defendant possesses in an eminent degree, many of the elements of poetry. [Fancy, Talent, Sensibility and Reflection severally affirmed (they could not swear) that they had bestowed a goodly portion of their gifts at the request of the defendant's muse.] Admitting, gentlemen, (the defence continued) my opponent's position, I leave to your good sense to decide whether the conviction so forcibly urged upon the defendant, of the necessity of greater mental exertion to finish his poetical efforts, will not lead him to retrieve whatever of *just* censure his work may have incurred. And now, gentlemen, I would ask—is it to be supposed, that the meed of praise awarded to the defendant as a poetaster, has been measured by the grains and scruples of his merit? Would it not be more liberal to follow the example of the great Roman orator, who attributed the commendation given to a brilliant portion of one of his earliest speeches, not to its intrinsic worth, but to the promise it afforded of future greatness? I would apply this parallel, not to the youth of our poet, but that of our poetry.

In close, gentlemen, let me add, that the defendant and his poetry possess a high and pure moral character. His genius, whatever it be, is enlisted under the banners of virtue. May your decision respect both its office and character.

After an impressive charge, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty, *without leaving their seats.*

Marriage.

Oceans with seas unite—
Winds with the waters—rivers with the streams—
And clouds with clouds, tinged by the sun's bright beams,
With gold and crimson light;
Stars rise and set together in the sky,
And seem to shine more pure and brilliantly,
Because they never part:
All things in nature are to union given,
And everything is joined in love to Heaven.
When heart unites with heart,
And God is made the centre of all love,
He looketh from his lofty throne above,
And blesses what is done.
His spirit leads them to the pastures green,
Where crystal streamlets freshly flow between,
And sparkle in the sun:
And, when their spirits leave this earthly home,
Left not to wander with not where to roam,
Or seek a darker sphere,
While worldly scenes are fading from their view,
They will not falter, as they bid adieu,
And wish to linger here;
But like two stars from a dim cloud ascending,
Their brilliant rays in soft communion blending,
From this dark orb they 'll rise,
Until they 're lost amid the light divine,
That from the glorious lamp of Heaven doth shine,
In God's own Paradise.

G. W. L.

Mount Auburn Cemetery.

All that live must die, passing through nature
To eternity. *Shakspeare.*

Agreeable to the professed design, that of making this magazine as living a periodical as possible, we propose, in this paper, to give our readers some account of this establishment. It speaks well for the taste and moral sense of our community, that this enterprise has been and is so generally approved; and we cannot but attribute the murmur of discontent which has arisen to mistaken views on the subject. The principle objection which has been raised is, that the design is aristocratic in its character. This idea is certainly unwarranted by the avowed motives and principles of the society under whose auspices the plan originated; and we are disposed to refer it, in a great measure, to the name adopted to designate the

spot: and in this view we regret that the title by which it has long been known, *Sweet* Auburn, should have been changed to *Mount;* for we fear that word has been 'a mote to trouble the mind's eye'—and it must be conceded that the spot has no legitimate or just title to be so denominated. Public opinion, however, certainly favors the design, which, as the North American Review justly remarks, 'is to teach the community to pay more respect to the dead.'

It is well known that the Massachusetts Horticultural Society have obtained a grant from the legislature, which secures through perpetuity the spot selected, for the purposes of a rural cemetery. This spot has been consecrated by appropriate religious ceremonies, and is now forever sacred to the dead.

Mount Auburn Cemetery is situated chiefly in Cambridge, but extends into Watertown. It contains between seventy and eighty acres, and is distant from the city about four and a half miles. Each lot, appropriated for a family tomb, is to contain two hundred square feet.

This extent of land comprises a great variety of soil and situation. There is the rich loam formed by the decomposition of leaves, annually deposited, through successive years, the sandy soil which generally nourishes the pine, and the wet earth, created by pools collected in the valleys. An elevated summit crowns the spot, from which in a clear day a beautiful panaramic view of the city and surrounding country may be obtained. A deep glen is on one side of this eminence, and there are numerous little mounds where, 'far retired from the turmoil of life,' the body may repose, 'and violence and change pass lightly over it, and the elements beat and the storm sigh unheard around its lowly bed.' Mount Auburn is one of those spots abounding in native trees, which are so frequent in New England. The principal which we noticed, were the oak, walnut, chesnut and cedar; and the pine predominates sufficiently to render the spot beautiful, even in the depth of winter, when all other trees have 'shaken off their green glories.' These groves are a favorite resort of the feathered tribe, both from their commodiousness as localities for nests, and also from the abundant food they supply. From this imperfect description of Mount Auburn, it is evidently a spot peculiarly adapted to horticultural purposes, and affords an appropriate and beautiful location for a rural cemetery.

Among the ever-varying objects of interest which are continually agitating, and to a greater or less degree engrossing

society, there is none of recent attraction more delightful to contemplate, in a moral and religious point of view, than the appropriation and consecration of Mount Auburn to the purposes of a rural cemetery. In this remark, we do not only allude to the felicitous influences afforded for holy and improving meditation, or to the affecting admonitions which breathe in the 'voice of the departed,' rising with renewed energy amid the decay or renovation of nature—but rather to the evidence thus given of an improving sentiment on a subject alike solemn and important.

We must, indeed, penetrate the surface of character, to form a just estimation of the influence exerted by christianity; but, as in individuals we witness the result of long established principles, not only in ordinary life, but in every habit, manner and feeling, so we naturally expect to find the manners and customs of a community deeply imbued with the spirit of its religion, and, like the human countenance, affording an index of the inward influence of principle, and a criterian by which to judge of its moral energy and efficiency. A superficial observation would suffice to convince us of the glaring inconsistency of many of the customs of christendom. Our subject, however, confines us to the consideration of those attending the last offices of humanity.

Of all the doctrines revealed and established by the christian religion, none was calculated, from its very nature, to produce more magnificent moral results than that of human immortality. It not only gave a new and most powerful impulse to the principle of virtue in the soul, but shed around man's final resting place a light effulgent enough to illumine the dark valley of the shadow of death, and reflect upon the bereaved spirit the beams of peace and consolation. And yet this moving and inspiring doctrine has failed almost totally to render the cities of the dead improving and attractive resorts, or to place the tomb of man amid those beautiful scenes of nature which give to its silent eloquence an augmented and touching power. We are aware that many christians consider this neglect of the body, after death, as perfectly consistent with religious belief, because, by so doing, we testify our superior regard to the higher and nobler parts of our nature. Whatever truth there may be in this argument, it will not be denied, that christianity has for its object, to spiritualize our natures, and that consequently it behoves christians to multiply and create influences to favor this result. Such an influence we deem Mount Auburn Cemetery capable of exerting. There is, too, something conge-

nial with the power and destiny of the soul, that when we have 'shuffled off this mortal coil' it should repose amid those sublime scenes which, during life, ministered to the improvement of the ascended spirit. In this view we rejoice that the spot selected possesses such natural advantages that little art will be required to beautify it. We trust, and we have too much confidence in the taste of the committee to doubt, that as far as possible the natural beauties of Mount Auburn will be preserved; and while flowers and exotics are, as far as practicable, introduced and cultivated, they will, in no degree, supersede those native American trees which now adorn the spot.

'The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brook,
That make the meadows green, and poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations, all,
Of the great tomb of man.'

THOUGHTVILLE.

Tricks upon Travellers.

On a pleasant evening in August, I was set down at a hotel, in one of the large inland towns of New England. Every room and bed were occupied; and it was with difficulty that I extracted a promise from the host to give me sleeping accommodations when the passengers should depart in the two o'clock stages. The town, if possible, was more full of visitors than usual. The attractions, as well of the place itself, as of its immediate vicinity, rendered it, during the summer months, a place of resort for those persons who preferred a pure atmosphere to the dust and heat of a crowded city. It was, besides, a great thoroughfare for the passage of that superfluous part of a city population, who must travel, and who, at stated periods, at a great expense of wealth and comfort, course over the hills, in crowded stages, in continual jeopardy of life and limb. The Court was, also, in session; and a capital trial, then pleading, increased, to a vast degree, the number of aspirants to empty beds. Stage after stage drove up, in rapid succession, and received the usual reply to applications for accommodation—'we can't possibly receive you!'

There was, however, one gentleman, who appeared nothing daunted at the unwelcome intelligence. He ordered his baggage to be taken from the stage, and, with his companion, entered the house. In a few moments, this extraordinary guest became unnoticed in the confusion; when, catching the knight of the shoe-brush by the collar, and crossing his palm with a bright quarter, he whispered to him, patted him upon the shoulder, and after a moment's hesitation on the part of 'blackey,' the hopeful trio disappeared up stairs.

The clock had just struck eleven; and, wrapped in my cloak, I had stretched myself upon the table in the bar-room, to snooze away the long interval between that time and 2 o'clock, when a young medical student, an inmate of the hotel, returned from an ineffectual attempt to procure an old college friend who accompanied him a resting place for the night. As a last resort, he invited him to share his single bed; and after nodding to each other over a glass of port wine punch, at the bar, they retired to their apartment. When, lo! there lay two portly, whiskered personages, quietly ensconced beneath the bed-clothes. The doctor spake to them; but received no answer. He shook them; they still snored on lustily. His repeated efforts to arouse them, were attended by repeated defeats, for Morpheus seemed to have bereft them of the sense, not of hearing only, but of feeling also.—The impudence of one of them was not, however, sufficient to bear him out in the part he was to act. He burst out, at last, into a loud laugh—apologized for his mistake, as he called it, and promised to yield up the bed to the quiet use and occupation of its rightful occupants. The doctor and his friend retired; but, after a few moments, upon re-entering the room, they found that, although *he* had kept his promise, there still remained the imperturbable sleeper, whose somnolency had defied all their efforts to awake. The same exertions were repeated; but the same monotonous sounds of his nasal instrument, and his long-drawn and deep breathings, were the only reply. Discouraged, at last, and defeated—'lie there, like a brute, as you are!' exclaimed the irascible doctor. Again was repeated the same unearthly snore; and, slamming the door after them, they returned to the bar-room, to take counsel in the emergency.

Now, there is no doubt, but that to a man who had bounced over hills and mountains in a carriage with eight inside passengers, from two of the clock in the morning until evening, a bed is a comfortable thing to lie upon, even if he is compelled to sleep double; and the more especially so, when the alter-

native is to sleep upon the floor. But it is equally certain, that although a man may be disposed to yield it to a lady, or an invalid, or to share even a narrow one with a gentleman upon a civil request, yet it is with considerable reluctance he submits to the deprivation of it by fraud, or by forcible intrusion. And further, it is obvious, that when he has invited a friend to share it with him, the reluctance is heightened into an unwillingness, that ordinarily will not be controlled. This was the very situation of the doctor; but, to render it still more aggravating, his companion began to rally him upon the subject, and to thank him for the rest and sleep his narrow bed was likely to afford him. The doctor determined to make one effort more; and accordingly charging the bar-keeper with having placed him there, he ordered him instantly to remove the interloper from his bed. The quiet, inoffensive soul denied the charge—lamented the occurrence of the accident, excused himself from performing an act which, he said, even the doctor himself had found to be impracticable, and consoled him with the reflection that the intruder was a passenger in a stage which would leave in a few hours. 'Upon this hint' the doctor acted; and,

> 'With a withering look,
> The driver's tin stage-horn he took,'

and going to the door, 'he blew a blast so loud and dread' as to fill the ears of the deepest sleepers, with 'sounds of wo.'

After a short consultation, the indefatigable doctor gave the obsequious bar-keeper his directions; and, accompanied by his friend, returned again to the scene of operations. With the lamp in his hand, he ascended the stairs with a quick and heavy step—entered the room, placed the lamp upon the table, and exclaiming hastily—'the stage is waiting for you, sir! the driver has just blown his horn! are you awake, sir?'—he retreated, affording to the sleepy gentleman no opportunity for question or reply. They then placed themselves in a situation to observe the result.

In a few moments, the door opened; and the impertinent intruder sallied forth, completely dressed, carrying with him his trunk, valice, cloak, umbrella and the lamp. But in his haste to reach the stage, lest he should be left behind, his feet became entangled in his cloak, and he fell headlong down the stairs!

'Is the stage gone?' he exclaimed, to a half dozen lodgers who, alarmed by the noise, rushed out, undressed, to his assis-

tance. 'Is the stage gone?' 'Are you hurt, sir?' said the bar-keeper, who now came forward with lights. 'What a thundering house you keep!' cried a cross old fellow from his chamber door—'there is nothing but tramping up and down stairs from night to morning.' And among the rest, who should appear but the doctor and his friend; divested of their coats and vests, and having, apparently, just sprung from bed! 'No bone broke, I hope!' said the doctor—'where is the injury, sir?—shall be happy to render you any professional assistance, sir.' The poor man was fairly distracted with the inquisitive sympathy of the spectators; but, assuring them that he was only slightly injured, he inquired despairingly—'for conscience sake, gentlemen, tell me—is the stage gone?' The bar-keeper soon made him easy upon that subject; and the doctor, assuring him of his belief, that it would wait long enough for him to wash his bruises, retired triumphantly to take possession of the empty bed.

Young Men's Association

FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A SENTIMENT having prevailed for some time among the young men of our community, favorable to a more direct developement of mind than is generally effected by common literary societies, together with a disposition to adopt measures calculated to bring out the literary and scientific spirit incited by the numerous institutions for the diffusion of useful knowledge, it was thought expedient to convene such young men as were supposed to be interested in the cause of general improvement. Accordingly a meeting was called on the evening of Oct. 24, 1831, and after various remarks approving of the design, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That notwithstanding the auspicious results of Lyceums and similar institutions, there still exists among the young men of our community a want of active and efficient interest in literature and science.

Resolved, That the propagation of a literary and scientific spirit among the young men would greatly favor the interests of mental and moral progress.

Therefore resolved, That it is expedient to form an Association for effecting this object.

At an adjourned meeting, a committee appointed to draft a Constitution made their report, and after sundry amendments the following was unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, holding in high estimation the interests of literature and science, and believing that an active interest in these subjects among the young men of our community, would be highly conducive to moral and intellectual improvement, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of promoting this object; and for our government do hereby ordain and establish the following Constitution.

ART. I. The name of this association shall be, the 'Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science.'

ART. II. The organization of the Association shall be effected by the election of a President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and Board of Censors, to be elected on the evening of the second Monday of December annually.

ART. III. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Association, to announce all subjects for consideration, and to preserve in faithful exercise the rules established by parliamentary usage.

ART. IV. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform the duties of the President in his absence.

ART. V. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary, to keep a fair and correct account of the proceedings of the Association; to read at every meeting the proceedings of the previous one; to give notice of the time and place of meeting; to notify all officers of their election, and candidates of their admission, and to perform such other duties as may be directed by the Association.

ART. VI. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, to conduct, under the direction of the Association, an epistolary correspondence with similar societies and with individuals.

ART. VII. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to take charge of the pecuniary and other property, and to keep an accurate account of the financial concerns of the Association.

ART. VIII. The officers shall present reports of their doings and of the condition of the several interests under their charge, on the evening of the second Monday in December annually.

ART. IX. It shall be the duty of the Board of Critics to examine, criticise and amend, if necessary, such compositions as may be presented for the acceptance of the Association. It shall also be the duty of this Board to perform such other offices as may be directed by the Association.

ART. X. It shall be the duty of the members of the Association, by individual and united efforts, and by the faithful use of every laudable expedient to advance the objects of the Association.

ART. XI. The interests of literature, science and the arts, shall be promoted by this Association, by such means as circumstances and experience may afford, but especially by the publication of facts and the dissemination of views and sentiments on the passing events in the literary, scientific and polite world, through the medium of a periodical entitled the ESSAYIST; said compositions to be subject to the veto of the Association, and the vote of two-thirds of the members present being requisite to publish them.

ART. XII. Candidates for admission, proposed by a member of the Association, receiving the votes of two-thirds of the members present, may

become members by signing the constitution and paying the sum of one dollar annually.

ART. XIII. The President may call special meetings of the Association at such times as the Board of Censors, or eight members, may think it expedient.

ART. XIV. The regular meetings of the Association shall be held on the evening of the second Monday in every month.

ART. XV. In case of the vacation of any office, it may be filled at any subsequent meeting, notified for that purpose.

At subsequent meetings the several offices were filled, with the exception of the Board of Censors, which as yet is incomplete. The result of the election was as follows:

B. B. THATCHER, President.	GEO. W. LIGHT,	B. of Censors.
I. MCLELLAN, JR., Vice President.	B. B. THATCHER,	
J. BLAKE, JR., Rec. Secretary.	H. T. TUCKERMAN,	
A. D. CAPEN, Cor. Secretary.	E. BRADFORD,	
GEO. W. COFFIN, Treasurer.		

Members were appointed to write on the following subjects:

Living American Literature; Mount Auburn Cemetery; Analogy; Allston's New Picture; The Man of Circumstance; Early Education, with reference to the infliction of Punishment; Reflections in a Grave Yard; Relation of the Living to the Dead; The Valley of the Mississippi; Morality of Method.

POLISH STANDARDS.

IN accordance with a vote of the Polish Committee, at their last meeting, we insert the reply of Gen. Lafayette to the letter which accompanied the Standards to France, together with the answer, forwarded a week or two since. It is our intention to record everything of general interest relating to the Standards.

To the Polish Committee.

GENTLEMEN—Your kind and most gratifying letter, your admirable address, the beautiful, sympathetic and ingenious pair of Standards, have reached my hands at a time when heroic Poland has become the prey of conquering despotism; it is no more possible for Dr. Howe to convey the noble present to its destination. Honored as I was with your so precious and ever experienced confidence, I have endeavored to preserve, in the best way I could, the meaning of your resolutions, and to anticipate the new instructions which I shall, at any time, be happy to receive.

Several of the most distinguished Poles are already arrived. They expect other members of the two houses, of their executive and principal officers of their army; they, in the mean while, have formed a provisionary committee; to them, and to all new comers, I have presented the

colors and address. The Standards have, at their request, been for the present deposited at my lodgings, where they become an object of patriotic pilgrimage.

An American Polish Committee, of which Dr. Howe is now the Chairman, assemble every week in this city. We consult together upon the best mode to dispose of the donations received from the United States, now more useful than in the actual state of Poland, when so many of her sons either proscribed, or threatened with a deadly exile to Siberia, or disdaining to submit to the Russian Yoke, are wandering through the western parts of Europe, and especially expected in France.

How much delighted I have been with this new specimen of Bostonian sympathy for the cause of freedom and patriotic freedom, and with an additional token of your kindness to me, nobody in your beloved city will question. I however beg you to present the young men of Boston, the worthy grand-sons of my revolutionary companions, with a particular tender of my gratitude and devoted affection.

Expecting further and ever most gratifying communication with you on the subject of the charge entrusted to my care, I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, your obliged and affectionate friend,

LAFAYETTE.

To General Lafayette.

SIR—The Committee of the Young Men of Boston acknowledge, with great pleasure, the receipt of your very gratifying reply to their letter of September last, which accompanied the Standards destined for the Poles. The flattering terms in which you are pleased to speak of the tokens confided by them to your charge—and still more the estimate you have set upon the principles and motives under which they have acted—command their warmest gratitude, and go, farther than any other circumstance, to alleviate the deep sorrow which, in common with yourself and all the friends of freedom, they cannot but feel for the melancholy fate of that brave and unfortunate people.

Suspending their own opinion of the course proper to be adopted in the conveyance or retention of the Standards—as they always have done—upon the decision of your own greater information and better judgment, they should have deemed it unnecessary to transmit to you any farther communications respecting them; but they consider it their duty, as it is their pleasure, to regard your own wishes upon this subject, as expressed in the reply they have had the honor of receiving. Permit us then, Sir, to repeat our solicitations, that you will suffer the Standards to remain in your charge until some ultimate disposition of them may occur to yourself or to us, and that you will continue to embrace every fit occasion of presenting them to the sight of any individuals of your own nation and of the nation for whom they were destined, and assuring them that the same feelings of deep sympathy which prompted their execution in hope, still remain burning in the bosoms of the myriads that weep for Poland. May they be consoled when they look upon these fraternal symbols. Let them be reminded how dear to the world—to Americans above all—is the cause for which *they* have struggled and suffered; and how dear—in whatever event may under Providence await their native country—will be the names and the memory of those brave men who bled upon the plains of Praga, and around Warsaw's smouldering walls.

WILLIAM R. STACY, *Chairman.*

GEORGE W. LIGHT, *Secretary.*
JAMES BLAKE, JR., *As. Secretary.*

Essayist Room.

A pleasant friend intimated to us the other day, that our second number must have commenced the '*Fatal Sleep*' which we predicted was reserved for it on the last page of No. I. We are happy in being able to say, however, not only that the wand of that drowsy god, Somnus, has been removed, but that in all probability, from the new sources which we are now permitted to draw upon for assistance in our undertaking, the magazine will hereafter prove to be more 'wide awake' than ever before, and doubtless is not doomed to be again subject to the influence of that somniforous deity. We shall not trouble our readers with a detailed account of the circumstances which have occasioned the delay in the publication of this number. It is only necessary to mention, that in consequence of a generous offer made by the literary Association lately formed in this city, to afford their aid in making the work as useful and entertaining as possible, it has been thought advisable to make several new arrangements, which have rendered the delay unavoidable. We trust this brief explanation will be satisfactory to those who have already favored us with their subscriptions, when we assure them that the magazine will hereafter be published regularly on or before the fifteenth of every month.

It is our design to give brief notices of most of the new publications of the day. Deeming it, however, more in accordance with the station in which it is our lot to labor, to notice in a particular manner the works of the younger class of writers among us, we shall make this department of literature one of our chief objects of regard.

The first production to which we would call the attention of our readers this month, is the work recently published by Messrs. Waitt & Dow of this city, entitled 'Tales of the Indians,' being prominent passages from the history of the North American Natives, taken from authentic sources, by B. B. Thatcher.

Mr. Thatcher has been known among us for some time as an able contributor to our most respectable periodicals, as well as the annuals, and is, moreover, the writer, as we strongly suspect, of several popular works which have appeared before the public without a name. To the subject of the volume which lies before us, containing about two hundred and fifty pages, he has for a number of years past devoted not only particular and continued attention, but has spared no pains in

making use of every possible means for acquainting himself with the proper materials for a work on the Indians of North America. We do not hesitate to say, that he is at least as well qualified as any other writer of our community, in this department of literature, to furnish correct illustrations of the character of this interesting people. His principal motive in preparing this work seems to have been, to afford, from the detail of a great variety of events in which all the traits peculiar to the American natives were exhibited, a true exposition of the Indian character. This will be considered particularly interesting and important at the present time, from the fact that it is a prominent subject of discussion, whether the Indian race is capable of civilization and improvement like other orders of men, and consequently whether they are deserving of the same respect and the same rights. The character of the work being historical, and the sources from which the information is derived authentic, it will be found the more valuable to those who are desirous of forming correct views, as well as more impressive to children than mere disquisitions.

The book recommends itself in a particular manner to the Christian community. As the author observes in the preface, 'it is believed that nothing has been heretofore published like a history of the ancient Cherokees, for example; nor any compact and complete sketch (except Heckewelder's bulky volume, now rarely to be found) of the celebrated Christian Indians—both which communities have excited throughout the country, at several periods, and from causes peculiar to each, an interest of the most remarkable character.' The Christian Indians were chiefly Mohicans of Connecticut and New York, and Delawares of Pennsylvania, civilized and christianized through the labors of missionaries sent out by the ancient church of the German Moravians. These natives suffered great persecution, both from the tribes of New York and from the English, especially the lower classes of the settlers. Some of the English suspected the Moravian missionaries of popery, and of partiality for the French; but still more hated them for endeavoring to civilize the savages, a race of beings who, in their opinion, instead of having any claim to Christianity, deserved to be treated as an accursed people, like the Canaanites of old.

The mechanical execution of the work is commendable for its neatness. Our only objection to it, on the whole, is, that the narratives are not more extended, and that there are not more of them. We hope the author will prepare another volume of Tales of the same character with these.

YOUNG LADIES' CLASS BOOK.—This work, being a selection of lessons in prose and verse, published not long since by Messrs. Lincoln and Edmands, has perhaps been sufficiently noticed in the various prints of the day. Still we cannot refrain from joining in the general approbation of the plan and its execution. The selections are made from the best English and American authors, and, though some of them are perhaps not the most valuable which might have been introduced, will at least answer all the ends the author had in view in compiling the work.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.—The first number of this work was issued a week or two ago from the press of the Essayist. It does not make very great pretensions, but we think it well suited to the class for whom it is designed. One of its chief objects is, to induce young mechanics to read, write and think more upon the sciences which have an immediate bearing upon their own occupation, as well as to devote more attention to the arts and sciences in general.

WE would direct the attention of our readers to a very sensible article entitled 'College Honors,' in the last number of the New England Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—WE have received the first of a series of 'Letters from Spain,' but cannot decide upon its admission until the whole shall be sent in. The article entitled 'Freethinker' we are obliged to say is not admissible: the authoress is advised to turn her attention to prose-writing for the present. Several good poetical articles are reserved for future numbers, being better adapted to the Spring months. We would inform our correspondents, that all articles which shall not hereafter be noticed as rejected, will be considered admissible; but that the choice of subjects and manner of treating them, not to speak of manuscripts which will not puzzle a Philadelphia or any other lawyer to read, will have no inconsiderable bearing upon their *early* admission. The poetical piece entitled 'The Fatal Sleep,' which we promised to insert in this number, has been mislaid: it will probably appear in our next.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Drawn for the Essayist

of a market, though he should bring now and then, like the rest, indifferent and insignificant wares. He differs from the subject of our former notice most strikingly, in having succeeded best in his most voluminous productions. His only strictly fugitive piece which we now recollect, is his only failure; and we believe he is too wise to be caught in that pit-fall a second time. His Shakspeare Ode raised him at once to the enviable rank which he still occupies. The Phi Beta Kappa poem satisfied all the world without surprising any body.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Drawn for the Essayist

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1832. No. III.

LIVING AMERICAN LITERATURE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE writer whose name we have placed at the head of this article, enjoys a higher and more universal reputation in proportion to the quantity of his works, than any other American poet whose name now occurs to us. Whatever he has done, has been seasonably and well done. This in itself is a rare excellence. It is the crying sin of our writers of all descriptions, and not least of our poets, to wear out their own resources by spending more than they earn, and to wear out their welcome with the public by making their appearance too often. It may, or may not be, that Mr. Sprague has produced as much matter as Percival, or Halleck, or Willis, but at all events he has published less, or less frequently. What he does effect, he takes leisure enough to make as perfect as his powers enable him; and he never comes forward without being sure of a good subject, and an opportunity of displaying it to advantage. Others, with as much ambition and less self-denial, write indiscriminately. Mr. Sprague watches season and circumstance, and therefore would be more sure of a market, though he should bring now and then, like the rest, indifferent and insignificant wares. He differs from the subject of our former notice most strikingly, in having succeeded best in his most voluminous productions. His only strictly fugitive piece which we now recollect, is his only failure; and we believe he is too wise to be caught in that pit-fall a second time. His Shakspeare Ode raised him at once to the enviable rank which he still occupies. The Phi Beta Kappa poem satisfied all the world without surprising any body.

The Centennial only went to confirm the previous judgment of those who knew him of old, and to introduce him auspiciously to the notice of the English critics.

There is another peculiarity respecting Mr. Sprague. He is neither student, scholar nor writer, by profession, and never has been. He is not only a man of business, but a business man—as he has said of himself,

> 'to life's coarse service sold,
> Where thought lies barren, and nought breeds but gold.'

This, however, is a poetical license. He is not an uneducated, nor even a strictly self-educated man; and no reader of his works would suspect him of being so. Still, he has done more for his own mind than accident ever did or could do for him, or for anybody else. Instead of secluding himself in a bachelor's room with drawn curtains, or even confining himself to the amusement of looking out occasionally, like Cowper, from 'the loop-holes of retreat,' he has gone abroad cheerfully in the face of nature, and lived with the multitude, and learned of them, taking leisurely and true notes, as he walked, in the sketch-book of his memory. Observation has been his best book, and thought his more serviceable discipline.

As a poet, he may be said to belong to the school of Pope, more justly, we think, than to any one more modern. There is no metaphysical mystification about him, nor the least affectation of it; and therein he resembles neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge. His imagination is not a fertile and gorgeous one, like Southey's, and he has no taste for indulging in mere fancy pieces, if it were. He makes no ostentation of the learning or eloquence of Milman and Croly. He has not a particle of Byron's misanthropy; and if he likes to satirize, it is only because he has happened to take more cognizance of the living manners as they rise, than of most other subjects, and can paint the human heart better and more easily than he can copy physical nature, which he has studied less—or elaborate didactics—or invent fiction.

His style is remarkable for its perfect finish. It is generally as natural in its flow as an artificial construction possibly can be; and is not unfrequently elegant in a high degree. The words are fitly chosen in the first place, and then each is adjusted in precisely the position which belongs to it. We say this in regard both to the sound and the sense. We know of no writer in this country who has had the temerity to try his hand at the almost obsolete Pentameter of Queen Anne's

time, without failing in it—with the exception of Sprague; and some of his productions in this difficult department may be compared, without much discredit to him, even with passages of Campbell and Rogers. The majority have either sacrificed sound for the sake of strength, or sense for the sake of harmony. With what a fine polish are the first stanzas of *Curiosity* wrought up:

'Its power archangels knew,
When this fair globe first rounded to their view;
When the young sun revealed the glorious scene
Where oceans gathered and where lands grew green;
When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarmed,
And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warmed.'

And what language could express better than the following, one of the most awful and beautiful mysteries which fancy has ever thrown over the dim regions of the dead:

'And is it fancy all? can reason say
Earth's loves must moulder with earth's mouldering clay?
That death can chill the father's sacred glow,
And hush the throb that none but mothers know?
Must we believe those tones of dear delight,
The morning welcome and the sweet good night,
The kind monition and the well-earned praise,
That won and warmed us in our earlier days,
Turned, as they fell, to cold and common air?—
Speak, proud philosophy, the truth declare.

Yet no, the fond delusion, if no more,
We would not yield for wisdom's cheerless lore;
A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
The dead return, with them to joy or grieve.
How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,
When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,
When the round moon rolls through the unpillared skies,
And stars look down as they were angels' eyes,
How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,
And hear their voices in the night-wind's sigh.
Full many an idle dream that hope had broke,
And the awed heart to holy goodness woke:
Full many a felon's guilt in thought had died,
Feared he his father's spirit by his side;—
Then let that fear, that hope control the mind,
Still let us question, still no answer find;
Let Curiosity of Heaven inquire,
Nor earth's cold dogmas quench the ethereal fire.'

There is a rare union in this passage, as there often is in our author's writings, of philosophy with feeling in the thought, while the expression is equally remarkable for its sweetness and its force. Let us now examine a specimen of his skill

in satire. We have said that observation has been his best book; and this is the observation of human nature and human life. Take for example his sketch of the degenerate theatre of modern days. So bad a subject hardly deserved so good a description.

'Pert lisping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;
Neat-jointed mummers, mocking nature's shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,
Where sin holds carnival and wit keeps lent;
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,
One sex to laugh and one to try to blush,
When mincing Ravenot sports tight pantalettes,
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes;
There, at each ribald sally, where we hear
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer,
While from the intellectual gallery first
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.'

The description of a muster and an execution are written with a graphic fidelity worthy of Crabbe himself. And yet it is not the fidelity alone that commends itself. There is delicacy in the use of the language, and the introduction of figures, not always met with in the management of subjects in themselves mean and low. As minutely as the satirist has scrutinized the follies and vices of daily life, he has but rarely erred on the side of the Flemish painters. The most inelegant stanzas we recollect having seen throughout the long poem we have been quoting from, are the following:

'Let ought be hid, though useless, nothing boots,
Straightway it must be plucked up by the roots;'—

and this, we are inclined to judge from the context, was written under the inspiration of a heavy dinner in dogdays. The next passage is a much fairer sample of the dignity of his general style.

'And where is he, upon that Rock can stand,
Nor with their firmness feel his heart expand,
Who a new empire planted where they trod,
And gave it to their children and their God?
Who yon immortal mountain-shrine hath pressed,
With saintlier relics stored than priest e'er blessed,
But felt each grateful pulse more warmly glow,
In voiceless reverence for the dead below?
Who, too, by Curiosity led on,
To tread the shores of kingdoms come and gone,
Where faith her martyrs to the fagot led,

Where freedom's champions on the scaffold bled,
Where ancient power, though stripped of ancient fame,
Curbed, but not crushed, still lives for guilt and shame,
But prouder, happier, turns on home to gaze,
And thanks his God who gave him better days?'

In fine, to borrow an image from a fine art, kindred to the one under consideration—we conceive Mr. Sprague's *forte* to lie in portraiture. He lacks imagination for fancy-sketches. He has enjoyed no great opportunities of studying landscape; and he is too practical and cheerful a man to indulge in anything like abstract or metaphysical designs. On the other hand, his faculties of living observation are quick and accurate. He has feeling, taste, a very respectable command over language, a laudable ambition, and an indefatigable assiduity in perfecting whatever he undertakes, and most excellent common sense to guide him from first to last in the selection, arrangement and exhibition of subjects. He suffers no thought to go awkwardly expressed, merely because it is a reasonable or indisputable truth. Even common-place truths, on the contrary, are made to wear the air of originality, by being sedulously pursued and distinctly reduced into shape; or at least to attract attention by the neatness of their dress and the grace of their introduction. The soundness of his ideas is sure of your approval on examination; but the skill which he shows in the show and sale of them, forces your absolute admiration at first sight.

We may be thought to have made these remarks upon Mr. Sprague under the influence of an undue partiality, from the fact that we have found but little fault with him. But the truth is, that therein, precisely, is his most marked characteristic. Whatever opinions different people may form of his excellencies, he gives but a fair opportunity for a discussion of his foibles and failures. He is the most *correct* of the American poets.

[The proprietors of the Essayist believe they have furnished the public, while they also have the satisfaction of embellishing their own Magazine, with the only respectable head of Mr. Sprague, which has yet been circulated among his admirers. The image promulgated at New York, some years since, under pretext of being a likeness, was decidedly—(we are grieved to say it of a person who meant no harm)—one of the most abominable libels ever committed on any citizen of this republic.]

A Trip Eastward.

(From the Diary of an Observer.)

Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience. *Bacon.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

Our voyage had been long and tedious; and it was with real pleasure that we hailed the approach of a favorable breeze—the auguries of which began to appear about noon on the eighth day after our departure. The dense fog which had shrouded us since morning, began slowly to disperse, and at length wholly disappeared before the beams of the noon day sun. We were soon bearing on, with every sail set, and a nine knot breeze. Now all eyes sought land—the Blue-noses *bet* they saw it, but the Yankees *guessed* so. As I stood at the bow, I could not but call to mind the situation of Columbus, when he was anxiously watching, not for land often visited, but to discover the living proofs of that sublime theory of another continent, which as yet existed only within the scope of his mental vision. At length we perceived a dark streak lining the horizon, which proved to be Cape Sable. Soon after we made Sambro Light. This lighthouse occupies a commanding situation at the entrance of the harbor, fifteen miles below Halifax, but unfortunately is furnished with a most anti-luminous flame, and we lost sight of it when three miles distant. Having passed the light, and declined the proffered services of the pilot, we glided slowly up the harbor; but the darkness veiled everything, and although we could plainly descry the dark promontories and highlands which skirted the coast, we could not distinguish with precision, any object, save the lights which lie thinly scattered among the dark foliage and rocks. After passing Chebucto point, we came abreast of the fort, and were saluted with the usual queries, 'where from?' 'how many days?' &c.—and passing point Pleasant on the one side, and George's island on the other, we soon wound among the beaches and wharves of Halifax.

This voyage, though comparatively short, affords a good opportunity to judge of the pleasures and pains of a 'trip by sea.' A voyage, like most sublunary enterprises, is a compound of good and evil. During fine weather, there is much to excite the best feelings and awaken the deepest thought. The bare circumstance of being situated in a little separate world, cut off from the great mass of mankind, and thrown to a considerable degree, on self for enjoyment—this is sufficient

to keep active and awake the reflecting mind. A long period passed upon the ocean is a season for testing our independence of mind. Then the thoughtless seek to kill time, which to them is a heavy burden, and hope, by seeking society and engaging in amusment, to lose the consciousness of being; but the self-dependent man finds within a never-failing resource, and heeds not the monotony of the voyage, while busied in and with himself. Nevertheless, there is nothing so calculated to meet the coldness of the misanthrope, and part the distinctions of rank, as the circumstance of being in the daily presence of men, having for a time, at least, a common object of interest. The man who, being embarked with his fellow beings on the broad ocean, overcomes the yearnings of his social nature, and wears the chains of pride and prejudice, suffering them to bar his lips and chill his manners—such a man is truly to be pitied; let him but remember that the next wind that arises may sweep him and his brother to a common grave, and then where will be the distinction he labors to maintain?

The first appearance of Halifax, on entering the town, is rather unprepossessing. The streets are dirty, and without side-walks—except at intervals; the principal streets, however, are macadamized. The houses, both of the rich and poor, and the shops, seem strangely mingled, and neither are remarkable for external neatness or beauty. As you more fully observe the town, some improvement is perceptible, and in many instances neat and substantial dwellings rise to view; but they are generally too near meaner buildings, and have too much dirt about them, to please a New Englander's eye. Some of the public buildings are quite commodious. The province house is large, and on the front is carved the king's arms, cut from the solid stone, and exhibiting a solid and symmetrical appearance. The other principal buildings, are the government house, colleges, chapels, &c.—generally built of a yellowish sand stone. Halifax is a garrisoned town, and at present contains about 6000 troops.

Society in this place seems to be divided into two classes; but the division line is not one created by difference of property, so much as it is the result of an aristocracy so devoid of any foundation, that it may be justly termed an affectation of aristocracy. There is nothing congenial in this spirit with true American feeling; but there exists a still more repelling principle in the character and feelings of the provincials—a deep rooted anti-republicanism. So powerful is it, that those who count it their greatest glory to have been the happy

agents of a beneficent Providence in proclaiming to 'created man, the practical annunciation that he was created free'—these are looked upon with every sentiment but that of respect and love. This fact speaks ill for the progress of those high and generous views, by which alone the human mind can progress. But charity bids us inquire whether we can reasonably expect true nobleness to exist, generally, under a form of government and a system of education, wholly incompatible with those broad and high principles which recognize man's moral nature, his equal privileges, and his right of self-government—those principles, in short, which constitute a republican form of government.

Our ride through a large portion of the province of Nova Scotia afforded a good opportunity to view the country. Part of our course was among tracts lying, as yet, unsubdued in their natural wildness, but many intervening spots, rendered fertile by cultivation, shew that the soil lacked not the power of rewarding the enterprising husbandman. Now and then we passed a negro's log hut. These blacks are quite numerous —they are the slaves taken from Virginia during the war, for which the British were obliged to pay, by the terms of the treaty, and they are now a burden upon the provincials. Much of the fertile land contained in this province has been redeemed by diking. There is an evident want of enterprise in the country, which may be attributed to the superabundance of land and provisions; and this it is which enables the inhabitants to live 'from hand to mouth' with very little labor.

A spring has lately been discovered in Wilmot, N. S. about fifty miles from Halifax, which promises to be a source of great wealth to the Provinces. On our way we visited it, and found the water intensely cold, and having a slight brackish taste. Many wonderful instances of its efficacy are related. To the lack of enterprise observable in the Province, may be partly attributed the low state of literature. It is however but natural to expect that the high and pure moral atmosphere of New England should extend beyond the limits which divide it from his majesty's dominions. And we can only suppose that even example, with its noiseless but vigorous energy, has as yet failed to affect hearts that are shut against its influence.

We left the Province without a sigh, and, we trust, without a prejudiced view of its character.

RAMBLER.

EVENING SKETCHES AND READINGS.

'THE western world has no literature,' says an English writer; and the remark cannot much be wondered at. Indeed, it will be impossible, while the present state of views and feelings among our countrymen shall continue, for literature or the fine arts to move on with any remarkable progress. Other nations have their national literature. The ancient city of Athens, even amidst her most serious troubles, convulsing shocks and civil dissensions, patronized the fine arts, and cultivated with a careful and liberal hand her literature. But we, as a people, while basking in the sunshine of affluence, have comparatively little regard for our literature, and our character abroad, supposing that we enjoy everything as a natural result, because, forsooth, we have civil and religious liberty.

Shall America be deprived of the noble garniture which embellished and made so glorious the ancient nations of the world, when her advantages are so much greater for securing to herself those splendid ornaments? We have great poets, and great artists; but why do we not have greater? Because genius is cramped. Circumstances in our country are not favorable to the full development of the minds of its talented men. Need Cooper, Irving, West, Greenough, and a score of others, who have left their own country and homes to seek encouragement in foreign lands, be pointed at in illustration of this remark? There are undoubtedly many at this moment, who would exile themselves if they had the means of doing so—men whose works have been admired abroad, but whose encouragement at home is so scanty that they can hardly meet the expenses of the materials used in their execution.

The preceeding remarks may need some qualification. That our country has improved, and is still improving, every one may perceive; but that we neglect many of the means of improvement which we possess, and the use of which has given a character to other nations, cannot be denied; and we are, to a considerable degree, deserving of the censure which many of the British writers have heaped upon us.

Such are the thoughts which have occupied my mind while at this time sitting at my escritoire. I have had a strong passion (as Willis would say) of late, for reading in a desultory manner the productions of the old poets. Here are a great many volumes; some old and black, looking as if they were in mourning. With your permission I will produce Mr.

Drayton. He was born about 1570, and died, or, as his monument expresses it, says Cibber, 'exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, in 1631.' His writings are of a moral stamp, perhaps more so than any writer of the Elizabethan age. His thoughts are pure, and are often expressed in a poetical language of a most beautiful order. His descriptions of objects in nature, are true and striking. Here are one or two of them:

SEASON BETWEEN SUMMER AND WINTER.

'The little bird, yet to salute the morn,
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves now lying on the mossy root;
And there a silly* chirruping doth keep,
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would weep;
Praising the summer, that too soon has gone,
Or mourning winter, too fast coming on.'

NIGHT.

'Now black-browed night, placed in her chair of jet,
Sat wrapt, in clouds within her cabinet;
And with her dusky mantle overspread
The path the sunny palfries used to tread.
The honied dew, descended in soft showers,
Drizzling in pearls upon the tender flowers.'

He describes in his Poly-olbion, which is a description of Great Britain, and very fancifully written, many of the most renowned places. He calls Albion

'A precious stone set in a silver sea.'

As pretty a line as ever was penned. Here are a few lines from a poem inscribed on the bark of a tree, under which his 'lady love' was wont to sit:

'When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade;
Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,
Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
To keep the sun from gazing on my fair;
And when thy spreading branched arms be sunk,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldly trunk
I will renew thee, phœnix like, again—
And from thy dry decayed root will bring,
A new-born stem, another Alson's spring.'

Thus might be quoted a hundred passages, many of them as beautiful as the preceding. I will shut the book after making one extract more. He calls it one of his *Ideas:*

'That learned father, which so firmly proves
The soul of man immortal and divine,
And doth the several offices define;

* Fond.

Anima.
Gives her that name, as she the body moves.
Amor.
Then is she love embracing charity.
Animus.
Moving a will in us, it is the mind.
Mens.
Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind.
Memoria.
As intellectual, it is the memory.
Ratio.
In judging, Reason only is her name.
Sensus.
In speedy apprehension it is sense.
Conscientia.
In right or wrong, men call her Conscience.
Spiritus.
The spirit, when to godward it doth inflame.

These, of the soul the several functions be,
Which my heart lightened by the love doth see.'

What dusty, black looking volume is that? Ah—Owen Felltham's works; no title page—printed in 1661. 'Resolves, divine, political and moral.' *Resolves* undoubtedly means *essays*. I will conclude this article with an extract:

'The comparison was very apt in the excellent Plutarch, that we ought to regard books as we would sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantness, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness: not forbidding, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the profitableness may be much more in some authors than there is in others, yet 'tis very rare that the ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to separate it from being something profitable. A total levity will not take. A rich suit requires good stuff, as well as to be tinsel'd out with lace and ribands. And certainly, wit is very near akin to wisdom. If it be to take in general, or to last, we may find it ought to be interwoven with some beautiful flowers of rhetoric; with the grateful sceating herbs of reason and philosophy, as well as with the simples of science, or physical plants and the ever-green sentences of piety and profoundness. Even the looser poets have some divine preceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was cleaner than his pen, yet he is sometimes grave as well as gladsome; and I do not find but deep and solid matter, where 't is understood, takes better than the light flashes and the skipping capers of fancy. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the Senecas and Plutarch, the crisped Sallust, the politic Tacitus, and the well-breath'd Cicero, as with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and airy poets?'

ANALOGY.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. *Virgil.*

ANALOGY is the partial resemblance between things or circumstances, the knowledge of which forms the basis of our conclusions.

Although logicians, in general, consider analogy an unsafe ground of reasoning, still its importance is manifest, when we consider how many grand philosophical systems are susceptible of no other support than that which it affords. The sublime and inspiring theory which transforms the heavenly bodies from mere masses of illumined matter, into worlds, glowing with life and intellect, affords a familiar but striking example.

One of our most profound metaphysical scholars anticipates the time, when analogy will become a distinct science, shed a revealing light upon nature, and form a new epoch in philosophy.* 'There is needed,' says he, 'a science, which, standing on the confines of what is known, shall point out the direction in which truth probably lies, in the region of what is unknown.' Among the many interesting effects which may be expected from such an event, is, that it will tend to make the science of reasoning, as a branch of education, more practically advantageous.

As is well known, philological and mathematical studies are the chief branches pursued, in our higher literary institutions, with the design of inciting and developing the reasoning faculty. The former, involving, as they do, the processes of grammatical analysis, have, perhaps, when properly acquired, a greater share in this work than is generally admitted. The latter seems to have obtained a disproportionate amount of attention. For, while on the one hand, mathematical propositions admit of a perfect demonstration, and hence are admirably calculated to employ and train the reason, on the other, it should be remembered, that a very small portion of students will make any practical use of this science, as such, in the business of life. A writer, esteemed for his good sense and moral independence, doubts even the oft-repeated declaration, that abstract argument prepares the mind for the right and efficient exercise of reason. † 'The candidate for the bar, the pulpit, or the deliberative assembly, will find himself

* President Wayland.

† Vide an Oration delivered before the R. I. Federal Adelphi, by Tristam Burgess, 1831.

utterly disappointed, if he believe skill in moral, can and will be acquired by practice in mathematical reasoning.'

The neglect of mathematical studies, to any considerable extent, is certainly to be deprecated. But it is a question no less important than interesting—whether it be not practicable to adopt, in the higher stages of education, a system of rhetorical exercises, by means of which, habits of excellence may by formed, not only in argumentative discussion and extemporaneous declamation, but in the exercise of thought and the practical application of knowledge. If such exercises should include moral subjects, would they not favor the acquisition of a virtuous character, as well as of a sound understanding?

Perhaps the next grand improvement introduced into education, will be predicated on the conviction, that much of the intellectual machinery, at present in vogue, acts rather upon the memory than the mind. Whether this be the case or not, the education of the reasoning faculty will ever be a prominent subject of interest to those who have watched the growth of this power, so early evinced in the idea of a cause, and who feel how congenial with the wants and capacities of the soul is the investigation of truth.

As identified with the progress of ethical science, analogy presents a study for the metaphysician. As a means of improving the present imperfect method of logical instruction, it is, or should be, a subject of general attraction.

THOUGHTVILLE.

MUSINGS.

THE OCEAN.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweed strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion. *Shelley.*

THE glorious, the magnificent, the unfathomable deep!—Among the manifold works of God there is none under heaven so glorious. 'It is His, and he made it.' It is immutable. The gnarled oak shall fall to decay—the mountain shall crumble—the dark rocks return into the dust—but the sea

knoweth no change, and no variableness; it is the same yesterday, today, and forever. The soft-haired child may throw pebbles into its depths—and he may come again tottering upon the crutch of age, and behold no shadow of difference. There seems a determined purpose in its restless motion. It is forever sueing, as for a boon, at the feet of the rocky heights—or clapping its hands at the silvery clouds, as it leaps onward in its ceaseless progress. It hath rolled on unceasingly since its fountains were first unsealed, and it will roll on till the sun is darkened and the stars grow dim.

There is a spell of mystery brooding upon its waters. Who hath returned from its silent chambers to reveal its awful secrets? Millions have gone down and remained forever. There is an impenetrable veil hung over its deep pavilions, which baffles the eye of science, and causes philosophy to press a finger upon her lip. How oft has the larum shout disturbed the solitude, and the minute-gun rolled forth its dread forebodings. How oft has it heard the wild shriek of fear, and the calm prayer of devotion—while the disjointed wreck went down, and the waters closed above its relics. How many sleepers find a couch upon its bosom! They out-number the sands of its borders, and the days of a life could not count them. There is the form of beauty—the mother with her clasped child—the miser with his gold, and gaunt skeleton clasping the crucifix in its bonny fingers. There is the father and the son, the master and the slave, resting together. The billows are chanting their dirge, and the stars are the lamps of their sepulchre.

We have said it knoweth no change; yet it is no paradox to say, there is nothing so changeable. It hath a frown and a smile—it knoweth sunshine and storm; yet in all it alike retains the same awful grandeur and unparalleled magnificence—whether it is lulled into silence, or maddened into rage—whether it mirrors the heavens, or rolls its mountain billows upon the shelving rock—whether a fetter of ice is laid upon it, or the breeze of the south fans it with languid wings.

Well was the spirit of beauty fabled to have arisen from its waters; for even now it maketh the sea its abiding place. The clouds stand still and gaze upon it, and the silver-winged sea-birds float slowly on, and give vent in wild screams to their unutterable joy. Day and night worship at its altar—the sun robes it with a garment of light, and the stars watch over it in their midnight vigils.

The coast is its girdle, and it is gemmed with loveliness. There is the smooth and pebbly beach, where the waters

roll with a gentle swell; and there is the dark rock and the high precipice, where the surf breaks and sparkles in the sun-blaze. There are the icy hills of the north, rearing their crystal citadels, and the spicy groves of the south leaning above its borders, and offering the incense of its perfume.

The spirit of harmony slumbers in its deep caves. It hath music of ravishing sweetness, whether its cords are touched by the zephyr, or swept by the whirlwind. It answers with a faint babble to the one, and a voice of thunder to the other. Its perpetual orisons go up unto heaven, and the echoes of earth repeat them. It speaks of Him who holds it in the hollow of his hand. Its voice is a voice of worship—deep calleth unto deep—visible bows to invisible—the made to its omnipotent Maker.

Poetry hath sounded its depths, and imagination gone down like an invisible spirit amid its silent palaces. It hath gazed on its wedges of gold, its pavement of orient pearl, and the inestimable jewels that begem its chambers. Desolation hath made there a silent home, and gathered around her on the slimy rocks, the corroding wealth of nations, bearing from none the revealment of her treasury.

There is no solitude like the solitude of the deep. Man is there alone in the presence of his Maker; and his heart is hushed into awe. The deck is the only barrier between time and eternity—that is the only link that binds him to existence. He floats upon the watery element, between earth and heaven, isolated from the companionship of man. There is no sound, save the ceaseless murmur of the waves—no visible object, save the blue surface above, below and around him.

There is nothing under heaven so sublime. It goeth even unto the ends of the earth, and down to its very centre; and there is no segment of the globe where its voice is not heard. Its dark billows roll from the equator to the ice-ribbed shores of Labrador. It is belted by the stooping horizon—and the eye may pierce no farther. The sun may not behold its limits upon his noonday throne—and the iron wing of the eagle may not measure its circumference.

It is mighty in power, and of terrible strength; yet it is the obedient vassal of man. He hath mastered it—making the winds his steeds, and the ocean his chariot. The luxuries of the east are rocked upon its bosom, and the armada rides upon its billows.

It communeth with the heart. Retire inward, and lay up its teachings. It is one of our greatest prerogatives, that it is given us to worship in the great temple of the universe. The

elements are the ministers of Jehovah. They speak with articulate voices of him, and stand visibly before us as symbols of his greatness. At his bidding, the portals of chaos were opened, and order came forth, robed in the garments of glory. The mountains stood up, and the ocean obeyed his will. 'He made them, and they are his.' They are the ambassadors of God, and the teachers of wisdom to the children of men. They are great and glorious; yet, mighty as they are, they shrink to a point, when compared with the majesty of the invisible and godlike mind. 'They shall perish, but it shall endure.' The ocean shall go back to its original nothingness, when the mind that is kindled in devotion, will stand at the throne of God, immortal as its omnipotent Maker.

Passages from Coleridge's Tragedy of Remorse.

A gentlemen who has recently perused this tragedy, has sent us the following selections. They are the more acceptable at this time, as there seems at present to be but little good original poetry afloat.

MERCY.

'I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found; but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form,
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the avenger I leave Vengeance and depart.'

CONSCIENTIOUS LOVER.

——'the self-approving mind is its own light;
And life's best warmth, still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.'

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

'Just Heaven instructs us with her awful voice,
That conscience rules us, ev'n against our choice;
Our inward monitress, to guide or warn,
If listened to—but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes and selfish fears!
Still bids remember! and still cries, too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.'

AN IDIOT.

'Tis a poor idiot boy
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes reeked in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his stone-like head;
And staring at his bough from morn to sunset,
Seesaws his voice in articulate noises!'

A LADY'S DESCRIPTION OF HER CONFINEMENT IN THE DUNGEON OF THE INQUISITION.

'They cast me, when a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house.
There was no bed—no fire—no ray of light—
No touch—no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's dull flame,
Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse, hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness, I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
And waked me. If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And punish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.'

A WIFE IN SEARCH OF HER HUSBAND.

'I crept into the cavern.
'T was dark and very silent. * * *
No! No! I did not dare call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
Oh! Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light—
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death groan.
I stood in unimaginable trance,
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last, my husband's death groan!
I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire.'

Romance of Real Life.

Having, on one bright cold evening of my minority, gained permission to close the store a little earlier than was our usual custom, I concluded to indulge in a short stroll, though by so doing I should run an imminent risk of receiving the punishment due to all those of my 'Boss's' household who should be absent from home at the dreadful hour of nine. In accordance with this resolution, therefore, I faced south, and determined to see what was going on.

The first object which attracted my attention, was a Rob Roy cloak, (an article, it must be confessed, which in these days is not so great a novelty,) containing doubtless, I thought, one of the fair sex; but notwithstanding the great scarcity of these checker-board women in the times I write of, my attention was not by any means fixed in that direction. I walked leisurely on, gazing alternately on the heavens and those under the heavens; watching the human beings as the light shone upon their ever-varying countenances, as one by one they neared the focus of the illuminated stores—thinking their own thoughts, and caring, probably, as little for the thoughts of others as I did about the flogging I anticipated, should I return home after the Old South bell had passed sentence on me.

Look! Yonder advances one of Eve's own sex, with a light step, and a heavy heart—a smiling countenance—a sparkling eye—a mournful spirit—and a dim reputation.

The face of a person at her shoulder is nearly obscured by his hand, which contains a small quizzing-glass, directed towards the fair sorceress. He is a composition of stocks, flattery and starch; paste-blacking, poverty and tight pantaloons; he *certainly* has as much *pride* as a peacock, and *perhaps* as much *sense*. He exists on wind and Washington street, and is marked—dandy—in characters so large that they occupy the whole space between his square-toed boots and his sugar-loaf hat.

Next comes an object which makes a flat for the dandy's sharp. I fancy this gentleman must be beloved by his draper and tailor, and hated by all stage drivers and landladies. I conclude thus from the enormous dimensions of his body; as to his countenance, that expresses nothing—neither joy, sorrow, nor complacency—neither pleasure nor pain—temerity nor timidity—anger nor good nature. It is as much impossible, by looking at such a face, to judge of the character or quality of the person, as to divine what kind of goods are for sale in a shop where there is no sign up, and no goods are in the windows.

The place of the portly gentleman was very soon occupied by a tall and sedate-looking personage, whose trotters moved with as much regularity as do those huge mallets which are used at Amesbury mills to beat the grease out of flannel. Both his hands were

pocketed, and his chin hung like that of a fellow singing base. His downcast look seemed to estimate the proper distance for the next *step*, while his mind's eye travelled the broad Atlantic, and gazed on the state of a foreign market. There could be no doubt as to the nature of this man's occupation; his attention to the all-important subjects of cotton and tobacco could be diverted only towards the small boy behind him with the counting-room trunk. He was weather-wise—he felt the veering of the wind as sensibly as the canvass of his own homeward-bound ship; he was almost certain from what quarter the next breeze would come, and how that breeze would influence his vessel and affect his interest.

Among the hundreds who passed me, these are the only persons I had been able to view distinctly, and these only for a moment. The sketches, therefore, as they are filled up, are only 'first impressions'—conclusions drawn from the personal appearance of the individuals noticed. I had now come to a more retired part of the city. The lights burned dim—the crowd lessened, and lessened, until only one person remained in sight—and that person, strange to tell, was the identical girl seen in the early part of my walk, in the Rob Roy.

I continued walking slowly on; but, finding nothing to amuse, quickened my pace, and was in the act of passing our heroine of the Rob Roy, when, her foot sliding upon the ice, she fell, and groaned. Thinking she might have sustained some bodily hurt, I stooped to raise her up; and found that her ancle had received so severe a sprain that she was scarcely able to stand. Like a true soldier, I presented arms, upon which she leaned heavily:—this was the only means I had of helping her to regain her home.

By degrees her ancle gained strength, her arm bore less heavily upon mine, and she did not remain *entirely* speechless. In short, from the moment I rendered her the assistance spoken of, I saw that she approximated very rapidly towards convalescence. After regaining he speech, her sex only need be mentioned to convince the reader that she began to talk—that we soon became sociable, and that I found her most shockingly bewitching, and that before our acquaintance had been of half an hour's standing. She was as talkative as the most chattering nurse that ever was hired by the week to retail nonsense to a child. She maintained it was very pleasant, and I of course voted in the affirmative. She paid the usual compliments to the stars; and as they were the only rivals of her eyes, I could not help admiring her disinterestedness. She had in fact almost forgot the lame ancle. But the sprain had caused me no small alarm—for they were the best of ancles.

We arrived at the end of our journey. I bade her good night, and turned towards home. But in answer to her repeated solicitations that I would enter and receive the thanks of her mother, I followed her into the house. I can truly say, however, that had I then known that her character was what I afterwards supposed it to be, nothing she could have expressed by words or

looks would have induced me to comply. Had my mind been crossed by an uncertainty's shadow that she was not honest, innocent and pure, our conversation should have ended with our walk.

We were now in the sitting room, which was small but comfortable. At one corner of the chimney, sat a man considerably advanced in years, and at the other, a woman whom I should not hesitate to say had arrived at years of discretion. These were husband and wife, father and mother; and to this couple I was immediately introduced by our heroine—who, unlike most heroines, had a decent-sized hand, and a foot of usual length. These two qualities, it must be conceded, are denied to heroines in general; not to say anything about her conversation and manners, which were altogether too natural to escape being pronounced dull by the critics and readers of this feverish age. But there was one thing about her which was very peculiar—a quality at right angles with all former usage. I refer to her name. It was Sally! —yes, *Sally*—Sally Bickford.

I confess I was a little disappointed to find, after picking up the fallen angel, that her name was Sally. I was not prepared for an announcement so unromantic in sound as that which proceeded from the lips of Mrs. Bickford, when she directed the lass of the sprained ancle to bring a pitcher of cider. I was disappointed on finding the lady's name so much less interesting than the lady herself—and to compare so poorly with the incidents of the evening. I thought her name must be Elzira, Isora, or perhaps Elizabeth—but her name was Sally, and there was no help for it; and though Shakspeare says, 'a rose would smell as sweet by any other name,' I am satisfied he would not have said so of one by the name of Sally Bickford.

The father and mother deserve a brief description. The old gentleman's dress consisted in part, of a pair of dark-colored satinet thigh casings, and blue woolen yarn continuations. His wife was doubtless the principal artist in the production of his last coat. It was not exactly shabby, nor exactly a good fit—it was of a middling quality, and snuff-colored. He seemed a consistent hater of extremities—for if we except the end of his cue, there was nothing in his whole establishment which indicated prodigality or niggardness. If you could average a dandy and a sloven, you would get some idea of Mr. Bickford's appearance. He seemed a kind of average sample. His hold on ancient manners and dress was weakened by the concessions he had made to the superior taste and wisdom of the present age, while at the same time his indulgence in the reigning fashions was tempered by a becoming regard for the cut of his grandfather's tights and gaiters.

His wife—dear woman—wore a black dress, black stockings, and a good old-fashioned pair of high heeled morocco shoes, which reminded me of a pair which were always to be seen under the bureau of my aunt Nabby, excepting when she dropped in at a neighbor's to take a comfortable dish of souchong tea, and at such

times you might see the spot usually occupied by them on the yellow painted floor, and that spot was as much brighter than the rest, as the under side of my old coat sleeve is brighter than any other part of the garment. But to return to Mrs. Bickford. She had a bright, yankee, intelligent eye, and a sensible-looking head, surmounted by a muslin cap, clasped by a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. She experienced my loving kindness at the first glance.

Sally's father and myself conversed on the proceedings of the state legislature, discussed alewives, and entered pretty minutely into the merits of the pickled fish question. The debate, however, was indefinitely postponed on the arrival of his daughter with a plentiful supply of those two kinds of lawful tender, known in the interior—apples and cider.

After discussing these at some length—remarking the purity of the silver in the old gentleman's knee-buckles—praising a villanous mourning piece which Mrs. Bickford assured me was executed by her when only eleven years of age—and after complimenting Sally and the sampler she had worked and hung up beside the family record, which was flourished over with that redundancy of ornament that characterizes a Chinese slipper—Mrs. Bickford retired to the adjoining bed room, and was, I have no doubt, soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Only a few moments elapsed after the retreat of Mrs. Bickford, before the old man had taken his last glass of saleratus and cider, and was wrapped in the arms of a large easy chair—the cushion of which, it is important to add, (*a la Willis*,) was covered with tabby velvet.

I was now alone with Sally. We had conversed about half an hour on commonplace subjects, when our confabulation was interrupted by her rising to give me a glass of cider. The pitcher was on the mantle-piece; and as she got up to reach it, I voluntarily moved my chair, so that, her back being towards me, I saw her face reflected in the looking-glass at the opposite side of the room. At the first glance an icy chill crept through my whole frame. Ah! the feelings of that moment can never be described. Ye gods—what did I see! The vile wretch was placing a poison in the cup. There was no mistake—no delusion. I saw her plainly, as she placed a small white powder in the glass, and there could be no doubt as to the character of it. I was well satisfied it was arsenic. Before she had time to pour anything from the pitcher, I made some pretence, and declined drinking; without, however, intimating my suspicion. I thought it would be best to keep quiet, and hoped soon to have an opportunity of making my escape from so dangerous a companion.

In a few minutes the loathsome creature left the room for the purpose, I supposed, of replenishing the fruit dish. Now was the time for an escpae. My feelings were wrought up to a state of intense anxiety. I saw through the whole of her vile scheme. I recollected her passing at the time I locked the store. Her fall

was a mere pretence—a trick to engage my attention, secure my services, and entice me into this worse than hell. Finding me not sufficiently susceptible, she was about to mix a draught which would render me defenceless, and her attempts to gain the keys of the store successful.

I thought it would be advisable to secure my keys first, and then provide for my own safety. I felt in my pocket for them—they were gone! I trembled like a malefactor; but soon recovering my self-possession, I made a desperate leap towards the door. It was locked! I felt like a doomed man. I saw that I had mistaken her motive in leaving the room. She had stolen the keys of my master's store. What was to be done? What *could* be done? Here was the old villain, her father, in the arm chair, and he doubtless was an accomplice. I could not force the door without making noise enough to arouse him. My greatest fear, however, was, that in reality he was not asleep, but feigned this drowsiness for the purpose of keeping me in his power without exciting suspicion.

I gave myself up for lost, and caught hold of an implement, intending, at any rate, to despatch the old man, and then defend myself to the last; but as I raised it over the monster's head my eye met the poison in the glass. I took it up, but dared not taste or even touch it; and sat it down with my suspicions fully confirmed as to the nature of the powder. From the tumbler I looked into the pitcher. While examining its contents, some of the cider accidentally fell into the glass; and so soon as it touched the poison—Oh shame! Oh human depravity! Oh the deceitfulness of woman, and the blessed influence of that providence which saved me from this deadly dose;—poisoned—poisoned, as I was certain it was, with—saleratus!!

I never felt so sheepish in the whole course of my life—that complex emotion of joy and shame. I felt more insignificant than the little end of a musquitto's tooth-pick—relieved, rejoiced, ashamed, and covered with perspiration. In the excitement of the moment, I let drop the fire shovel, a blow from which Mr. Bickford,

> 'Who little thought that his own cracked existence
> Was on the point of being set aside,'

had luckily escaped by my timely discovery. The noise of the falling shovel woke the old man, and the next moment we were joined by the lovely Sally, who had brought the finest dish of apples that were ever ciderized in a human mill.

I was fast coming to my senses, and soon recollected that the keys were taken by a younger apprentice at the time we closed the store. But still my doubts were not all removed. Why was I locked up in the room? This was still a mystery. My teeth rested in the centre of a Baldwin, while this question was revolving in any mind; but my lucubrations were soon disturbed by the sonorous voice of Mrs. Bickford at her bed room door, which I

had mistaken for the one leading to the street, and was the sallyport of my attempted exit. On hearing me at her door, Mrs. Bickford shuffled on her mortal coil; and she now demanded the cause of that anti-somniferous knocking at the gate of her premises.

If my thoughtful mien for the last ten minutes had excited surprise in the minds of my entertainers, that surprise must have been augmented a thousand fold by the sample which I now gave them of the opposite emotion.

Sally's mother had by this time returned to the parlor, and the trio now gazed upon me in mute astonishment. The old man affirmed that I had attempted his assassination, and his wife's chastity. The old woman proclaimed that she had been sadly broke of her rest, and declaimed violently against Sally's practice of bringing stragglers into the house. Sally herself left the room in tears. I saw the utter impossibility of steering clear of an explanation; but however much I regretted to state my suspicions of *them*, I was compelled to do it. It was readily accepted, and a hearty laugh and a glass of saleratus and cider all round, concluded the mistakes of the night.

My feelings were never happier than when I left that house. The fear I had entertained for my safety seemed almost overcome by the joy produced at my escape—and this joy was regulated by the remaining effects of fear. My mind was in that happy temper which is equidistant from sorrow and rejoicing. Would to heaven it were always thus! Such moments make the paradise of our existence, and fill the heart with peace. Would to heaven that joy and sorrow might always find an equilibrium in the soul, and our natures overflow with emotions unmixed with earthly merriment, and unalloyed by the sorrow of the world. E. F. K.

The Man of Circumstance.

'There is a lion in the way.'

I am your man of circumstance, he says. I never ask the sun to stand still, nor try to control a thunderbolt. I approve of the order of the heavens—or at least I am not fool enough to trouble myself about it—and have but few objections to the arrangement of things on the earth; though I am obliged to undergo a good many hard rubs. I like to see a man have some philosophy about him. It's provoking to see how some folks will rear batteries to contend with providence, and endeavor to parry the thrusts made at them by a power which, if not the wisest, is one that will govern the universe in spite of anything they can do to prevent it. They seem to be as insensible to the mutations of nature, and the

uncontrollable changes of circumstances in nations and among individuals, as the gormandizers of Van Dieman's Land are to the pleasures of civilized society. We have reason to exercise, to be sure; but we should not overvalue it. When circumstances do not knock it on the head, it may do some good; though very little, in any case, in a world like this. We may do what is termed 'the best we can'; but that 'what man has done man may do,' and that those who 'do their duty,' as it is called, will generally come out at the great end of the horn, is all fudge—the conclusion of a pin's-head judgment. We should mind our own business; but we should remember, that it may be nature's business to upset all the intellectual, moral or physical dishes we may prepare.

Let us understand each other. Some of your observations are correct, Mr. Man of Circumstance. But let us see if something else be not true.

You never request the sun to stand still. Very well: but where may we find you on a hot summer's or a cold winter's day; in the one case, standing without a covering where the hot beams of the sun fall in the greatest abundance—or in the other, buried in a snow-bank?

You never attempt to control a thunderbolt. Do you know of any one who does? But where do you generally keep yourself during a thunder-storm?—and furthermore, suppose you were struck with one—would you not attempt to control its effects?

You like to see a man have some philosophy about him. You should add—whoever wishes for philosophy No. 1, let him call upon me.

It provokes you to see folks contend with providence. Well; but do you ever try to make peace with her? Do you know that you are one of her soldiers—and that if you sleep on your watch you must undergo a philosophical flogging?

You say some people seem to be insensible to the order of nature, and to the uncontrollable changes of circumstances. Yes—but perhaps do their duty as faithfully as if there were no changes; remembering that if their plans should fail, it will be for some wise end. They build their bridges, though the freshet *may* sweep them away.

We should not overvalue reason, you inform us. No; but do you know how to value it? It teaches us what circumstances are controllable, and what are not.

You tell us reason can do but very little good, in any case, in a world like this. And yet you like to see a man have some philosophy about him. Perhaps you mean, however, that you would like to see every one a prodigy, like yourself.

You think the conclusion, that if a man does the best he can he will come out at the great end of the horn, is the deduction of a pin's-head judgment. It 's a pity you are the only large man in the world. But you may not understand what coming out right is. Suppose, after a man has done all he can to prosecute a laudable purpose, his plans should fail—or, in your own words, it should be nature's business to upset the dish; what then? Why, I take it that he has no right nor no cause to grumble. The fact that he has done the best he can, instead of making him dissatisfied, ought to be a full consolation; because he has reason to believe, that providence thwarted *his* purpose to accomplish a better one. But in general cases the dish is not upset; and it may go as a general rule, that every one who does the best he can, will not only come out at the great end of the horn, whether he succeed in his plans or not, but will be successful in most of the concerns of life.

But there is always a lion in the way of this butterfly—this Man of Circumstance. He can 't do anything. It 's no use. And yet he does do something:—necessity compels him to fight against his own philosophy in some degree; and he gets along, after a fashion. He always takes roundabout turns to get rid of the lion. Often, when called upon to perform acts of duty, he rears imaginary mountains, and runs round them; spreads large oceans before him, and thinks it blasphemy to go another step; and thinks every forest impenetrable, though he never goes nigh enough to see its roads, paths, or marked trees. The sky may fall, too; and the sun was not made to keep his proper distance forever. The other planets may not mind their business one of these days, and our world may be thrown out of its orbit. The next earthquake will probably give his premises the first shaking, and his chimney better not be built till after that period. It is about time for the cholera to make its appearance in his vicinity, and there are no mean symptoms of it now. The dry land, too, may soon get tired of keeping off the ocean—and that there will be another deluge soon is not at all improbable. And in deciding upon the wisest course to be pursued under such tremendous circumstances, he likes to see a man have some philosophy about him.

Mr. Man of Circumstance—you have dreamed long enough. Up, and dress yourself. Step out into the broad daylight; and you will soon find that these thousand frightful appearances are creatures of your own imagination—and that the eyes of the lion will not relish the sun.

FRANKLIN, JR.

CRITIQUE.

MARRIAGE, a Matrimonial Poem, published in the February number of the Essayist.

THIS poem presents, perhaps, a fair specimen of the poetical arguments generally advanced in favor of matrimony; and, as I have the happiness to be one of that class of mortals who are not a little skeptical with regard to the angelic nature of 'heaven's last, [worst] gift,' I consider it my duty to expose the sophistry of it by a criticism.

The author, endeavoring to make it appear that matrimony is in accordance with all the principles of nature, commences by saying that 'Oceans with seas unite.' This is a matter of fact. Oceans *do* unite with seas; but do they unite of their own accord? If this proves anything either way with regard to matrimony, it most certainly goes against the perpetration of that act; for the almost incessant restlessness, tumult and even roaring of old father Neptune, affords no small proof that he is dissatisfied—that he is sorry he got married.

In the second line the author reminds us, that the 'winds' also unite 'with the waters.' Nobody doubts that. But when does the water look the most serene, and appear to be the most happy—if it is ever happy, married or single—when the winds keep at their proper bacheloric distance, or when it is united—or married, if you please—to a gentleman hurricane? Winds and waters *do* unite; and men and women do unite; and the disturbance which follows in either case, renders the parallel a capital one in favor of bachelorism.

The next argument of the poet is, that the 'rivers' unite 'with the streams.' But when does a stream endeavor to unite with a river, without soon finding itself going down hill? And after they are happily united, they have the pleasure of going down hill together; and are seldom of any practical benefit, except that they are now and then employed in turning a grist mill—and this they are forced to do.

Furthermore, in the third line it is affirmed, that 'clouds' unite 'with clouds, tinged by the sun's bright beams, with gold and crimson light.' And after these loving clouds are united, how long is it before you find them bursting into tears, and perhaps the self-same sun, that was just tinging them with his bright beams, going behind the scene to laugh at them? And by the way—why does n't the sun get married?—and the moon—why does n't she get married? Let our matrimonial poet decide.

Again, he says,

> 'Stars rise and set together in the sky,
> And seem to shine more pure and brilliantly,
> Because they never part.'

The north star is undoubtedly a bachelor. And in all probability the fixed stars are bachelors. In fact, it is certain that the only way to be useful—stable—fixed—is to be a bachelor.

We are told in the next place, that

'All things in nature are to union given,
And everything is joined in love to heaven.'

That is atrocious scandal. For the poet must include *me* and my whole *fraternity*—unless he denies us the appellation of '*things*,' which is nearly as villanous—when he asserts that 'all things in nature are to union *given*.' And let me tell him, that the true bacheloric principle is exhibited in every part of nature. It is the noble principle, repulsion, that prevents the whole of God's creation from uniting into one solid mass, and has tended to the formation of a splendid universe of order and intelligence.

He next goes on to show the happy results that follow,

'When heart unites with heart,'

having in his mind, doubtless, the delightful termination of the union of Adam and Eve. They are not only abundantly blessed while they dwell on the earth, but when about to leave it,

'They will not falter, as they bid adieu,
And wish to linger here.'

I should n't think they 'd wish to linger here, unless they could have the promise of a little more single blessedness. And our poet contradicts the assertion made in the preceding lines, when he says,

—'like two stars from a *dim* cloud ascending,
From this *dark* orb they 'll rise,' &c.

A *dim cloud* indeed, where *they* go from. But what is rather more singular than anything else in the piece, in order to make the writer's simile good, the man and woman must die together. I suppose we must give our poet some license, however, when he is endeavoring to establish so weak a point; for it would not pass muster very well to say that,

—'like two stars from a dim cloud ascending,'

one left the world six months after the other's death.

From the last lines he seems to think that they will be less miserable after throwing off this mortal coil. I hope so.

A PRACTICAL BACHELOR.

Notices of New Publications,

Reported to the Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science.

Select Works of Archbishop Leighton; with an Introductory view of his Life, Character and Writings—by George B. Cheever. Boston, Peirce & Parker, 1832.

Religious biography sustains a high and important office in the present condition of christendom. To faithful and impartial efforts in this department of literature, we are mainly to look for an exhibition of the lives and characters of those truly religious men who are to be found under the banners of every sect.

Such examples are not only intrinsically dear, but they bring home to the heart, with an irresistible eloquence, the conviction—that the soul, when conscious of its power, and the magnificent means provided for its improvement, will progress under all systems of christian belief, however incongruous. And this conviction it is, which will break down the division walls of sectarianism, founded on unimportant differences, but supported by bigotry and blind zeal. This it is, which will fan the flame of charity till it shall overpower the heat of party virulence; and this it is, which will diffuse over the christian world an all-pervading spirit of liberality.

The works of Archbishop Leighton are, therefore, truly welcome. For they present to us the life and writings of one, who, through a protracted life, and during a period of stormy religious excitement, preserved himself 'unspotted from the world,' and in the faithful exercise of christian virtues; who (to use his own words) 'preferred an erroneous, honest man, before the most orthodox knave in the world—and would rather convince a man that he had a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him to his own opinion in whatsoever else besides.'

It may be said of Leighton, as has been remarked of a kindred spirit—'His virtue is broad enough to shield his whole church from that unmeasured, undistinguishing reprobation, with which protestant zeal has too often assailed it.' *

The Defence of Poesy—by Sir Philip Sydney. Religio Medici, or the Religion of a Physician—by Sir Thomas Browne. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, 1831.

These works constitute the second and third volumes of the 'Library of old English Prose Writers;' and like all

*Review of Fenelon—Dr. Channing's Works, p. 177.

superior treatises on important subjects, possess an abiding and practical worth.

The former may be safely recommended to all poetical skeptics, and if, after giving it due attention, they do not acquire a sincere and zealous faith in the surpassing excellence of poetry, and feel themselves allied to the muses by the ties of sympathy, they may justly be accounted incorrigible, and deserving of the punishment desired for them by the author, 'that while they live they live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet, and when they die, their memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.'

The style of the work is well described by Sydney's biographer, as 'seeking above all things to carry conviction by its illustrations and arguments, and making fancy and ornament entirely subservient to the cause of persuasion and truth. Yet the imaginative genius of the author frequently bursts forth in all its splendor, and strews his didactic path with a galaxy of the most brilliant conceptions.'

The Religio Medici presents, clad in a quaint but interesting garb, views in advance of the time of their promulgation. We perceive, indeed, by comparing the work with the views of the present day, frequent illustrations of the author's idea respecting the transmigration of opinions from mind to mind, after considerable intervals of time.

The work is attractive from the same qualities which, according to the memoir appended to the volume, secured it peculiar and general favor when first published, viz.; 'the novelty of the paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtilty of disquisition and the strength of language.'

Griffin's Remains.—This is a compilation of the literary remains of a very interesting young man, a native of Pennsylvania, prepared for the press by his brother, and containing a biographical memoir by the professor of moral philosophy, etc. in Columbia College.

It is eminently superior to many works of a similar cast. It gives no highly-colored portrait of precocious virtue or talent; but presents the character and writings of a young man, whose mental and moral powers were developed under the benign influences of judicious culture, and consequently expanded in natural and beautiful proportions.

The principle of progress, having been early imbued and sedulously cultivated, gave a constant impetus to the spiritual faculties, and awakened an habitual anxiety to make nature

and experience occasions of reflecting study. This Mr. Griffin evinced in the observations contained in his diary, and especially in the deep and singularly unprejudiced thought given to those most important subjects—the adoption of a religious belief, and the choice of a profession.

The poetry of Mr. Griffin is in many respects excellent, though evidently youthful effusions. His 'tour through Italy and Switzerland' is rich in graphic description, classical allusion and fine moral sentiment. We like it none the less for the enthusiastic admiration of natural grandeur and beauty it displays.

We cordially recommend this work to the attention of our readers; not only as an interesting, but as a practical volume; calculated to give renewed interest to literary effort, and inspire a generous ambition to excel in intellectual and moral attainments.

ESSAYIST ROOM.

THE YEAR, WITH OTHER POEMS—by I. McLellan, Jr. A New Year's Gift. Boston, Carter & Hendee.

THERE is perhaps no writer among us whose productions need more to be thoroughly and justly criticised, than those of Mr. McLellan. And yet, most of the strictures on his poems which have appeared in the various prints of the day, have been calculated rather to injure than to benefit him, as well as to cause others to form incorrect views of his merits. That he possesses talent for poetical composition, no one will deny, we think, who judges him candidly: but that, so far as his literary career is concerned, he is one of the chief of sinners, is equally palpable. He seems never to have acted with reference to the truth, that the natural powers of a man, whatever their original character may be, can never be exhibited to advantage when deprived of the additional strength which may be gained by their vigorous exercise. On the other hand, he appears to have lulled himself into the belief, that he is so particular a favorite of those ladies who are said to live on Mount Parnassus, that there is need of little exertion on his part to secure to himself their continued approbation. He has never made mankind or books his study, to any considerable extent; but has been too willing to rest satisfied with the superficial knowledge which is obtained by mere common observation. This remark applies more particularly to his acquaintance with the human heart. His principal talent lies in his power of describing physical nature; and in this department of poetry he has been successful in no inconsiderable degree. The poems men-

tioned at the head of this notice, together with his other works, afford, we think, ample proof in favor of these remarks. We have room for one extract only; but this will be sufficient to illustrate our observation with regard to his descriptive power:

SCENES IN NATURE.

'Bright blooming Nature! thou hast been to me
A faithful friend, through all life's anxious round;
And thou hast taken thy pupil by the hand
And led him forth to all thy beauteous scenes,
And in his ear thy sweet instructions poured.
How hath my soul with breathless awe been filled,
When on the grand and heaven-supporting cliff
My venturous foot o'er yawning caverns hung!
Oh! who hath never felt his kindling soul
Expand, when gazing from such frosty peak
On earth's green breast by many a blue stream vein'd;
Then far beneath, along the middle air,
The scarce-seen eagle plies his mighty vans;
And faint and dull through empty space, ascends
The murmur of the tide—the hollow roar
Which the pent winds within their dusky caves
In the thick wilderness forever raise!

Oh! who can paint with colors of the mind,
Those matchless scenes by Nature's pencil traced!
The falling cataract, pouring out its foam
Deep in the rocky basin of the hills;
The moss-grown pines, that down the broken ridge
And gaping cliffs in rude profusion wave,
And like a host their bristling spears uplift;
The lonely pool, that, cradled in the vale,
Smiles like an infant in its mother's lap;
The verdant hill, on which the cattle feed,
And watchful shepherds tune their pastoral pipe
Or oaten reed, or sing the rustic lay;
The sacred spire, and ivy-mantled church;
And snow-white villas, glimmering through the trees;
And far away the long, curved line of foam
That crests the breaking billows of the main,—
The blue, vast sea, by lonely vessels crossed,
Whose sails like skimming sea-birds, gleam aloft,
O'er ship of war, or fisher's leaky boat?'

From these passages alone it may be seen, that if Mr. McLellan will apply himself closely to the study of nature and of books, he may at some future day hold no mean rank among the American poets.

TRUTH, A GIFT FOR SCRIBBLERS. Second edition, with additions and emendations—by William J. Snelling. Boston, B. B. Mussey.

WE take a somewhat unpopular step in noticing this production. But we shall always claim the right to follow the decisions of our own judgment with regard to what books deserve to be introduced to public attention, and shall never hesitate to say what we think about them. A severe criticism on the American poets is unquestionably needed at the present time; and, for our own parts, we are glad to see the satire which lies before us—notwithstanding its numerous faults. Most of the poem shows an uncommon strength

in the author, which makes us strongly regret his want, in many instances, either of correct judgment or of proper feeling. His total condemnation of several respectable poets, together with a host of vulgar epithets—Yankeeisms though they are—used in the treatment of his subjects, render the medicine which he has prepared for authors—and the public, too—far less beneficial in its effects, than it might have been, had he followed more strictly his better judgment in its preparation.

We shall conclude this notice with a short passage from the satire, the reading of which may benefit any of us:

> 'Shakspeare could weekly serve a drama up,
> Yet never find a vacuum in his cup;
> Could well afford, from his exhaustless mine,
> To fling a handful of his gold to swine:
> But such a mover of the mind appears
> On earth but once in twice three thousand years.
> Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ben
> Still wrote and burnt, and wrote and burnt again,
> A hundred times, and plied the painful file,
> Before they deem'd their pieces worth the while.
> Our Yankee play-wrights write like Shakspeare, fast;
> But that 's the first resemblance, and the last.'

We have received, and read with much interest, a bold and well written Address, delivered before the Workingmen's Society of Dedham, by Samuel Whitcomb, Jr., of Dorchester. Not having room this month for several extracts we wish to make, we are obliged to defer a particular notice of it.

Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science. We are glad to be able to say that this Association is continually augmenting in numbers and usefulness. Several interesting meetings have been held since the publication of our last number, at which reports on various subjects were presented. Communications relating to the state of literature among the young men in any part of our country, will be acceptable to the Association; and all co-operative measures for the advancement of its objects, will be highly gratifying. At the last meeting, Mr. R. C. Waterston, and Maj. A. D. Capen, were added to the Board of Censors.

To Correspondents.—The poetical article which was 'the result of a few moment's thought only,' (there is no title to it,) is creditable to the author, but too commonplace to be admissible. We shall be pleased to see the author of the 'Arctic Raven.' A notice of the public exhibition of the Elocution Class connected with the Boston Lyceum, will appear in our next.

THE ESSAYIST.

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American Pulpit.

Rev. Charles G. Finney.

Not many of our readers, we suppose, will need an explanation or demand an apology of us for introducing to them, as the patrons of the Essayist, the title which we have placed at the head of this essay. Our object is purely a literary one. We shall waive both our own private opinions upon religious matters, and the doctrines taught by those clergymen of various denominations whom we propose hereafter to notice. In other words, overlooking the clergyman in his own character, we shall remark upon the writer, the scholar and the orator.

The propriety of extending our literary cognizance thus far, will be obvious to all who remind themselves of the well known circumstance, that there is no such thing in our country as a class of exclusively literary men. With a few individual exceptions, we have no professed writers; those who write most and most regularly, not to say best, do it for the service of the pulpit. The American orator is found occupying the same dignified station; or perhaps flourishes as an advocate at the bar, with the collateral and occasional play of his talents at a convention of teachers, a lyceum, or a political caucus. Our scholars come equally from all the professions; and in not a few cases from no profession at all. Even the poets of the land—that delicate and sensitive genius, as we are bound to believe them—instead of traversing the country at large with their heads bound with laurel, and their harps swinging by the side, as a professed poet ought to do, are stalwart and decently-fed personages as any of their neighbors, and in nine cases out of ten just as well to do in the world. Not only do they not go dancing about under

green trees; but they scorn to live by begging like Homer, to pay their rent by the flageolet like Goldsmith, or even to starve upon a crust of bread in an Attic, like the Grub-street minstrels of the days of Queen Anne. They are neither shepherds, swineherds nor goatherds; but cashiers of banks, editors, ministers, doctors, lawyers, dry-goods dealers, and grinders of corn, scissors, and school books. They have the effrontery to please to live, without so much as a thought of living to please.

The reverend gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article, although one of the most distinguished preachers of his denomination in this vicinity, possesses fewer claims, and at the same time makes fewer pretensions to the literary character than many of his brethren. Still, like every man of his ability and standing, he must effect literature though he may not affect it. This is true particularly with regard to a large number of that class of the community among whom are the patrons of this magazine—the Young Men.

So far is Mr. Finney from being liable to the former part of this dilemma, that the most peculiar characteristic of his style is his want of style, as the term is commonly understood. He professes to express himself in writing, and still more in speaking extemporaneously—which he practices much the more frequently of the two--with reference to scarcely any other principles than to accommodate the understanding and excite the interest of his hearers. Whether he actually effects these purposes to the highest extent which he might, we cannot determine; but he certainly deserves the credit of effecting them in a considerable degree. No preacher in the city is listened to constantly by the same congregation with a more willing or more animated attention.

In regard to the choice of words, the collection of sentences, and the method of argument—in almost all points of his delivery, indeed, excepting the mere quantity of voice which he uses—his manner is not merely conversational and familiarly so, but conversational according to the use of the middle and lower classes of society in this section of the country. Add to this general description, certain peculiarities of the individual, and you have a very tolerable idea of Mr. Finney. Among these peculiarities—to come at once and without ceremony to the ungrateful part of our duty—may be numbered positiveness, abruptness and boldness. He is so positive as not only to repeat frequently what he advances, and that rather in the manner of one who defies an antagonist, but to repeat often without proof and even without explana-

tion. Sometimes, indeed, he may do this safely. There are many indisputable truths in the subject-matter of all clergymen's discourses, which need more emphasis than exposition. But in professed argument and illustration, both of which Mr. Finney prides himself not a little, and that justly, in managing to advantage, we consider it good policy, even so far as the present impression is concerned, to leave as little depending upon the mere credit of the individual as may be. Assertions in logic are in this respect like positions in war. The fewer there are left unprotected in the rear of the march, the better it will be for the van-guard.

It must be allowed, that the force of this stricture in its application to Mr. Finney is obviated in some measure by the fact, that he frequently preaches with the view of impressing admitted truths—admitted among his auditors, we mean—rather than of debating controverted points. He has occasion to explain more than to prove. But here again come in another of the faults—perhaps they should be called inadvertencies—we have mentioned. He is certainly plain almost always, and that is really a rare excellence; but he carries the virtue too often to an excess, which we have termed bluntness. This quality assumes the aspect of exasperation towards his opponents, and of harshness towards those whom he really wishes to convince and conciliate; and in both cases it does more hurt than good to the speaker, the hearer, and the cause. We may add, that the delivery with which passages of this description are occasionally enforced, though expressive and even eloquent in many instances, is not calculated to weaken the unfavorable and unpleasant impression alluded to. It has the appearance, and produces the effect, rather of the spasmodic energy sometimes exercised on political occasions, in certain parts of this country, than of that earnestness which the French term *unction*, and which, appropriate as it is to christianity, loses nothing of its fervor, nor even of its force, by being mingled with the serene and solemn dignity of the ancient apostles. There is as marked a distinction between spiritual enthusiasm, and mere physical (not to say mechanical) effort in delivery, as there is between what we have termed plainness and bluntness in style. Massillon was an orator, though not so much a writer, of the former class. Whitefield was another; and his example might be studied, perhaps without detriment, more than it is, by his followers.

In what we have said of the occasional vehemence of Mr. Finney's delivery, we would by no means be understood to convey a *general* censure upon his manner. The truth is far other-

wise. It is one of his best and most palpable characteristics, that he uses gesture, posture, tone, and expression of countenance, with scarcely an air of the least study, and yet with great adroitness and with almost unparalleled effect. We have sometimes thought the correspondence of the action to the word to be as perfect as it could be. He is not excelled, if equalled, in this particular, by any preacher of the day whom we have heard. The most distinguished model of the *style* in question—in modern times at least—is Tucker, the celebrated author of the *Light of Nature pursued.* Mr. Finney is sometimes as plain as that author in his illustrations, as simple in his language, and as pertinent in the anecdotes which (though of a different vein) he introduces much in the same way, and with a similar purpose of reinforcing common sense by common incidents—an immense corps of which he holds in reserve. But at other times, his illustrations are nothing more than hap-hazard references, which may please by reminding a certain class of hearers of a certain class of familiar subjects, and thereby keep up the interest felt in his discourse; but farther than this are of no service whatever. But what is much worse, they are occasionally *applied* in a manner which can hardly be considered beneficial. They are applied indiscriminately, just as they occur and when they occur to the speaker; and the consequence is—especially considering the fertility of his imagination, as well as the abundance of his anecdote—that they are sometimes brought in at seasons, and in juxtaposition with subjects, when and where they might far better be spared. They not only do not illustrate, so much as they *interest* on the principle just mentioned, but they degrade.

For example, in commenting upon the text, 'None can *come* unto me except the Father, who sent me, *draw* him,' Mr. Finney undertakes to explain what is, and what is not, meant by the two words we have underscored. Among other things, he holds that this drawing is not a physical pulling and hauling. If, says he, God were to draw a man in this way from this place to Jerusalem, &c. it is clear that the desired effect would not be produced. It would go no farther towards inducing the man to *come* to Christ (as explained) than if God were to suspend him in the centre of the universe, and leave him there with his senses benumbed, 'like an individual hanging in a gibbet.' So, in remarking that the person subject to this spiritual influence, must not content himself with awaiting it as a mere passive recipient, he observes, that such an error is very common. Some people seem to act in such cases

'as if they were sitting on a carriage, and wanted God to draw *that*.'

Some of these instances indicate a fault additional to the unfortunate tendency alluded to last; and that is the attempt to illustrate matters which even in the meanest minds require no illustration, or to illustrate them much more minutely than the occasion demands. Mr. Finney deserves great credit for using plain language invariably, and for throwing light and color upon dull and dry subjects, by a great variety of comparison, imagery and anecdote. But it is his misfortune to push all his good habits to excess; and as his decision and frankness often run into dogmatism and bluntness, so his simplicity of explanation becomes trivialness, we had almost said levity of detail. We recollect the sermon of an excellent old gentlemen upon that verse of scripture which mentions Christ as the Lamb of God, wherein the preacher began with the premise that a lamb was a sheep less than a year old. Mr. Finney does not go so far as this; but he does now and then go farther than is absolutely indispensable in the way of explanation. Everybody must perceive, that the gratuitous impression produced is not a profitable one to his hearers.

But we have said more than enough of the faults of this distinguished preacher; and more than we should have said, were not his abundant redeeming qualities already the theme of common observation. As we have heretofore said, no person in his station commands a livelier attention. Probably no discourses are so much remembered as his by the mass of his audience. The foundation of this influence is his strong common sense, amounting in many cases to subtlety. His knowledge of human nature is extensive and accurate. He has seen much of the world, and collected an inexhaustible fund of incident, which he uses to admirable advantage. These resources, united with an earnest and natural delivery, and an habitual and very shrewd use of familiar language, illustration and imagery, make him one of the most interesting, if not the most agreeable or persuasive preachers of the day. With a degree of attention to a few particulars wherein he is fallible, it is our decided though humble opinion, that he might make himself still more useful then he is, without detriment to his reputation or offence to his conscience.

To Ceres.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
And wonders at the sun; each dull gray glade
Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole,
Where they had lain enchained and dull of soul,
The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee,
Among the springing leaves; and fast and free,
The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
And through their grassy banks leap on and run,
When thou hast touched them. Thou who ever art
The goddess of all beauty; thou whose heart,
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields,
To whom the laughing earth looks up, and yields
Her waving treasures; thou that in thy car,
With winged dragons, when the morning star
Gives his cold light, touchest the moving trees
Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze—
Oh! pour thy light
Of truth and joy, upon our souls this night,
And grant to us all plenty and good ease.

O thou! the goddess of the rustling corn,
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Pile up their baskets with the full-eared wheat,
And maidens come with little dancing feet,
And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
And crowning thy full baskets; at whose side
Among the sheaves of wheat doth Bacchus ride,
With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stained from the warm and sunny south—
Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
While in his car ye ride among the vines,
And with his other hand he gathers up
The rich, full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
And crowns thee with bright leaves, to shade thine eye,
So it may gaze with richer love and light,
Upon his beaming brow; if thy swift flight
Be on each hill
Of vine hung Thrace—oh! come, while night is still,
And greet with piled arms our gladdened sight.

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light—like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air—like spirit-barks
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
Like silver shining through a tint of red,
And soon the queened moon her love will shed,
Like pearl-rain on the earth, and on the sea,

Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and silver urns,
Where incense with a floating odor burns,
And altars piled high with various flowers,
And ears of corn, gathered at early hours,
And odors fresh from India, and a heap
Of many-colored poppies. Lo! we keep
Our silent watch for thee, and sit before
Thy waiting altars, till toward our shore,
Thy chariot wheels
Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels,
And utters to the sky a stifled roar. A. F.

Our Literature.

[The following Dissertation on the prospects and claims of Literature in our community, delivered by Addison Jr. before the Young Men's Association for the promotion of Literature and Science, is published agreeably to a vote passed at the last meeting.]

No method of considering the prospects of literature in our community, seems more applicable to the design of the present course of essays, than an attempt to treat the subject with reference to some of the most important of those circumstances and influences which give a direction and character to the mental productions of every age and country. And a brief survey of a few of the advantages and attractions of literary pursuits will exhibit their claims upon our regard, both as means of individual improvement and objects of national interest.

Prior to the revolution, the scientific efforts and successful philosophical researches of Dr. Franklin form the prominent exhibition of native talent evinced at that early period of our literary history. Emanating from a self-educated individual, and connected as they are with the many interesting circumstances attending the life of that great philosopher, they form an introduction to our literature at once unprecedented and brilliant.

As an almost necessary consequence of the great questions at issue in the struggle for independence, and the subsequent formation of national and state governments, our leading men soon became engaged in political works, and the productions thus originated, though, in frequent instances, prepared during brief intervals occurring in the discharge of most responsible official duties, exhibit a depth of thought and possess a practical value worthy of the momentous period which called them forth.

But those high intellectual efforts, which may be said to have created our literature in the strictest sense of the term, have been made within less than the last half century. This period has been productive of numerous works, many of which, having passed through the ordeal of time, will, doubtless, be generally appreciated, and form standard contributions to our literature; especially those in the departments of intellectual christianity, forensic eloquence and moral poetry.

From the fact that our language and many of the characteristics of our literature are not strictly original, arguments have been educed to prove

that literary effort, among us, will ever lack this important element. But this, however true, is a necessary consequence of the influence exerted by one age and people upon that which immediately succeeds, and may also, in part, be attributed to the assimilating influence of commercial intercourse. And although this circumstance may tend to subvert original traits of character, it is certainly favorable to the cause of general improvement. The remarks of Schlegel, a distinguished German writer, on this subject, are very just:—'It is absolutely necessary that those nations who make their appearance at a later period of the history of the world, as well as of the general developement of the human intellect—should derive a great part of the mental cultivation as a legacy from the more polished nations of early times; and this, in itself, implies no reproach. It is only necessary that we preserve our substantial individuality as a nation, and never sacrifice what is our own out of an extravagant admiration of what belongs to others.'*

The improvement in the productions of mind previously alluded to, although comparatively rapid, was not unanticipated. The following is the language of a writer whose extensive acquisitions in philology coupled, as they were, with a powerful intellect and exalted character, afforded the brightest hopes that, if it had pleased an all-wise providence to have spared his life, he would have watched with patriotic sensibility over the early dawnings of American literature, and by his own efforts have greatly accelerated its progress and ennobled its character.—'If we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor and to meditate a bolder flight. The spirit of criticism begins to plume itself, and education, as it assumes a more learned form, will take a higher aim. If we are not misled by our hopes, the dream of ignorance is at least disturbed, and there are signs that the period is approaching when we may say of our country—*tuus jam regnat Apollo.*'†

This brief notice of our literary history does not perhaps form an inappropriate introduction to the main subject under consideration.

External influences have an important bearing upon national literature; but, as it springs directly from mind itself, it is self-evident that it will be strongly marked with the peculiarities of mental constitution which distinguish different nations. The comedies of Moliere are perfectly consonant with the gaiety and humor of the French character. But a more pleasing example may be drawn from the history and literature of Poland. It has become almost an axiom, that tyranny, from its debasing effects upon single minds, finally destroys national literature and subverts intellectual energy. Now it is not a little remarkable, that, beneath a most scourging and depressing despotism, the Poles should have preserved a literary spirit unbroken, and that minds, which could no longer find themes in their country's glory, save to mourn its degradation, should still expatiate on subjects of general interest, with all the inspiration of true poetry and the beauty and sentiment of genuine taste.‡ That such is the case, their productions will testify, and it is a phenomena only to be accounted for from the unchangeable spirit which forms so distinguishing a trait of their national character.

Such being the effect of inherent mental distinctions, it will not be deemed chimerical to refer some of the peculiarities of our literary spirit to a similar source.

* Lectures on the History of Literature—by Frederick Schlegel—translated from the German.

† Rev. T. J. Buckminster's Phi Beta Kapa Oration. Monthly Anal'gy, vol. vii.

‡ Bowering's Specimen of Polish Poets affords a pleasing evidence of this fact.

It cannot be denied that there exists among us a restless anxiety to penetrate the unknown and acquire the useful, a perseverance in surmounting difficulties, and an enterprize, which, if faithfully devoted to the acquisition of spiritual attainments, would secure for our land a monument more enduring than her lofty hills, and more brilliant than her matchless skies.

But among the traits of this character, there is an evident and strong disposition to seek good at the smallest possible cost, and at the same time to turn every thing to account. Hence the craving for utility, for 'visible, tangible utility,' which has been the subject of so much censure. Hence the invention of labor-saving machines which have called forth such frequent, and perhaps exaggerated, reprehension. Hence, too, the versatile manner of applying talent, which, by diverging the intellectual rays, weakens their intensity, and thus prevents so many of the fruits of mind from reaching maturity.

Were this disposition, however, true to itself, we should have nothing to fear; for then it would be felt that that alone deserves the name of utility which is mentally and morally useful, which nerves the intellect, ripens the judgment and purifies the taste. Then, the actual abridgement of requisite mental labor, even if practicable, would not be desired, lest it should frustrate one of the primary ends of study—mental discipline. Talent, too, would converge its light and warmth upon the subject best adapted to its nature, and would thereby nurture and fructify productions worthy of their origin, and affording acceptable offerings at the national altar.

When we turn to exterior influences, to estimate their bearing upon intellect and its advancement, we are immediately struck with the obvious and powerful agency of political institutions. The strange mingling of fierceness and beauty, in the old Scotch Song, has been justly attributed, the one to the party strife enkindled by the feudal system, and the other to the ameliorating influence of natural scenery. It is unnecessary to dwell upon free institutions as means of ennobling the human mind, or to demonstrate their consequent tendency to promote the interests of letters. This truth has become so clearly and generally evident, that knowledge, virtue and the consciousness of high capacities, are alike inciting men to abolish antiquated and artificial distinctions. History, however, records an instance of the effect produced upon an individual mind, under comparatively favorable circumstances, which presents, in a strong light, the blighting power of a despotic form of government.

After Cæsar had usurped the dictatorship of the Roman Empire, he sedulously cultivated the friendship of Cicero. This great orator and statesman, therefore, suffered no positive injury under his government, except from the wounds which his truly patriotic spirit received when he saw an ambitious conquerer usurping the reigns of government. He, however, did not reject the kind offices of Cæsar, hoping he could abjure his stolen power.

Cicero, having composed various works and presented them to the most distinguished men of the time, was advised, by his friends, to pay the same compliment to Cæsar. Hence he is said to have written a work, the intent of which was to induce Cæsar to restore the republic. But some of Cæsar's friends, whose judgment he asked, having declared the work too bold and advised him to soften some expressions, he abandoned the design in disgust. And thus was lost to posterity a production which, judging from the powers of the author, and the importance of the subject

and occasion, must have been no less useful as adapted to the times, than valuable as a practical treatise on civil liberty.

But with us a national literature is not only a medium, through which the spirit of our institutions may exhibit their noblest results, but sustains the high office of cultivating a purely national spirit, by concentrating its energies, now to a great degree palsied by sectional and political prejudices, upon the high and inspiring pursuit of a national literary pre-eminence.* This places the claims of literature among us upon a strong basis, and affords an attractive theme for the patriot and scholar. The want of ability, no less than the want of space, in the present instance, advises that it remain untried. Suffice it therefore to add, that the free and energetic developement of mind is a natural consequence of our system of government, and the more clearly this truth is practically illustrated, the more will be done towards raising the 'temple of our country's freedom in proportions of moral and intellectual architecture'—grand, simple and sublime.

Literature transmits all that is characteristic or eventful in intellectual, moral or political history, not in cold and formal details, but glowing with life and interest. If desirous of learning the origin and exploits of a people, we naturally turn to their annals; but if it be our aim to become acquainted with the peculiarities of mind and feeling which mark an age or country, we must seek them in the literary productions of the time. There is a spirit in literature which bears the impress of the place and period of its birth, and forms the most interesting criterion by which to estimate the value of national character.

The poetry of that peculiar people, the Jews of old, affords a striking example of this capacity in literature. True, their history though couched in the homeliest language, would, in itself, be most extraordinary and wonderful. But who will deny that we owe our vivid conceptions of the Jewish character and history to the sublime simplicity and unrivalled beauty of the Hebrew poetry?

The primeval exercises of the poetic art were those which celebrated the virtues of ancestry, and this is what we should naturally expect from the desire which ever exists to perpetuate the knowledge of national existence and greatness. In accordance with this principle, nations, long before the christian era, have left, in monuments and mounds, the sole mementos of their being. 'Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections.' We cannot wonder then, that as the Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their dead, and on particular occasions brought them forth to act as silent but efficient monitors, so poetry should have been early chosen to embalm the remembrance of great and good deeds, and transmit them for the improvement of posterity.

What then is the history, and what the recollections and associations dear to Americans? Happily we need not an Ossian for our national poet, who may draw from the mists of antiquity, a 'long line of fabled

* It is almost incredible, that an object so intimately connected with the 'prosperity and honor of the whole country,' should receive the shafts of political prejudice. The leading periodical of the Southern States, however, considers the encouragement of literature on this side of the Atlantic as tantamount to discarding that of England, and deems the design, when extended to the establishment of a separate literature, as wholly impracticable. From which and similar causes it announces the following declaration: '*We do therefore, in the name of the good people of the planting states, utterly disclaim the having even the humblest part assigned us in a separate school of writers dignified with the title of American.*'

ancestry.' Every child can tell of the pilgrims—of their fearful coming and marvellous establishment—of the war of the revolution, and its thousand heart-stirring incidents—of the primitive forests of our country, and their interesting, but unfortunate and almost annihilated children. And in view of the great and glorious in our history, there is awakened a laudable ambition to perpetuate the past by embodying it in a sound and independent literature. Each high and well-directed effort will advance this object; but especially the exertions of every mind which 'receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more at the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.'

Literary pursuits recommend themselves to individual minds from their susceptibility to incite and embody the intellect, poetry and imagination innate in every human being. And this they do no less from their accordance with the higher qualities of human nature than their tendency to overcome the influence constantly exerted by material and unintellectual principles. The ancients, notwithstanding their incomplete conceptions of the sublime in intellect, seem to have understood, at least in a degree, the power of matter over mind: thus, according to the Platonic philosophy, 'this inborn and implanted recollection of the godlike, remains ever dark and mysterious; for man is surrounded by the sensible world, which, being in itself changeable and imperfect, encircles him with images of changeableness, imperfection, corruption and error, and thus casts perpetual obscurity over the light which is within.' The direct tendency of literary pursuits is eminently calculated to bring forth and improve the spiritual principle, and consequently to render it dominent over what is grosser and extraneous.

Literary talent is indeed a moral agent; and one of the chief inducements to cultivate and acquire it, is, that it may become a minister of good to others, may kindle a similar spirit in other minds, win them to self-knowledge and self-improvement, and thus redound to the happiness of its possessor, by affording him the deep joy which springs from active benevolence. 'I intend no monopoly but a community in learning,' says that extraordinary but powerful writer, Sir Thomas Browne; 'I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise for my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in my own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavors, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honored friends.'

But their moral influence is still more direct; for it is the moral world alone which presents a field sufficiently sublime and ample for intellectual action. True, both the poet and philosopher find themes in the natural world, but these derive their chief interest from their obvious and near connection with higher subjects. It is the conviction we have of the divine origin and beneficent object of the universe, which makes it so prolific a source of inspiration. Disrobe nature of her relation to an infinite author, and her high office of calling forth and ennobling mind and heart, and it would be like depriving the realm of vapor of the light which arrays it in a thousand magnificent hues.

This truth—the moral aim and influence of literature—has scarcely been practically acknowledged by the majority of writers. Few of those gifted men 'enriched and signalized by eminent gifts and talents' seem

to consider themselves as holding a most sacred moral office. The reason which induced Addison to preface the Spectator with an account of himself, had its origin in a higher principle than curiosity. Men look to the intellectual lights of the world, to witness the effects of their superior minds exemplified in life and action, and they naturally expect to perceive a consciousness of great responsibility, and an ever active spirit of philanthropy. Nothing tends more to weaken the best effects of literary effort as inconsistency between an author and the intellectual or moral spirit which mark his works. In perusing the productions of gifted and cultivated minds, we feel as if holding converse not only with great and holy spirits, but with such as understand their 'being's end and aim;' and when we turn from the pages of inspiration to the master-minds whence they emanated, and see the harp neglected, and the retirements of study and holy thought made desolate for that 'glorious cheat'—ambition—gleaming amid the turmoil of political life, and a forbidding selfishness or contemptible affection suffered to enshroud the best of gifts, we cannot but seek to forget the author, think only of his work, and breathe a wish that some friendly title shielded him like a second Junius, and left imagination to portray a character consonant with the sentiments we admire:

'For to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.'

The question suggests itself—how can this incongruity be accounted for? We may trace it, in frequent instances, to the wrong direction given to the principle of self-love—a natural consequence of great gifts, and the admiration they excite.

It is to be regarded as among the best results to be anticipated from the wide diffusion of knowledge, that it will strongly tend to counteract these pernicious influences, by rendering greatness in the productions of mind more general, and causing the higher manifestations of intellectual power, which now lie scattered among the multitude, like oases in the desert, to become more and more frequent until they are lost in the improved fertility of the common mind.

And let it not be urged that the chief value of intellectual superiority consists in its rarity. Even if this was not, as it surely is, egregiously erroneous, the higher efforts of mind, however generally developed, can never be impaired in their intrinsic value, nor will they lose in human regards while so beautiful a principle as variety characterizes the disengagement and application of talent.

—'Not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveiled.
For as old Memnon's image, long renowned
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; e'en so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind.'*

Literature, like many intrinsically valuable pursuits, has been made to subserve other than its legitimate purposes; and to its perversion we must ascribe those crude and puerile productions which float on the surface of society awhile, and then vanish in air. Literature has other and higher

* Akenside.

claims than that it affords a place 'whereon to stand,' and with the lever of genius 'move the world;' and it is yet to be felt and realized that it is dear for its own sake, and its advantage in self-education. And when through faithful devotion excellence is attained, then, and then only is it desirable or useful to come forth from retirement and dispense the fruits of labor.

The claims of literature as an object of individual pursuit, are presented in a prominent and almost irresistible manner when viewed in relation to the attributes of the human mind. Allusion to one of these will illustrate this point.

A cursory survey of the objects and influences, natural and moral, amid which it has pleased infinite wisdom to place us, will exhibit the power of promoting or diminishing happiness, innate in that principle which we call taste. This principle may be compared to the attraction between bodies and the chemical affinities which form the subjects of natural philosophy; with this important difference, however, that taste although to a good degree constitutional, may be formed and acquired, while the properties of matter are inherent and fixed.

It is observable, also, that the varieties of this quality form the most obvious line of difference between men.

In the language of Knox, 'the kind hand of Providence has scattered flowers as well as thorns in the road of life; and the great skill required is to select those that are perennial, those that do not bud, blow and wither in a day, from those which shine with transient lustre, or conceal poisonous qualities under a vivid foliage.'

It may therefore be safely affirmed, that when the taste manifests an early and decided tendency towards what is pure and exalted, it is prophetic of a life in which the influence of circumstances, the ways of providence, the voice of nature, and the power of religion will all conduce to their appropriate result—the improvement and perfection of character.

The acquisition, then, of an early taste for the sublime and beautiful in poetry, sentiment and intellect, may be identified with our highest and best interests.

And 'there are times when both body and mind are worn down by the severity of daily toil; when the grasshopper is a burden, and thirsty with the heat of labor, the spirit longs for the waters of Shiloah, that go softly. At such times both mind and body should unbend themselves; they should be set free from the yoke of their customary service, and thought take some other direction than that of the beaten, dusty thoroughfare of business. And there are times too, when the divinity stirs within us, when the soul abstracts herself from the world and the store, and regular motions of earthly business do not keep pace with the heaven-directed mind.' To consecrate such spiritual yearnings to high and improving purposes; to embalm the recollection of such brilliant intervals in the soul's experience, amid the most delightful associations; to aid the acquisition and cultivation of a literary taste—this is the great, the high enterprize to which we have pledged our individual and united effort.

And it is an object, a faithful devotion to which will transform fashion from the pioneer of folly and vice to the champion of improvement; which will prevent the spirit of free enquiry from betraying the immature judgment into the desolate mazes of atheism, by inducing self-revelation, which constitutes the surest basis of religious faith; which will elevate the standard of character, (so often measured in a commercial community by the preposterous and base scale of merit graduated according to pro-

perty, and thus practically abolishing mental and moral distinctions,) and which will hence afford a most auspicious security for the preservation of our free institutions.

May a disinterested perseverance mark the promotion of this end, a wide-spread and deep sympathy be the omen of its advancement, and the temple of our national literature be adorned with its fruits!

JACK FROST.

HANNAH F. GOULD, in her delightful stanzas on Frost, after interesting us with Jack's singular ingenuity and exploits, leaves him playing the part of a mischievous urchin. Now for the second part of his history, in which he is drawn out of the scrape and caused to make the christian's amende honorable, she may thank an old neighbor.

PART FIRST.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, 'Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence, I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow—the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!'

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees—
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers! and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
'Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he;
'This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall "tchick," to tell them I'm drinking.' H. F. G.

PART SECOND.

But lest they are sleeping too sound to hear,
I 'll pop a farewell shot in their ear—
Then whack ! went a nail in the wainscot near,
And the dreamers waked with a start.
You 'll remember next time ! said the laughing boy ;
And away he danced on his merry employ—
Hullo, day breaks ! O the proudest joy
Is mine when the shades depart :

For the sun loves to gild my castles and bowers—
And see, there he comes ! but his dewdrops and showers
Linked jewels he 'll find, and his loveliest flowers
In fetters of diamond lie.
I see, said Sol, what the rogue has done,
But I 'll mar your joy—then one by one
The fetters unclasped that he looked upon
With his bright and burning eye.

But vain his regards, for life was o'er !
The flowers were freed, but they smiled no more ?
Alas, said the Frost, that a frolicking hour
So many gay hearts should break.
And he shed a bright and atoning tear,
And said, at least I will slumber here
And cherish your roots till the sun next year
Shall bid us in glory awake.

L. E.

SPECTATOR.....No. I.

POETS and sages have united their different powers to tell us of the illusory nuture of mundane affairs. Yet we seldom take up a newspaper, in which we do not see disappointed and broken expectations illustrated by some melancholy account of suicide. Strange, that with ten thousand proofs before us, we should expect what cannot now be found on earth ! But so it is—and the fact presents a boundless subject for the moralist and reformer. Is there not a path, remaining yet in primitive wildness, which will lead to revolutions and changes in human nature ? Great EXAMPLES, like suns, have been for a light to direct the energies of man from time immemorial.

To pass over the long period of infancy and helplessness, we shall be aware of the effect of generally received ideas, when we see the youth ambitious of military and civil distinctions, in the belt, the sword, and the plumed hemlet, which he assumes from a vague idea of something distinctive which is attached to them. The foundation-stones have been laid, and a know-

ledge imparted to the youth of what is to be the top-stone. And there is evidence enough in this world that the process is radically defective. Ideal scenes are created, in which stand the long line of ancient and modern conquerors, with their swords and their crowns, and their achievements of kingdoms and kingly victories. At their side, or above, or beneath, hang the banners and wreaths of the sciences and arts; and the long array of successful votaries invite him to try the paths to literary greatness. Here, also, are pictured the acts of the buccanier and the highway robber, as he has read them in the productions of our pretended and accredited moralists—mostly fictitious relations, invented to catch pennies and drive away the ennui. In a word, all the relations which man sustains in life, are here held up to view. This is the state precedent to manhood. With a heart bounding with the thought of soon entering upon the stage of active life, he elevates himself to a height equal to the engrossing object of his ambition. And here is an hypothesis fruitful of mighty consequences. Who, or what, shall be the object of his pursuit? Shall he copy the bloody renown of Alexander, of Cesar, of Napoleon? Shall he follow the path to literary fame in the steps of Voltaire, Hume, or Lord Byron? Shall he hoist the red flag with the buccanier, declare war with his species, and seal his declaration with blood? Shall he take up the pistol and the knife, and connect himself with the highway robber? These are questions of importance; and experience shows that they are answered according to previously-received notions.

Is there nothing of what is said to be human nature, in politics and political warfare, that would not be *unnatural* even if susceptible of such a change as would entirely transpose good and bad? That standard which is adopted here, it is difficult to define. Of course, I speak of our own country. If through the mass of unmeaning panegyric which one hears from the votes on both sides, we turned to the opposite humiliation heaped up like mountains, we might judge that the candidate who had most of the former, and least of the latter, stood the best chance. But, if we know that both the praise and the disgrace grew up like Jonah's gourd, in one night; that men of craft and cunning became captains of tens, hundreds and thousands, all, perhaps honestly, arrayed on such side as innate hatred of base, and love of manly character, taught them to choose, then we might come to quite another conclusion.

Is that a standard of perfection, which, by an immutable law, generally gives the laurel-leaf of genius to the worst forms of dissipation and vice? I have been reading a popular volume

—the memoirs of one, for whom, on his decease, the voice of wailing and wo was loudly heard in Britain, wafted across the Atlantic and caught here. Yes, here, many were found to give to the fires of madness the heavenly light of intellect, while the newspapers mourned. Shall we call this sympathy kindness, or delusion and wayward nature? The world may be kind—yes, I think it is. To one who has twenty evidences of deep corruption, and every outward feature of baseness, it asks only a mind not slow in the conception of ideas, a voice attuned to eloquence, in order to place their possessor high upon the rolls of fame, with that broad mark upon his forehead to which our children and our scholars look with veneration and respect. Our scholars, too, may lawfully cultivate the youthful mind with tales of national robbers, gentlemanly villains, and it matters not what. I have an idea now, that there is a path, primitively wild, which will entirely alter the standard here.

What shall we say of fashion, virtue, honesty, and every quality to which man has given names? Barriers, reaching up to the sky, were placed around them, after they were once defined; and the principle remains unaltered. The magic influence of the touch-stone found, if I may use a figure, what was thought to be pure gold; then there was no longer need for it, and it was buried deep in oblivion. What it had revealed, was moulded into various fabrics, while the darkness of the tomb remained upon what it might have discovered. The march of innovation has been extremely slow; and while kingdoms have been deluged with blood to give preponderance to rival factions, the revolutions of the mind have been only from opinions and dogmas trampled upon, to their reinstatement into ancient force and primitive vigor.

Understand me not as thinking lightly of the minds that have contributed to form the views of this world. Everything may be discussed. I lean contented upon the prop that supports me; often, however, imagining that popular views are wrongly formed, wrong in theory. If, like Eneas of old, or our pilgrim fathers, I were sent forth to establish a new nation, my first object would be to make a new code of definitions; or to limit the range of the human mind, if I wished for sterling honesty in my successors. I should forever deprive them of every clue to the history of the titled robbers and murderers who have ravaged the earth and polluted it with the blood of its inhabitants; of the works of the scholars and poets, which have so much contributed to brutalize and debase human nature.

Queries may arise, as to the propriety of the latter part of this proposition. But, that the reading of true and fabulous accounts of the acts of those who have placed themselves beyond the simplest definition of right and wrong, glossed over and refined, as they often are, have a most baleful effect upon the imagination, and create in many a mind even admiration and a half-formed wish to imitate them by similar lives, cannot, for a moment, be doubted. Robbery, piracy, murder, may be glossed over in the abstract; but, if brought home, fiction would be dressed in the garb of present reality.

I say not that a thorough revolution in these matters, is practicable everywhere. Human nature, if based upon the passions of man, cannot be changed in many respects; and only in very few, in an established community, unless long time have germinated the seed of change, sown by present old men in the breasts of those in the morn of life. Here rests the secret of the change. It is a conception, whether practicable or impracticable, which is not beneath the notice of the noblest and most elevated minds, which have in view the happiness of man. It is useless, for all experience has shown it to be so, to hope for the dawn of a better day upon earth, so long as human nature remains as it always has been. Innovation must succeed innovation; what we consider now as among our brightest gems, must be thrown away as worthless—nay, base and corrupting. E. B.

Advantages of our Manufacturing Interests.

A patriot, contemplating the progress of this republic—its advancement in wealth—the spirit of enterprise that pervades the people, and their attainments in knowledge—would recall to himself the situation of the country before that glorious struggle which terminated so successfully in the acknowledgment of its independence, and the establishment of its admired and equitable government—and the disadvantages under which we then labored, exposed as we were to the inroads of a foe the most relentless and fierce that a people ever encountered, who regarded us as intruders on their natural rights, and who looked upon our increasing numbers with suspicion and fear. They saw that the day was not far distant, when they should be obliged to submit, or remove from us; and they tried to

weaken our power, and with one final blow sweep us from their presence. The impositions occasioned by the introduction of new emigrants—the jealousy of the mother country —the restrictions imposed on our attempts to improve our advantages, and in some degree supply the wants of an increasing population—the losses we met with by our alliance to sustain the power of the mother country against foreign intrusion—all these, it would seem, were insurmountable obstacles to our progress in the cultivation of those advantages with which nature had favored us. But the spirit of English liberty implanted in the hearts of our ancestors, and refined by the trials they endured, and the sacrifices they made, triumphed over all. The hand of industry was seen in the rapid changes that took place; the forest was changed to the village, and the rocks around that had never echoed, save to the whoop of the Indian, gave back the song of grateful praise from the hearts of a grateful people. Thus they succeeded. No difficulties could deter them, and the fruits of their enterprize and zeal were seen in the contented state of the people, the gradual increase of wealth, and the progress of learning.

But a change came over this fair prospect. The scheme of raising a revenue from the colonies had been advocated, and approved of by the mother country. The first introduction of this principle, met with a determined resistance—and when remonstrance and argument proved of no avail, they came forth with the bold and fearless declaration of a free people, claiming the exercise of their natural rights. The barrier was passed. Reconciliation was no longer possible; and they trusted to the Providence that had so long supported them through dangers and difficulties, to protect them in that trying hour. The spirit of Liberty burned in their hearts with a quenchless flame; and they encouraged it by their firmness and the glorious reward they looked for. They triumphed. They stood forth claiming the respect of nations, and exercising the rights of a free and independent people. To the virtues and liberal views of those men, we owe our present enjoyment of the most enlightened and liberal government with which any nation is blessed; where no authority is acknowledged but that of virtue, talents and worth.

After the establishment of our government, the minds of the people were again directed to their long-neglected institutions. Agriculture was revived; and commerce threw off the shackles that had bound it, and again exercised its power in introducing the products of other climes, and giving employment and means of wealth to the people. The country was

now fast settling, and wealth was flowing in to the community. The surplus population of the old countries were emigrating, and bringing with them their arts and habits. Our dependence on foreign countries for articles of common consumption, which only required the enterprise of the people to put into requisition our great natural advantages to produce, was considered, and a large monied capital invested in manufactures. This gave a new impulse to the energies of the people. Around us, on every side, the once quiet village, where the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence that reigned, was the measured tread of the oxen, and the voice of the farmer, as he cheered them on to their work, now gave place to the bustling scene of a manufactory. The wealth and influence of the humble village was increased. Employment and means of subsistence were given to the inhabitants. Trade was improved. New inventions in machinery, and means of saving labor, were suggested to the fruitful genius of the people. But not to the village alone was this source of wealth and influence confined. It gave employment to the commerce of the country, in exporting the excess of their productions, and in bringing back the materials for their manufacture and finish. It also gave the means of subsistence to the emigrant population of the old countries, who were induced to emigrate by the comparatively low prices of land and produce, and the encouragement held out by their governments. The advantages derived from this source were considerable, composed as they were for the most part of the manufacturing population of England, who brought with them the knowledge of those manufactures which had been so successfully established there, and had increased so much her wealth and influence.

The introduction of this new source of wealth will yet bring increased benefits to the people. In the event of our being involved in an unforeseen war, we shall be enabled to supply the wants of the people independent of other countries. In recurring back to the period of the revolution, and reviewing the distresses to which we were then subject, the importance of these advantages will present themselves with additional force, and should cause us to rejoice at our success in encouraging them among us. Should other countries be involved in wars, we shall, by our situation as a neutral power, have an opportunity to supply the demands of those countries for the articles of common consumption, and derive from that source increased trade and revenue. The manufacturing interest of England has proved to that country a great source of power. It has made her the great market for supplying the demands

of other countries, and has been a fountain of revenue to her in those eventful times when the restrictions imposed on commerce damped its energy, and rendered it comparatively of little importance. The benefits that have resulted to England on this account, are incalculable—and may not the same results to a great degree accrue to this country? Our extensive commerce, stretching over the great portions of the globe, and introducing our products, will soon enable us to come into competition with other countries; and the improvements we may make will give a new character to our manufactures, and cause them to be preferred.

The first introduction of manufactures into a country embracing, as this does, such a variety of interest, it would be natural to suppose would be met with opposition. The necessity of imposing duties to act as a protection on our own manufactures, would increase the value of articles so produced. The increased value of labor in this country, compared with others, the disadvantages attending the introduction of a new branch of industry, the difficulty of obtaining machinery, at first places obstacles in the way of the successful operation of this system. But time and experience will remove these difficulties. Then the fruits of the industry exerted in this way, will be shown in the employment it gives to the people, its source of wealth, and the power and influence it gives the nation at large.

The contrast between the situation of this country *now*, and that period preceding the revolution, is very great. We are now in the enjoyment of those rights which our fathers bequeathed to us; and which caused so much expense of life and treasure to obtain. As a nation, we enjoy the prospect of a continuation of the blessings of peace; and the prosperous condition of our republic gives us everything to hope for in the enjoyment of our favored condition. The fame of this nation, as yet in its infancy, has reached the extremity of the globe, and everywhere the name of America is hailed with enthusiasm, and its influence acknowledged. Tyrants tremble at our progress—and our example animates those who throw off the chains that have bound them, and claim the right to their natural freedom. These blessings have been preserved to us by the virtue and intelligence of the people. Their industry has led them to wealth, and enlightened minds have assisted in forming laws which give to every one the enjoyment of his dearest light—liberty. May a kind Providence continue to us these blessings, and may the people watch with anxious care over the *American System*, upon the successful operation of which depends so much our prosperity and happiness. S. G. B.

Antiquities of Literature.

POETRY OF FRANCIS QUARLES.

I should like to be able to say, that the price of intellectual feathers are falling; that good sense is beginning to find a better market; that literary trash and polite nonsense are going out of date; that butterfly authors and gingerbread caterers for the public taste will soon be obliged to change their trade, or lean gentlemen and patched pantaloons increase with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of worldly folly. But I can't do it. Truth, in its native, simple dress, is yet extremely unfashionable in our world. Men do not *profess* to disrespect it:—they pretend to be guided by it; and they *are* guided by it, in many of the actions of life. But look at it in all its bearings. Do the generality of mankind regard its precepts any farther than they conform to the dispositions and are consistent with the customs of the various classes of men to whom they are presented? No. On the other hand, self-interest, in most cases, leads men to comply with its requisitions, as the best means of promoting an exclusively selfish end; while to be controlled by it in all the relations in which its requirements are binding upon the human mind, will not pass muster in any order of society. This is my view of the matter. If I am wrong, give me the rap.

In the same proportion as manners and conversation suffer from the neglect of the most important precepts of truth, every department of literature becomes corrupted. The intellectual firmament of a country can never be clear and brilliant, until its men of genius and learning make truth their pole star in all their mental efforts. True, this is not denied: but how few of our speakers and writers seem to admit the correctness of this position by their practice!

I have been led into this vein of thinking just now, by the perusal of a volume of poems, written by the man whose name is at the head of this article, and published in London in the year 1736. His productions, though quaint and generally coarse, and in a few instances ill-suited to the taste of the present day, are always graphic, replete with sound sense, well seasoned with pure wit, seldom contain a weak passage, and exhibit a mind accustomed to deep thought and to close observation.

At the beginning of the book, the writer makes the following sensible appeal to his 'much honored and no less truly beloved friend, Edward Benlowes, Esq.:

'My dear friend—You have put the Theorbo into my hand, and I have played. You gave the Musician the first encouragement; the Musick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst; but being a grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and among them you. Toyish Airs please trivial Ears; they kiss the fancy, and betray it. They cry, Hail, first; and after, Crucify. Let Dors delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst Eagles scorn so poor a game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; let the one judge, let the other excuse.'

Thinking a few extracts from this work will be interesting to the readers of the Essayist, I shall introduce several passages marked during its perusal. Of the folly of men in paying so dear a price for pleasure, he says,

'What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood,
What bitter pills,
Composed of real ills,
Men swallow down to purchase one false good!'

After every poem is a pithy saying or two, a few of which I shall extract. Here is one:

'Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.'

The following, to the World, is from a poem on the vanities of the man who thinks of nothing higher:

'The world 's a crafty strumpet, most affecting,
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her.
If thou be free, she 's strange; if strange, she 's free!
Flee, and she follows; follow, and she 'll flee:
Than she there's none more coy, there's none more fond than she.

Thou holy impostor, how hast thou befooled
The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cooled
Heaven's free-born flame, and kindled bastard fire!
How hast thou vended dross instead of treasure,
And cheated men with thy false weights and measure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure!'

After a poem on lust, it is remarked:

'Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.'

The verses which follow are from a poem representing the folly of an extravagant seeking after happiness in this life:

'How is the anxious soul of man befooled
In his desire,
That thinks an hectic fever may be cooled
In flames of fire?

Or hopes to take full heaps of burnished gold
From nasty mire?
A whining lover may as well request
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

Let wit, and all her studied plots, effect
The best they can;
Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;
He may be blest
With all the earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;
The pleasure, honor, wealth of sea or land,
Bring but a trouble;
The world itself, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

The world 's a seeming paradise, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fixed, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast circumference, where none
Can find a centre.
Of more than earth, can earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless world, shall in this world find rest.'

Here are three excellent lines from a poem on false safety:

'Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes;
But know withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.'

I wish every sermon preached by our modern divines were worth as much as the following line:

'*Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.*'

I will conclude these extracts with the following on slaves to smoke:

'What 's sweep-liped honor's blast, but smoke? What 's treasure,
But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they 're all but shadows, fumes and blasts;
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of bullion, sees the immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:

He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;
Blow winds—the treasure 's gone, the merchant 's broke;
A slave to silver 's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks such an honor'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and sealed with blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble, filled with vain renown,
Breaks with a Phillip's, or a General's frown:
His stroke-got honor staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honor is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of Cupid's candle; * * * *
See, how his wings are singed in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire:
The world 's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapors, vanish in a minute;
The vapors vanish, and the bubble 's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.' FRANKLIN, JR.

Elocution Class of the Boston Lyceum.

The annual exhibition of this Class took place on the evening of March 21st, at the Masonic Temple, and was well attended. The performances, as a whole, were decidedly good. 'Landing of the Pilgrims,' 'Speech of Emmet,' 'Character of Napoleon,' 'The Salamander Hat' and 'Bernardo Del Carpio,' were delivered with various degrees of excellence, and the gentlemen who recited them, may justly be considered as having made the greatest proficiency in elocution. The beautiful and touching ballad, the recitation of which closed the exhibition, was very well treated. And this is saying a great deal; for in some respects, it is a difficult piece, requiring on the one hand an expression of deep indignation and anger, and on the other of great and overpowering grief. In order to do this piece justice, it is requisite in Bernardo's address to the king, to make an obvious, and yet not too abrupt change, both in voice and manner, when exclaiming, 'Be still, keep down thine ire.' This was faithfully observed by the speaker. Perhaps the line, 'As though he had no son,' wanted a little pathos in its delivery, but the gentleman cer-

tainly did himself credit; and notwithstanding his comic powers, he may give his attention to a higher order of declamation with a good prospect of success, and perhaps with greater satisfaction.

A greater number of speakers and a greater variety of pieces, would have increased the interest of the exhibition.

It is highly gratifying, however, to perceive that the long-neglected art of Elocution is beginning to receive its due attention, and that, too, from the young men of the community.

If the interest is not suffered to subside, the Elocution Class may not only anticipate improvement in the art of speaking, but confidently look forward to the time when they will entertain their friends by the delivery of eloquent *original* sentiments.

The exhibition was introduced by a member of the class, with the following observations:

It is probably well known, that the Curators of this Lyceum have encouraged its members to assemble, in classes, for mutual and individual improvement. Many young men, induced by this encouragement, and actuated by a laudable ambition, have formed various associations for the purpose of investigating different branches of human science.

Those whom you have honored with your presence, and who would crave your indulgence on this occasion, are members of the Elocution Class. We conceive that Elocution possesses peculiar charms for young men, and peculiar claims upon their attention. Not merely because their diction becomes, by the practice of this art, more polished, and their conversation more elegant; nor because we undervalue the severer sciences of philosophy and metaphysics; not solely because we thus treasure up in the mind the most exalted sentiments, the most elegant conceptions, and the most sublime images; but because we bring into action and cultivation the nobler faculties of our nature. The mind, however gross, will, by an intercourse with the most lofty trains of thought, learn to estimate its own elevated nature. By contemplating truth in all its comprehensive sublimity, we are persuaded to reverence it more, and to aspire after it with a more insatiable ardor. By an acquaintance with the efforts of more gifted minds, we are ourselves prompted to aspirations after a higher excellence.

It is true our minds, though immortal, are wedded to the dust; but who is there of us that has not, while encompassing the unembodied efforts of some favorite author, felt his spirit strive within him to burst its earthly bonds and soar to other worlds 'where the eye has never travelled, where other stars glitter on the mantle of night, and a more effulgent sun lights up the blushes of the morning.'

It may furthermore be added, that the science of Elocution has claims upon the attention of young men, arising from its practical usefulness. Though we may not all look forward to be legislators or lecturers, yet who is there of us who may not in the vicissitudes of fortune, be called into public to advocate his interests, or to defend his rights?

Elocution is also a useful and very necessary auxiliary to all learning. What are the advantages of any or all other sciences, without this? A man may devote himself to acquisition, till his mind is overburdened by the accumulated knowledge, and, like sacks of gold upon his back, the very weight will impede his progress, until he has acquired the power of diffusing it. We do not doubt that a man derives pleasure from his knowledge; he may indeed gratify a supreme self-love, by contemplating the vastness of his acquired learning; but will this satisfy an enlarged and philanthropic mind? Is a man bound by no obligations to the community, by whose laws he and his children have been through life protected? That man is not worthy of existence, of whom it can be said at his departure from this world, that he has contributed to it nothing valuable, nothing towards the diffusion of useful intelligence, the establishment of principles of good order and morality, the dispensation of public or private justice; in a word, that man does not deserve the boon of life, of whom it may be said, that the world is no better for his having lived in it.

These being, in brief, the most prominent of our views, we have been led to bestow some degree of attention to the pursuit of Elocution; and we are not justly liable to the imputation of rashness or inconsideration, when we say that this art presents to young men imperious claims.

I am fully aware that many who have attended to this subject have not derived the advantages which it promises. Let this charge be placed where it belongs—to their irresolution in not persevering to the end. Let it not, therefore, be supposed, that Elocution may be prosecuted without bestowing either diligence or attention. Far otherwise: like all other sciences, it depends upon principles which can be learned only by assiduous study, and their application can be understood only by unremitting practice.

In order to pursue Elocution successfully, as well as agreeably, it is requisite to associate in classes, under a common instructer, or, as is preferable, in the social spirit of mutual instruction and improvement; if this be done, he who devotes that labor which the study demands, and which is due to himself and his associates, will not complain that he has not reaped the profits of his labors.

Whoever, therefore, would enlarge and elevate his own conceptions; would contribute to the well-being of society; whoever does not wish to float down the stream of time unknowing and unknown; whoever is desirous of making his little mark upon the generation which surrounds him, and desires to possess a useful

and pleasing accomplishment, let him direct his earnest attention and efforts to the acquisition of a commanding and graceful elocution.

Greenough's Bust of Dr. Kirkland.

It is with no small pleasure, that, in conformity with the important part of our design which makes it our duty to direct attention to the exhibitions of native talent and industry, which successively augment our trophies of art and ennoble our national character, we are able to speak of an effort of genius, which, in addition to its other merits, possesses the attraction of novelty. For it is neither a literary work nor a creation of the pencil, but a noble product of that glorious art which has embodied so much of Grecian genius, handed down from antiquity such vivid images of the past, and which seldom wins the labors of any save the loftiest minds, the finest imaginations and the most brilliant conceptions—the sublime art of sculpture.

If we estimate objects, whether natural or artificial, by the influence they exert upon the mind and feelings of the spectator, then, indeed, we may rank the perfect statuary among the most powerful of those intellectual magicians who through visual organs move the soul.

There is something laudable in that ambition of the ancient Romans which led them to prize, as a great honor, the erection and transmission of their statues. The delineation of the features upon canvass, or the embalming of the lifeless body, is neither so consonant with the dignity of the departed great, nor so interesting and moving a memorial to the living, as a true portrature carved from the solid marble, the features in bold relief, the expression stamped upon the countenance, and the whole adorned with the charm of symmetry. No monument or representation of the benefactors of our race, is, indeed, comparable with the remembrance of their virtues and the enduring effects of their beneficence. Yet there is an innocent and improving satisfaction derived from these mementos, frail though they are; and sculpture, rich, as it is, in classic associations, has a strong hold on our sympathies, and a high claim to our regard. We look upon its purest models with awe and admiration. We almost feel as if the spirit of the dead were before us; and bear away in our memories a distinct and pleasing conception.

Mr. Greenough's talents as a statuary, are, we apprehend, generally known; and, we trust, as generally appreciated by his countrymen. Indeed, sufficient testimony has been given to this effect, by the recent act of Congress, availing of his powers to execute a statue of Washington, and a sister state has also paid him a like compliment. We sincerely rejoice in these demonstrations of interest in so promising a native artist; and it is sincerely to be hoped, that his countrymen will heartily embrace every opportunity to cheer his exile, and approve his labors by their encouragement, and

'Buckle him to their hearts with hooks of steel.'

The subject of this notice, is a bust of Dr. KIRKLAND, Ex-President of Harvard University, of recent execution, and owned by the Boston Atheneum.

There are few living characters, whose forms sculptured in marble will be viewed with such general pleasure.

The eye of friendship will, however, detect in this faithful copy traces of the ravages which disease has made in the original.

But the work itself, as such, is eminently superior. It is a full-sized bust, standing upon a polished pedestal. The head is admirable, and the ample brow is rounded with exquisite symmetry, and is exact even to the scar peculiar to it; and the drapery hangs in natural and graceful folds from the finely arched neck.

The critic, in works of art may, perchance, discover faults, but most of us cannot but view this beautiful specimen with delight, and feel a glow of honest pride that it is the work of our countryman.

THOUGHTVILLE.

ESSAYIST ROOM.

A GUIDE TO EMIGRANTS, containing Sketches of Illinois and Missouri, and the Adjacent parts—by J. M. Peck, of Dock Spring, Illinois. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands.

DEEMING the Valley of the Mississippi to be a portion of the country about which every young man should be well informed, it is with pleasure that we introduce this work to the notice of our readers.

It is not necessary to present the claims of this Valley upon the attention and interest of the community. They have been ably set forth in various publications, and now constitute one of the most prominent themes of discourse in every part of the land.

As the writer observes, no portion of this Valley is so much the object of inquiry, as the states of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the parts adjacent; and it is one of the principal objects of this work, to 'afford information in detail, on all those subjects about which a man wishes to inform himself before he decides upon a removal' to that part of the country, 'or which may aid him on his journey, and which may enable him successfully to surmount the difficulties of an untried land.'

The author received assistance in the preparation of this book, from the labors of Beck, Flint, Darby, Schoolcraft, Atewater, and others; but his principal sources of information were, his personal observations, together with the aid of intelligent gentlemen of those states. We think, therefore, that he has made a valuable addition to the stock of information contained in the works of those authors—especially as important changes have taken place within a few years. The work will be found to be of great use to the emigrant, and at the same time worthy of the perusal of every general reader.

SECRECY: a Poem, pronounced at the Installation of the Officers of the Boston Encampment of Knight Templars, Feb. 28, 1832—by Thomas Power. Boston, Moore & Sevey.

THE pretensions of the author of this poem do not seem to have been high, but he has succeeded in rendering it interesting, and well adapted to the occasion upon which it was delivered. A refined moral and religious vein runs through almost every part of it; and nothing like a bitter invective against the enemies of the Masonic Institution is anywhere exhibited. There are a few passages of the satirical order, but a gentlemanly spirit prevades the whole of them. We believe the following extract will apply to a class of men which may be found in every party:

'But turn we now to those who seek for fame
In empty honors of an empty name;
Whose coward hearts ne'er felt a manly glow
Boldly to face their country's common foe.
They would be leaders—but in civil bands;
No fearful weapon soils their dainty hands.
They war right valiantly on civil foes,
And deal bold speeches, rather than bold blows.
Of all base things that crawl this earth around,
Where human forms or social life is found,
They are most loathsome, who, with selfish view,
Make men their dupes—their beasts of burden too.
In secret conclave, mark the little knot
Planning for self, the public good forgot.
Base combinations and dishonest schemes,
Office and honors, pride and golden dreams—
These form the means, the object, aim and end
To which all zeal of misnamed patriots tend.
What moral bond can hold them firm and true,
Who to each pop'lar breath make homage due:
Who cringe and flatter for the people's votes,
And change opinions as they change their coats?'

MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF FRANCIS VOLKMAR REINHARD, S. T. D., Court Preacher at Dresden—from the German—by Oliver A. Taylor, Resident Licentiate, Theological Seminary, Andover. Boston, Peirce and Parker: New York, H. C. Sleight.

EVERY work, the object of which is, to introduce to the American public any eminent scholar of Germany, cannot fail to be well received. The first object of the author of this book, is, 'to make the public acquainted with the life and character of the learned, pious, and eloquent F. V. Reinhard, of the last generation, for more than twenty years Chief-Court Preacher at Dresden.' It will be found to be particularly valuable to young men who are preparing for the ministry, as it contains a variety of useful hints with regard to the proper course to be pursued before and after entering upon the duties of that office, as well as interesting to the public at large. The volume is accompanied by an excellent likeness of Mr Reinhard.

THE PIOUS MINSTREL, a Collection of Sacred Poetry—from the London Edition. Boston, William Hyde & Co.: New York, J. P. Haven: Philadelphia, Tower & Hogan.

IT is only necessary to say, to make our readers acquainted with the merits of this work, that it is very neatly got up, and contains selections made with excellent judgment from the best English poets. But we think this volume superior to any work of a similar character which has been heretofore published, from the fact that it comprises a considerable number of pieces of great beauty and merit, written by modern authors for the periodical publications of the day. We extract the following, written by Mrs. Hemans, which we deem one of the best poems in the language:

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O death!

Day is mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one season—all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us far—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O death!

MRS. SPENCER'S JOURNAL.—We consider this Magazine far better calculated to improve the taste of the female portion of the community, than the publications which are generally circulated among them. Mrs. Spencer appears to be mistress of the art of affording topics of sufficient interest and variety—an art the most important of all others for an exclusively literary publication, and one in which the Magazine editors in this country are often deficient.

HISTORY OF MALDEN.—An interesting Discourse on the history of this town, delivered by Rev. S. Osgood Wright, has been recently published. The author deserves much credit for the comparatively correct manner in which it is executed, taking into view the time-worn materials from which many of the collections were made.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. MAY, 1832. No. V.

LIVING AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THIS writer is one of the most noted, if not most successful, of the brotherhood to which he belongs. For so young a man he has written a great deal—a great deal too much, indeed; setting aside altogether any consideration of his accomplishments, his ambition, or his talents. One of the three volumes of verse which he has already published—and we shall take no cognizance in this connection of his prose—comprises more matter than all the productions of Longfellow or Sprague in the same line. Pity it is, that such a mania of mere scribbling and mere newspaper fame should turn the heads of our promising young literati at so early a date. Could they but exercise the self-denial to wait patiently for the experience which years only can give, and to encounter with 'hearts of controversy' the toil of discipline, which alone can develope and indurate the best muscle and nerve of the intellect, they would at least—whether the ultimate goal were ever reached or not—spare themselves many a sprain in the effort, and many a scoff on the part of spectators in the failure. Cowper did not begin his career until after fifty years of age. Scott himself, the most voluminous writer of his class since the world began, never put pen to paper—for the public benefit, we mean—till he had passed that climacteric at which too many of *our* countrymen have both confirmed themselves in bad habits and committed themselves in bad reputation. Nor has Scott repented of his tardiness. He has said to an American visitor, within a few years, that if it were given him to review his career, he would postpone the commencement of it till thirty, at soonest. We are inclined to think that in such case—however secure he may be, and deserve to be of his immortality, as it is—the reverence of the reading world for his talents would have been no less than at present. All the poetry of Gray might be comprised within the limits of Marmion; and

that of Collins would scarcely occupy half the space. And yet who shall say, that when time has blotted out of man's remembrance three-fourths of the fluent verse of the Highland Magician, the *Elegy in a Church-yard* and the *Ode to the Passions*, will not be cherished, in every line and every letter, as sacredly as holy writ. The question for posterity is in these cases, as it must be in all, the perfection of the work itself, and not the precocity of the author. No man will inquire at what age or in how many hours it was written.

No American writer has suffered more than Mr. Willis from an indiscreet precipitancy both to write and to publish. His haste has essentially effected the quality of his productions and the character of his fame. In regard to the latter point, the really beautiful matter which came at an early day from his pen, procured him at once a general burst of applause. This was deserved. But it was without qualification, in the usual style of newspaper *criticism* in this country. No faults were pointed out; no cautions were given. If the flattered aspirant did not yet consider himself the most astonishing genius which the Western Continent had produced, it was at all events for no want of words on the part of those ministers of taste who honored him with their notice. The genius must have been extraordinary indeed, which, under such circumstances, could forbear being tempted to go before the public, and to keep before it, as soon and as frequently as possible, with much more regard to the gratification of the new appetite on their part, than to the cost or the consequences of pampering it on his own.

To whatever faults Mr. Willis was predisposed when he commenced his course, it was to be expected, as an inevitable result of the mode of his *debut*, that he should take no great pains either to detect or correct them. The next result was, that continued practice and neglect should only make them more invincible and more incurable. They might have been eradicated at the suggestion of wholesome criticism, while they were yet mere weeds in a loose soil. But weeds have always a rank growth; and not the less so that the soil which produces them—a rich one it may be—lies well to the sun, and is tilled only at the surface. Mr. Willis's faults, then, such as they are, whether considerable or radical ones, or not, are universally diffused over his writings, from first to last, and from greatest to least, though as a general thing rather most palpable in his larger and later productions. It needs no special industry to finish a fugitive fragment with tolerable correctness, though the same virtue might succumb to the necessity of undergoing more labor with less excitement. A man may ride hard and well at a fox-chase, who would make but a sorry figure at the tail of the plough.

To come to the main matter in hand without ceremony. Mr. Willis's errors are those of the Wordsworth, sometimes vaguely termed the *Lake* school, of England. We do not mean to compare

his genius, and far less his education—his actual intellectual power —with those of the celebrated author of the Excursion. His *faults*, we say, are somewhat of the same order, independently of any reference to redeeming points. All things considered, they remind one rather of Barry Cornwall, and still more of poor Leigh Hunt. An English critic who allows to the latter writer the credit of poetical talent, at the same time represents him as frequently, if not generally, 'senseless in epithets, confused in metaphor, affected in style, nonsensical where intelligible, and incomprehensible in other figures, similes and elucidations.' Now, we think this an exaggerated though not wholly unfounded charge, as regards the subject of it. As applied to *our* Leigh Hunt, it would be still more so, for Mr. Willis's eccentricities are by no means carried so far. Still, they are the same in their incipient stages; and but for circumstances in the literary taste of the American, as differing from that of the English public, and in the personal situations of the two writers, they might have been equal in degree.

Affectation is the sin which most easily besets Willis. He has real and natural grace; but this does not satisfy him. He must flourish a little. He must be more graceful than any body else; he must make the people wonder and stare as he goes by. He cares more to appear than to be; and it naturally follows—especially with his tempting facility of composition, and his dread of the labor of revisal and reflection—that the *effect* which is the leading principle in his manner, is merged in or marred by the too evident effort which is made to attain it. We acknowledge his ingenuity in elaborating exquisite phraseology; and his *nonchalance* in saying things that others would be ashamed or afraid to say: but so we acknowledge the skill of a juggler in balancing a chair upon his nose as he walks a tight rope. It is however small business, after all; and good though it be of its kind, it does at best but indicate a muscular power which *might* exercise itself in something more to the purpose. The most elegant style indeed —supposing elegance to be the *sine qua non*—is essentially like the most gentlemanly deportment. It attracts the least notice to itself; while it seconds to most advantage sentiment in one case and sense in the other.

Let us briefly illustrate the meaning of our remarks in the first place, and then the propriety of their application to Mr. Willis. In the outset, then, we do not charge him with the absolute *silliness* even of the better men whom he imitates. He has written nothing to be compared with Mr. Hunt's

> 'Little ranting Jonny,
> Forever blithe and bonny,
> And singing nonny, nonny,' &c.

What we chiefly object to, is ostentation in mere language; a degree of manifest departure from common custom, not to say common sense, which, contrary to the principle of true poetry, and in deadly opposition to all effect of the legitimate kind, attracts the reader's

attention from the matter to the style. Language universally used does not satisfy him, any more than ordinary raiment would satisfy the fop. There must be something very nice at all events, and if possible something very new. To illustrate again, Hunt, speaking of swans in the water, says that they

'glide
With *unsuperfluous lift* of their proud wings.'

Then we have the Nereids on the billows:

'Upon whose *springiness* they lean and ride,
Some with an *inward* back, some upward-eyed,
Feeling the sky, and some with *sidelong hips*,' &c.

As for the Nymphs of the forest,

'This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
Is your *unquarrelling* voice among the leaves;
And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings,
To make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.'

Hunt is notorious for introducing adverbs of the same general description in the same dainty manner—generally at the end of a verse:

'a neighboring wood of elms
Was moved, and stirred and whispered *loftily*.'
* * * *
'How these blithe damsels guided variously.
* * * *
'Tapering with *tremulously* mass *internally*.'

Take an instance with more context:

'For as the *racks* came *sleeking* on, one fell
With rain into a dell,
Breaking with scatter of a thousand notes
Like twangling pearls; and I perceived how she
Who loosed it with her hands, *pressed kneadingly*,
As though it had been wine, in *grapy coals*;
And out it gushed, with that *enchanting sound*,
In a wet shadow to the ground,' &c.*

The eccentricities of this writer resemble those of Mr. Willis, and it is this manner particularly that the latter talks of the free play of an '*unhaughty* lip,' the unsheltered hills, the unsunned temper of a child, unquiet leaves, an unstooping spirit, an unshadowed girl, habitual unrest, and 'the unplayfulness of this grown-up world,' with innumerable other expressions of a similar nature, whose novelty is their only recommendation. In the same spirit he labors upon sentences and upon ideas themselves; making it more of an object to exhibit an old notion in a new dress, however singular, and to protract a trifling one to the utmost possible extent, however wire-drawn, than to consult soundness or even clearness. Both these qualities, and indeed substantial qualities generally, are subordinate to the superficial, to the show of exquisite grace, fluency, taste, daintiness, and perhaps the independence or indifference which is supposed to characterise genius. There is

* Foliage; or Poems original and translated—by Leigh Hunt. London, 1818.

study; but this is the study, not of style at large, but of style as relates to effect. Of deep thought Mr. Willis has given much less evidence than of the power of thought; and the instances are numberless in his writings, where even a single metaphor loses its whole force, as such, by the most glaring and abrupt incoherency of one limb of it with another. They realize but too often the monster described by Horace as made up of contributions from all the beasts of the field. For example, he says of ambition:

> 'IT HATH NO FEATURES. In its face is set
> A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
> *It looks a god*, which is like himself!
> It hath a *mien of empery*, and *smiles*
> Majestically sweet—but how like him,' &c.*

The passage ends with this smiling character, without features, lifting the window of the gifted boy, and coming in.

Vagueness is still more common, following, like the fault last named, from the fact that thought is subordinate to manner. It is not the object to convey the most and best ideas in the language the least observable of itself, but just the reverse. The expression is the main thing; and such stray notions as happen in the way, are thrown in to sustain that, much as boys make a bonfire out of shavings. Hence the trifling subjects frequently chosen; the extent to which they are dwelt upon; the repetition, and, (as *Pedro* would say,) the amplification and mystification. In some cases it is really difficult to conjecture what the writer would convey. He eludes examination, as the cuttle-fish escapes its pursuers, by a mistiness of his own manufacture. Take the commencement of the Brown University Poem in illustration, (it is too long to quote.) Here is the sketch of a boy at play; and as pretty as the language is, who is the wiser for what it means. Let the reader attempt to materialize the description. Let him ponder upon its sum and substance:

> 'He was like
> A painter's fine conception—such an one
> As he would have of Ganymede, and weep
> Upon his pallet that he could not win
> The vision to his easel. Who could paint
> The young and shadowless spirit? Who could chain
> The visible gladness of a heart that lives,
> Like a glad fountain, in the eye of light,
> With an unbreathing pencil?'

Again,

> 'it seem'd
> As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
> Of nature had run down, and ceas'd to beat.'
>
> * * * * *

* In the same poem the writer says:

> 'We drink anew and learn like Lucifer,
> And *mount upon our daring draught* to heaven.'

This is making a pony from new materials—a draught-horse at best. Mr. Willis makes excellent puns.

'Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolv'd
In visible stillness.

The *sentiment* of Mr. Willis, indeed, is frequently vague, general description, *e. g.*

'I would that I might float
Up in that boundless element, and feel
Its ravishing vibrations, like a pulse
Beating in heaven!'
* * * * *
'And I should love to issue with the wind
On a strong errand, and o'ersweep the earth,
With its broad continents and islands green,
Like to the passing of a presence on!'

He describes *Alethe*, very definitely, as like

'*A dream of poetry* that may not be
Written or told.'

This is getting off pretty well, but the trick grows stale. He repeats it in the case of the *Boy*, we have seen. Here it is in the *Tri-Portrait:*

'I care not
To know how she bewitches; 't is enough
For me that I can listen to her voice
And dream rare dreams of music, or converse
Upon unwrit philosophy,' &c.

To her, it seems,

'every sound was music, and the tint
Of every cloud *a silent poetry.*'

In *April*, we are told,

'There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me *like poetry.*'

And in the same short piece,

'It may be deem'd unmanly, but the wise
Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers *its poetry.*'

The similes in the following verse are the last specimens of this style which we shall furnish:

'Her mind with sweets was ladened, like a morning breath in June,
And her thoughts awoke in harmony, like dreamings of a tune,
And you heard her words like voices that o'er the waters creep,
Or like a serenader's lute that mingles with your sleep.'

We have mentioned *repetition* as another of the items in this Bill of Indictment, another consequence of the partiality for surface to the forgetfulness of substance. A good thought with Mr. Willis is always sure of a favorable notice. It is really worth its weight to him. He hammers it out like a gold-beater. Sometimes, indeed, he unluckily breaks it though, and occasionally he mistakes copper or pinchbeck for a better metal. An English writer

calls this, in Mr. Hunt, the process of *elongation*. Take a sample from the Psyche of *our* poet. The most ordinary observer must notice how every notion, of which any glimpse is given us in this passage, is made to tell like the poor author's

'Cap by night, and stocking all the day.'

The poet is eulogizing the intellectual beauty of his subject:

'Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple. What 's the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or color, but the beautiful links that chain
The mind from its rare element? There lies
A talisman in intellect which yields
Celestial music, when the master hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing;
But when the lip is faded, and the cheek
Robbed of its daintiness, and when the form
Witches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry, this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.'

On the same principle it is, that in personal descriptions Mr. Willis almost always introduces every particular feature, as if he were set to make an inventory. This might do for once, but it finally becomes tedious. Let us turn over a page or two of the *Fugitive Poetry*, for we like proof better than assertion.

In the *Shunamite* are the following passages:

'Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watch'd every *breath* and kept her *hand*
Soft on his *forehead*, and gaz'd in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless *eye*,
And she had laid back all his sunny *curls*,
And kiss'd his delicate *lip*, and lifted him
Into her *bosom*, till her heart grew strong,'-&c.

* * * * *

'How beautiful he lies,
With his *fair forehead*, and the *rosy veins*
Playing so freshly in his *sunny cheek!*'

Let us see how he sings the changes in the *Tri-Portrait:*

'One was a noble being, with a *brow*
Ample and pure, and on it her *black hair*
Was parted, like a raven's wing on snow.
Her *tone* was low and sweet, and in her *smile*
You read intense affections. Her moist *eye*
Had a most rare benignity; her *mouth*,
Bland and unshadowed sweetness; and her *face*,' &c.

In number two, he makes his old cuttle-fish escape:

'*I cannot tell*
The secret of her beauty. It is more
Than her slight pencilled lip, and her arching eye
Laughing beneath its lashes,' &c.

So of the third:

> 'I know not
> *How I shall draw her picture*—the young heart
> Has such a restlessness of change, and each
> Of its wild moods so lovely! I can see
> Her figure in its rounded beauty now,
> With her half-flying step, her clustering hair
> Bathing a neck like Hebe's, and her face
> By a glad heart made radiant,' &c.

But enough of this; it is Mr. Willis's choice

> 'To watch a brow half shaded, or a curl
> Playing upon a neck capriciously;'

and though matters of this sort may not interest the world at large very much a century hence, and may rather be called now, as an English critic says of Hunt, 'the hugging of poor conceits,' and 'squirrel-hunting among bushes,' let it be allowed at least that it does no inevitable damage.

In fine, to make a summary of this long catalogue of sins, the affectation, ostentation, mystification and amplification of our poet may be all resolved, like the same qualities in other members of the Lake School (so called) into one principle—the ultra-cultiyation of a *manner* according to a beau-ideal of his own, with only a subordinate and incidental reference to sense. Reflection, reasoning, philosophy, metaphysics, science of every kind, are of course left out of view in such poetry. No pretences being made to them, indeed, no charges should be brought for their absence. They would constitute a different *species* of composition. The excellencies of *this* species, on the other hand, are harmony, wit, good humor, elegance in the choice of epithets, grace in the turns of expression, taste in the introduction of images. These go to constitute not the highest kind of poetry, but a poetry nevertheless which is calculated to *please*, if not to profit, a considerable class of readers. When exercised upon themes suited to their best development, and at the same time least likely to occasion or admit the faults which often bear them company, they may result in productions of great beauty.

Such is the case with some of the scripture-pieces of Mr. Willis. They give scope to all his talent and all his taste, while at the same time they obviate his besetting vagueness, and his sometimes namby-pamby sentimentalism, together with the necessity of dwelling upon common-place trifles, by furnishing sufficient material for real description of a dignified kind, and also for occasional comment. Here, then, is the true element of our poet. His excellencies are all in this line. He has an uncommon command over language. His taste in the selection of it is, with the exceptions already alluded to, of the first order. His faculties of observation are accurate and quick, and his sensibility is so impressed by everything that is beautiful in human or physical nature, that he has only to make a true transcript of his own genuine feelings to succeed in touching the heart of his reader. As his

best performances upon sacred themes are the best known of his productions, they need not be cited to corroborate these remarks. We shall only refer to a passage or two of description. The first is the beginning of the *Shunamite:*

'It was a sultry day of summer time.
The sun pour'd down upon the ripen'd grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,
And the sky look'd like silver.'

The next sufficiently explains itself:

'April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass—and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.'

A few other general selections will illustrate his more general good qualities, already mentioned. He is speaking here of the unambitious man:

'The air of heaven
Visits no freshlier the rich man's brow;
He has his portion of each silver star
Sent to his eye as freely, and the light
Of the blest sun pours on his book as clear
As on the golden missal of a king.
The spicy flowers are free to him; the sward,
And tender moss, and matted forest-leaves
Are as elastic to his weary feet;
The pictures in the fountains, and beneath
The spreading trees, fine pencilings of light,
Stay while he gazes on them; the bright birds
Know not that he is poor; and as he comes
From his low roof at morn, up goes the lark
Mounting and singing to the gate of heaven.' &c.

The *Leper* is a fine poem: and parts of it are not only elegant and eloquent, but as *chaste* and *correct* withal as the best poetry of Bryant, *e. g.*

'Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er:
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain."

This is simple and manly: and there could be no better evidence of what the writer is capable, would he but labor always as he labored in this case; and with the same natural good sense cast aside the prettiness of his more 'delicate,' 'beautiful' and 'ready' style.

Nor are these the only evidence. Most of his latter efforts have been comparatively circumspect, and some of them successfully deliberate and elaborate. The *Dying Alchemyst*, and several recent pieces of the same intellectual and yet passionate character, would do honor to any American poet. They belong to a class, indeed, in which he has yet had no rival among his countrymen. Nothing is wanting in them which his genius could supply but the correction of a few phraseological and metrical mannerisms, which are too obvious to require mention.

On the whole, then, we do not dispute the genius of Mr. Willis. The great difficulty is, that he fritters it away upon matters of no moment. There is not only no reason to deny, but there is positive and plain reason to believe, that in some departments of poetry, at least, he has all the requisites for complete success. Let him despise flattery, and eschew affectation; and then set himself heartily to work. The result may be easily predicted; and it will be time enough for him to begin anew, when the public have done him the favor to forget a considerable, if not the greater part of what he has heretofore committed to their charge.

Folly made Left-Handed.

Wit was fairly tired of play;
And the little archer lay
On a grassy bank, one day,
By a murmuring river.
Here he thought he'd take a nap;
And to guard them from mishap,
In his mantle he would wrap
His golden bow and quiver.

Scarce a moment had he slept,
Ere upon his finger stepped
Some one who was no adept
In the art of creeping.
Wit was ever quick to feel—
Soon he knew the heavy heel—
Folly came his bow to steal,
While he thought him sleeping.

Wit arose; and 'now,' said he,
'Let my bow and arrows be,
Till their use you learn of me,
Folly, I beseech you!
But, if you would know my art,
And be skilful at the dart,
Let 's a moment stand apart
So that I can teach you.

Folly went a pace or two;
Wit had aimed, and quickly drew—
Swift the whizzing arrow flew
And fastened in his shoulder.
'Oh!' cried Folly, 'I am dead!'
'Safe and sound in heart and head!
You will live,' Wit smiling said,
To be ages older!

'Banish every vain alarm;
You receive no other harm
Than a useless, palsied arm,
For an hour of fooling!'
Thus, of his right hand bereft,
Folly since has used the left,—
A memento of his theft
And the bitter schooling.

E. F. G.

Western Voyaging.

Variety is the spice of life—and variety of boats the spice of western travelling. To pass over the varieties of the canal boats, from the thing that is honored by a comparison to a hencoop in a hog's trough, and which the skeleton of a horse that drags it would be ashamed to turn round to look at, to the lady-like parlor floating on a Cleopatra's barge—let us glance at the river boats. 200 miles up the wild Allegany the board skiff is used, with paddle-like oars; it costs about 3 dollars, and carries from 2 to 6 persons. To a party this is an economical and pleasant mode of travel; but I being alone, and not rich enough to buy a skiff, set off on foot along the river path, through mud and over fallen trees, amid an unbroken wilderness—the home of the Indian and the deer! For half a mile each side of the river the Indian is proprietor; but his fathers' spirit is not there; a woman can frighten him. In attempting to find the right path I lost myself—not so agreeably as Addison mentions; it was near night and began to rain—an autumn day, and I without bed or board; a pretty situation for an infidel who had never slept in the woods except in a snug coalkiln camp—no living being near, not even a dog to look sad with me. But I like riddles. With wonderful presence of mind I guessed which way the wind was, observed the drift of the clouds, calculated the bearing of the port, and made it accordingly.

In a day or two I bargained for a boat with an Indian boy, whom in the evening I had taken for a brother white, so well he talked. He asked two dollars; I paid him in personal articles, on which I set my own price; and witnessing his perfect confidence in me, I was forcibly reminded of the swindling tricks my ancestors had played with his. He and his brothers for amusement were pitching sharpened sticks harpoon fashion; and a sister looking on appeared very neat and interesting. The boat was of plank, stout and homely, resembling a potato cart, or rather a cider trough. But it was a friend in need, lay flat and firm on the water, went either end foremost or sideways with equal grace and obligingness, skimmed the shallows admirably, and though remarkably fond of leisurely Chesterfieldian movements, yet submitted with great equanimity to be hurried along rapids, and bore rude thumps with singular good nature.

After dark I called at a house on the bank. Just as I reached the door it was opened by a female, who had probably heard

a rustling among the corn that grew around; and seeing my apparition she started back with a scream. This was the home of a young Indian and his squaw and a pappoose—a decent board hut without chair or table—a wall of stones for a fire-place, and one end of the house for a chimney. The fire was crowned with a kettle of hominy, or mixture of corn and pumpkin boiled together, of which I partook by the advice of a good appetite. My host talked little, and for a bed spread me a blanket on the floor with a bag of corn for my pillow. Sleep is a respecter of persons, not of beds, and the blessing of the laboring man was mine. I left the land of the Indian in crossing the line between New York and Pennsylvania; but the scenery of the river remained much the same, a monotonous range of woody mountain on one side and a shrubby level on the other, shifting sides occasionally, with a narrow island here and there, looking amid the stream like a vessel heavily and gaily laden with plants, trees, and evergreens ready for a trip. But all is too wild and lonely even for my Indian taste. You now and then see a canoe pushed laboriously up the stream with poles, and now and then hear the hunter's gun—the murderous knell of the peaceful deer, which when hard pressed runs into the river to be shot, by savages for their necessities, by the *civilized* for their luxuries.

Losing my faithful scow boat by a rise of the river in the night, I procured a canoe, 20 feet long and very slender, a fast sailer, but so treacherous I dared not stand in it, or even sit except close to the bottom, and with ballast. Hollowed from a small log, it rolled with log-like readiness. I parted with it without tears to join the crew of a four-oared keel boat—a merry and well bred company, chiefly migrators.

We formed 3 parties of 4 each for half hour pulls at the oar, thus working our passage, keeping ourselves warm, and securing an appetite, which in some of my comrades added wings to their feet when in our occasional landings they gave chase to the fowls, saleable and seizable, which fate had reserved for boatmen's dinners.

But the most notable way of navigating the Allegany is with rafts. Myriads of boards are yearly floated down strung together like the flooring of a bridge. At Pittsburg commences a new chapter of navigation. This is the head quarters of steamboats; but with a northerner's antipathy to overmuch steam, I chose a covered keel boat, a specimen of those that used to flourish so famously in half-horse, half-alligator stories. They are manned by rough men who toil and fare like beasts of burden, rowing night and day down stream, and

up stream pushing at poles with their shoulders, bending their hatless heads to the deck—much of their time in the water, head first if their poles betray them, feet first if their boat runs aground. Without beds they take their broken slumbers among bags and boxes, like a part of the cargo. They cook on the outside of the boat, and stray round the common dish like so many savages, a pocket knife or slip of wood serving for knife, fork, and spoons, and a tin dipper for cup, saucer, and soup-plate. Poetry and eloquence I fancy are insured by nature's underwriters never to rank among 'lost arts,' for here, in the absence of all artificial cultivation, they spring and sprout like a grain of mustard in the shape of revel song and blackguardism.

The last of the boats, the fag-end of navigation, are the flat boats, made like rough shallow boxes on a barn floor, with a board fence round it, those carrying coal looking like stray pig sties. Compared to these the keels were palaces, in which sleeping six cold nights on coffee bags reconciled me to a steamboat; but here we were too thick for the beds, so had to sleep leaning, elephant fashion. No matter, there were a plenty of beds 300 miles off, and we reached them in two days.

P. S. Ferryboats. That at Marietta crosses the river itself by the action of the current and tackle rolling along a rope that is stretched across. One at Cincinnati is paddled over by five horses tugging in a circle. L. R.

Antiquities of Literature.

The standing committee recently appointed by the 'Young Men's Association for the promotion of Literature and Science,' to select from the antiquities of Literature, such specimens of writing and thinking, as are worthy of preservation, for the purpose of publishing the same in the Essayist with suitable comments, have the satisfaction to state that they are already possessed of material both interesting and valuable. They would, however, ask the assistance of members and friends of the Association, in furnishing whatever of antique literature they can obtain, as it is a great object to render the extracts as various and attractive as possible.

The committee are of opinion that attention to some of the methods and peculiarities of old writers will prove no less useful than amusing. There is a mystery in the flight of

time, which is ever attached to its most tangible memorials. Antiquity weaves its chains about political systems, and they acquire an adamantine strength. Age imposes its sober garb, and the heart yields a spontaneous reverence. Nature and art exhibit mementoes of decay, and we recal, with a sigh, the instability of the present.

But we approach the ancient relics of literature, the curious mental products of a distant age, with veneration for their character, interest to compare their worth, and eagerness to enjoy an improving pleasure.

Our present limits will only admit of a brief notice of the

MORALS OF SENECA.

Among the philosophers and sages of antiquity, there is none who is more universally and justly esteemed than Seneca. Many indeed there were whose attainments in philosophy, eloquence and poetry, were far more brilliant; but the rich legacy which Seneca bequeathed to mankind, is not confined to his admirable code of morals or his successful researches in philosophy; it embraces also his pure and virtuous example. Contemplating the character of Seneca through the long lapse of seventeen hundred years—a character formed in an age of vice and luxury, and under the reign of the most unprincipled and tyrannical of the Roman emperors—we cannot withhold from it the just tribute of our respect and admiration.

Notwithstanding the attractiveness of genius, there is surpassing sublimity in moral effort, which ever receives the voluntary veneration of the human soul. Energy of intellect, however mighty, is powerless in a mind where principle is not dominant and the voice of conscience unheard. It is when the functions of man's moral and mental nature are in active and effective exercise, that his spiritual powers are productive of their legitimate and noblest results. This was the peculiarity in the character of Seneca. His life was a practical illustration of the sufficiency of his precepts. Having thus attested his loyalty to virtue, he was put to death by command of his unjust and ungrateful pupil, and expired with the composure and dignity becoming a son of virtue and an heir of heaven, and,

> 'sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approached his grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Since the age of Seneca, the world has been advancing in knowledge and virtue; but such is the peculiar adaptation

of moral excellence to the wants and powers of human nature, that the precepts of Seneca have gained rather than lost in their application and sufficiency. The following are extracts taken at random from his 'Morals:'

'If one could but see the mind of a good man as it is illustrated with virtue; the beauty and majesty of it, which is a dignity not so much as to be thought of without love and veneration, would not a man bless himself at such a sight of such an object as at the encounter of some supernatural power? a power so miraculous that it is a kind of charm upon the souls of those who are truly affected with it. There is so wonderful a grace in it, that even the worst of men approve it, and set up for the reputation of being accounted virtuous themselves. They cover the fruit and the profit of wickedness, but they are ashamed of the imputation of it. It is by an impression of nature that all men have a reverence for virtue.'

'As the beams of the sun irradiate the earth, and yet remain where they were, so it is, in some proportion, with an holy mind, that illustrates all other actions and yet adheres to its original.'

'Why do we not as well commend a horse for his trappings, as a man for his pompous additions? How much braver a creature is a lion in his natural honor than in chains.'

'That 's the sovereign blessing which makes the possessor of it valuable without anything else, and him that wants it contemptible though he have all the world besides.'

'We are honest as long as we thrive upon it, but if the devil himself give better wages, we change our party.'

'As for meat, clothes and lodging—a little feeds the body, and as little covers it; so that if mankind would only attend human nature, without gaping at superfluities, a cook would be found as needless as a soldier. Happy is that man that eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst, and stands upon his own legs.'

'Contumely is only the vexation or infirmity of a haughty and insolent mind, and is no more to a wise and a sober man, than an idle dream that is no sooner past than forgotten.'

'Diogenes was disputing of anger, and an insolent fellow, to try if he could put him beside his philosophy, spit in his face. "Young man," says Diogenes, "this does not make me angry yet, but I am in some doubt whether I should be so or not."'

T.

The Still Small Voice.

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not—when the morning breaks
Over the distant mountains,
And each bird in the woodland wakes,
While the sunlight gleams on the lakes
And the silvery fountains—
A voice in the radiant sky,
In the grove's rich melody?—
The spirit of God is nigh:—
'Man, make thy choice! O make thy choice!'

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not—when the sun burns high,
And the land and the sea are bright,
And the streams, that meander by
And through the emerald foliage hie,
Rejoice in the noon-tide light—
A voice where the sea-winds play,
Where the rivulet glides away?—
The spirit of God doth say,
'Man, make thy choice! O make thy choice!'

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not—when the sun goes down,
With his crimson banner outspread,
And receives his brilliant crown,
While the shades of evening frown
Upon his glorious bed—
A voice in the sunset sky,
Where the twilight breeze goes by?—
The spirit of God is nigh:—
'Man, make thy choice! O make thy choice!'

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not—when the moonbeams fall
On the slumbering ocean,
And the stars, at the night-spirit's call,
Come forth, and shine over all,
With a tremulous motion—
A voice on the solemn air?—
'T is Nature's evening prayer;
The spirit of God is there:—
'Man, make thy choice! make *Heaven* thy choice!'

SKETCHES BY A LOOKER-ON....No. II.

I AM standing at the entrance of a ball-room—a looker-on, where all beside are actors. Here am I, wrapt in my shawl, unnoticed and alone, like a solitary beetle among a host of fire-flies, dancing, flashing, sparkling before me. All the youth, grace, beauty, animation of our town are congregated together: the student from his book, the clerk from his desk, the mechanic from his shop; each with his fair partner, her form clothed in its most becoming dress, and her face in its most becoming smile. Lights, single and in constellations, are shedding their radiance from above, and eyes brighter still, shedding their radiance around. Music is sending animation to the feet, and voices to the hearts of the dullest. What a brilliant scene! It looks as the world did, when I stood on its threshold thirty years ago, and saw it as one moving whole. Will mingling in it dispel the bewildering enchantment now as then? It is odd the sight of happiness should make us sad—happiness we neither envy, nor have a wish to participate. Moralizing in a ball room! among so many happy faces, where thought is as much out of place as—an old maid in 'a Young Men's Magazine.' Happy faces?—so they seemed when I first looked at them; but now that I have seated myself in this snug corner and scrutinized them singly, methinks jarring passions show themselves on those bright countenances, like spots on the sun's disc. There is yonder gent. from the city, whispering the worn out compliments he has somewhere picked up, in the ear of our village coquette, who is smiling acquiescence, and at the same time stealing side glances at her slighted partner to mark the effect. *His*, at least, is not a happy face. Why does not this petty artifice learn him to feel contempt instead of mortification? Again she smiles; but having exhausted his scanty fund of talk, the dandy turns from her to another, and her face is clouded. And whom has he addressed? The parson's pretty but rather plump daughter; and really, the girl does look bewitchingly as she replies to his address. But a self-complacent glance from his own compressed waist to hers, compressed in vain, and a murmured 'too much en bon point,' has left another shadowed brow. There, in a recess, sits my own sweet Clara, my favored of all favorites, because she has beauty without vanity, learning without pedantry, wit

without malevolence, and refinement without affectation—looking as lonely as Boone on the banks of Kentucky—

'In such a wilderness of mirth
The only *thinking one.*'

The dandy approaches her, but a look of unmingled contempt has sent the pliant thing of cloth and velvet to the lower end of the hall, frowning and disconcerted. Clara's eye is fixed on the dancers again. It follows one of the gayest among them. He whispers something to his blushing partner, and as Clara quickly turns away her head, there is a moisture on her cheek that ill accords with merriment. She has anticipated much—she has dressed to please the eye of one only; that eye seeks her not—and what is the admiring gaze of the whole crowd to her? Tears in a ball room! Ah! the keenness of disappointment ere the heart is hardened! How slight the stroke, yet how deep the wound. Live a few years, and she will have learned to smile as she thinks of its trifling importance;—but she will also have learned to smile while her heart is breaking. It needs no sybil eye to read her destiny. That anxious glance spoke her deep-rooted affection—that tear, her bitter disappointment—the impulse that bid her cheek hide her emotion, and gaily join the dance with another, a proud spirit that has already taught her the first lesson in the art of disguise. Let the watching astrologer study the starry book of the midnight sky; let the cunning pore over their mystic volumes; but let an old maid, who knows not one planet from another, but by its briliancy, and studies no book so much as the human countenance, read fortunes in an assembled crowd.

On yonder side of the hall stands a young man—but there, he is hid from my view by the intervening set of dancers, whirling, vaulting, jumping, like—what? beings possessed of reason—capable of reflection and anticipation? I fancy one opposite me, a well dressed, well formed, well dancing youth, (the three most essential requisites,) placed before a calm, reasonable being, with a mind as refined and well disciplined as any of us whose *understandings* are more elastic, but uninfluenced by custom. Let him perform his *chassè* and balances with the same spirit he does here. I see the look of mingled curiosity and derision that spreads itself over his features as he watches his grotesque capers. I see the youth exhausted by the evolution of his waltz, or cotillon, and ask our observer his opinion of the animal. He pronounces him an extremely fine-clothed orang outang, a very agile and harm-

less creature, or perhaps a civil and polite lunatic. He smiles at his agility, laughs at his queer antics, or pities his infirmity; but he does not accost him as a reflecting brother. I see his look of astonishment, and doubt as he is assured he is of the same species as himself, possessed of all his faculties, and has merely been exhibiting the graces for amusement! Even our *uncivilized* observer could not say it was not a 'harmless amusement'—the plea of thousands. And it certainly is innocent in itself, but who will say it is, in its effects? It is like—but there beside the door stands a better illustration of its effects than I could possibly give. It is George Edwards.

Ten years ago the Old Colony boasted not a more promising young man. Well might his widowed mother lean with confidence on him—her sole remaining hope. Year after year she watched over him, forgetting in a measure her past sorrows, as she looked forward to a time when her boy would be a man among men. She asked no reward for those years of anxious solicitude, but that he would do for himself what she would sacrifice almost her existence to do for him. Intelligent, enterprising, kind-hearted as he then was, who can wonder her fond imagination often pictured him filling the high stations of our Republic, honored and worthy of honor. He became twenty-one; and at the same time became possessed of an estate worth 10,000; a fortune amply sufficient in New England to lead a young man to wealth and respectability, or want and ruin—as he choses. The first time I saw him after this era, he was in this very hall; and I wondered not as I looked on his fine manly figure, and open, engaging countenance, that many a maiden's heart beat visibly as he approached. Besides these exterior, he was well known to possess an abundance of solid charms—and it would be difficult to determine which insured the most favors. How should I know? One can only judge the motives of others by her own. *They* were young—*I* had come to the age when people begin to prefer the 'tinkling o' the siller,' to the tinkling of honied words.

He saw himself admired; and his vanity was awakened—ay, vanity, for, trust me, hearts swell as often from this cause, beneath a coat of broadcloth as beneath a muslin 'kerchief. Who does not aspire to be an object of attention? Is there a more universal ambition? It is the secret cause of half the revolutions, reformations, and party divisions in the world. Ambition troubles the waters; if benefits result, it is by means of those who improve the hour to heal the diseases of

society. It was this ambition made Bonaparte an Emperor —me a writer for the Essayist—and George Edwards what he now is. Dancing was an innocent amusement. It was no injury to his feelings, or character, to join in it sometimes —then oftener—then as often as he had an opportunity. And he joined in it. One must do as others do; he could not be niggardly—and he was not. He became more liberal in money matters; and also in principles and conduct. There were other innocent amusements, such as laying down painted bits of pasteboard according to certain rules. A game at cards, to while away an evening now and then, was more agreeable than his own thoughts, disordered by a previous night of amusement. And he played. To do as others did, he must at least taste the healthy beverages, sometimes found at places of innocent amusement. Beside, he discovered in a short time that this tasting invigorated his spirits, gave his cheek a healthy glow, and his manners a freedom that was altogether charming; and he thought, too, he had a better run of luck after it. And he did taste. A year passed away. George, in his own opinion and that of his companions, the fair sex especially, was one of the finest, most genteel, care-for-nobody fellows in existence. Another year—he had engaged the affections of an interesting, confiding girl. True, he was rather dissipated; but the old proverb, 'a reformed rake,' &c. silenced every scruple. She had yet to learn from experience, the proverb speaks of one when reformed, and not the almost hopeless task of reforming. A third year—a lonely wife and a sorrowing mother were witnesses of his progress. Why trace a progress that almost every eye has watched. Would you see it step by step—look for yourself. 'T is a plain path, and well trod. Thousands have gone down to degradation by it—thousands are on the way. There is George Edwards now—his countenance bloated and discolored—his tattered coat torn half in two, the effects of a recent wrangle in the bar-room below—wretchedness in his heart—profanity on his lips;—his estate stripped in pieces by executions; his mother in her grave without a stone to mark where she lies; his heart-broken wife and coarse-clad child supported from the public funds; himself a day laborer for an accidental subsistence; still haunting the places of innocent amusement from habit—a waiter where he was once a leader. Does he think of all this? He had once a heart to feel, and a mind to reflect. No! vice has made him as low in soul as in society. What a son for a mother to look upon! Surely, 'the blest are the dead.' He is gone. How have my

thoughts wandered! The dancers are gone, or going; the musicians are nodding as they scrape; the decorations of the walls decorate the floor. The lights are fast dropping into darkness; everything looks tired, dusty and heated. Let me be gone. What a contrast, to come out into the clear morning air! Lights are glimmering here and there from the windows of the retiring dancers. They are casting aside their soiled dresses and ornaments, which seem to defy their drowsy fingers and pettish attempts to unloose them, thinking over meantime the events of the evening—the evening of anticipated pleasure—the evening that, enjoyed or not, is over. I would I knew how many of all who were there, as, weary and exhausted, they fling themselves on their couches, can say, with truth, it has been an evening of happiness.

The Cobbler's Genius....No. I.

Fatigued in body and mind, I sat upon my bench ruminating upon 'the ups and downs of life,' and grumbling at purblind fortune for raising me a digit upon her wheel, and giving to my upturned view a glimpse of Elysian prospects, and then rolling me backward into the mud again.

My shoe lay already pricked before me, my peg-pan in my lap, and in either hand a hammer and a peg—when, to my consternation, there issued from each hole a kind of vapor, resembling that which rises from a heated stove, which gradually condensed until it assumed a varying form, and presented to my view a being of 'no mortal mould.' The outline of the figure was distinct, yet faint and varying, like the shade of clouds which in summer flit before the sun. At times a form was shadowed forth in all the full proportions of a living being; then it seemed to dilate and appear but a thin, airy vapor. The features of its countenance were no less varying; now, they were rounded into the contour of a human face; and now, they seemed but an almost undefined mass of palpitating vapor. *His* eyes appeared like the colors of a lens blended and condensed, but flickering and revolving—like the whirling spots which are seen when one goes from the dark into a strong light—now full and well defined, and now swimming and indefinite, yet always clear and scintillating. Its dress seemed like a thin floating vapor; at one time waving in dark folds around its form, at another, fading into a clear light mist, assuming no definite form or character.

I rubbed my eyes, shook my head, pricked an awl into my leg, to assure myself of my identity. I was sensible to pain, and could see distinctly every object in my shop, yet my unbelieving faculties would not let me realize that I was actually in the presence of a supernatural being. A sarcastic smile seemed to pass over and illumine the changing features of the spirit, and his words were communicated to my mind; 'Prick yourself again, and shake your noddle—perhaps you will remove the incubus that oppresses you.' Astonishment rendered every power nerveless! I heard no voice, yet the impression on my mind, and the consequent idea, were the same as if I had——again the spirit spake; and I listened long in wonder and admiration to his voiceless words, beholding every idea which was presented to my mind, expressed upon his varying features.

'Grovelling mortal! how inconsistent and contradictory are your thoughts and actions! you have dared to raise your imagination into the land of spirits, and affected to divest things of their conventional value, and consider them without prejudice; yet you are now tormenting yourself with imaginary evils—looking upon yourself as degraded, on account of accidental circumstances, though sensible that the difference between this and former situations exists only in idea. You have affected to look round upon the vast sublimity of nature, and consider the beauty and wonder of the system by which all things are regulated, in comparison to which man sinks into nothingness and contempt; and yet you raise man in your ideas to an imaginary greatness, and base your happiness, not upon the consideration of all that is truly great and noble, but upon the favor of this insignificant and ephemeral being. You pretend to consider a foolish and unfounded idea as unworthy of notice, and yet, although you know how contemptible are the pleas which some men urge in support of their precedence, you give in against all reason to the general idea, and think that because fools call them great, they must indeed be so. You look upon an ant-hill, and consider its inhabitants as equal. Should one assume airs of quality and precedence, you would laugh with scorn. Think then, what must be the feelings of superior spirits when they look on man! You fear now the ill opinion of beings, whom you know to be governed by caprice and prejudice, rather than of that Being to whom you owe every favor. Rouse your powers; divest yourself in reality of this grovelling prejudice; see things in their true colors, and form correct ideas of happiness and greatness.

I am the genius of your craft. You have been my peculiar care—for I have seen the workings of your mind; have known your blighted prospects, and the apparent indifference to the world's opinion, with which you have brought yourself down to your present employment. Still you have not cast away the cloak of prejudice; and although you know that no judgment can be formed by outward appearance, yet, such is the weakness of man, that you still in a measure give in to the opinion of the world, how much soever you may be convinced of its error and absurdity. Seeing the struggle between reason and prejudice, I have made myself sensible to your mind, and will draw aside the veil of appearances which obstructs mortal vision, and open to your view things as they really exist. Speak not—I communicate not to matter, but to mind; and your thoughts while I am with you, must not be degraded by making use of your mortal cover. I see you wonder at my saying mortal cover; but that person which you value so highly, is viewed by us spirits, as a gloomy prison, unworthy of notice in every respect, except as holding an intimate connection with an immortal spirit. Were this spirit free from its prison, it would be free from prejudice; it would judge not from appearances, but from realities; those things of which it now gives but an imperfect glimpse, would then be realized to perfection. But so intimate is the connection between this spirit and its case, that the former can have no thoughts without affecting the latter, and the last can have no sensation without affecting the first. This circumstance, as it renders it impossible that the spirit should exercise any knowledge it might have had before the connection, and as from this necessary lack of ideas, the spirit cannot be the first to act, it leaves even man without a doubt, that all after knowledge must be gained through the medium of the body. This is the reason why the ideas, taste, and affections of so exalted spirits, are so erroneous and perverted. The spirit, confined in its operations and debased in its pursuits, by its connection with the body, judges of things merely by appearances, loses all idea of its dignity and importance, and in some instances even of its existence; and thinks, because the connection is so intimate, its own existence known only by its operations, and the existence, importance and dignity of the body so apparent, that the interest and welfare of the last is more immediately to be sought than those of the first. Few thoughts are, consequently, bestowed upon the spirit, and even its exalted powers are rendered subservient to the gross and debasing interests of its

case. The whole affections and operations of the spirit being now entirely devoted to the interests of the body, it sees things through a wrong medium—and its ideas being formed upon the principle of bodily interest, it becomes grovelling and sensual. Those things which give pleasure to this perverted taste becoming objects of admiration and esteem, are sought after with the greatest avidity; and the least obstruction in the way of their attainment, is looked upon as a sufficient cause for misery. This becomes an exciting cause to the evil passions, and man is tormented with ambition, envy, jealousy, hate, and all the other accursed passions that render him the most miserable being in existence. Puffed up with an exalted opinion of himself, he wishes to be raised above his fellows, and to make them subservient to his pleasures. Ambition is rivalled by cupidity, and man is lost amid the labyrinths of the innumerable ramifications of those master passions. As under these circumstances he forms an ideal standard of dignity and happiness, he repines at his lot, and makes himself miserable if he cannot attain to it, and consequently despises all those who do not also attain to it, and envies and hates those who do. I see that you would observe that all men do not think that happiness is always to the great, the rich, the powerful. True, they think that is their opinion; but mark their observations respecting those who possess these advantages; compare these with their secret longings, and you cannot doubt that if they think some are not happy in this situation, they do not for a moment doubt but they should be so, if in their place.

I observe several questions in your mind. You would ask if there is happiness—in what it consists? if there is a difference in man—in what it consists? I may not answer to your satisfaction, for I am not permitted to unfold the secrets of the spiritual world. That there is an accidental difference in the circumstances of man, you can perceive, *ecce signum;* that from some cause which I must not unfold, there is a difference in bodily conformation, is equally plain—this last makes the only real difference. Do not wonder before I explain. So soon as a process of nature has perfected an infant, there is a mind or spirit placed in connection with its brain; what that connection is, is not for man to know; but it is intimate, and every sensation conveyed to the brain, by whatever means, or from whatever quarter, produces an idea in the mind. The continual exercise of the senses, aided by certain powers which the mind possesses, eventually stores the latter with ideas

upon every subject. Now the difference which is perceptible in the powers of different men, does not exist in the mind, but in the formation of those parts with which the mind is connected. Those spirits denominated men, when they first emanated from God, were equal in power and capacity, but the quality and developement of the parts with which the spirit is connected, being nearly perfect in some, and very imperfect in others, makes a very sensible difference in its operations; but when they shall stand disembodied spirits before their God, there will be no difference in point of capacity. With respect to happiness, you can yourself perceive, that on earth it cannot be enjoyed to perfection. Some possess a greater degree of it than others; and hereafter, in pointing out to you the follies and the virtues of men, you will perceive what course of conduct and what train of sentiments and ideas will lead to its enjoyment. I see you wish to know if religion has anything to do with this subject. Unless the spirit holds communion with the God who gave it, there can be no approximation to happiness. There is a religion of the soul, free from sectarian dogmas, which raises the mind above the earth, displays beauties in the order and symmetry of nature, and a harmony and fitness in moral things, which are unseen by others, and makes the heart glow with rapture to that Being who orders and governs all things in so wonderful a manner. I see a thousand questions rise in your mind, which it would take volumes of divinity to answer. You wish to know the reason of the difference you perceive in the situation, respectability, and happiness of men, and in what real dignity and happiness consist? I will tell you by giving examples: I will bring persons before your view, and let their actions speak, at the same time giving you a view of their motives and intents. In the mean time, think not that if the mind is right, circumstances can render you despicable —the profession honors not the man, but the man the profession.'

THOUGHTS IN THE MORNING.

'T is Morning—and the brilliant sun, from out the silvery sea,
Has shed his golden light abroad, o'er mountain, lawn and lea;
And not a fleecy cloud is seen upon the silken air,
Yet Nature's form is decked in all that 's beautiful and fair.
The foliage trembles in the breeze from off the western hills,
Just like the heart when mutual love the youthful bosom fills;
And not a single shadow o'er the heavenly vision steals,
To shade the thrilling rapture which the panting spirit feels,
Just like the heart, when through the gloom of Nature's night, from far,
Breaks on the view in blazing beams Religion's morning star,
And memory o'er the trodden waste of backward moments flies,
And glowing hope on wings of faith mounts upward to the skies,
And not a sigh, and not a thought to earthly scenes are given,
But thought, and love, and fervor grasp the glorious gift of heaven.
The breeze is soft, the breeze is soft as heavenly spirit's breath,
That bears the soul away from out the icy hand of Death;
And all the vale is calm as if the thoughts of angels were
Pervading with intensity the solemn, silent air.
Where smiled, with maiden innocence, the moon's delightful beam,
Disporting on the bosom of the broad and silvery stream,
That softly sighs upon its bed, along the listening shore
The willows hang, and weep the tears that heaven has wept before.
It is a morning beautiful as ever threw its smile
Abroad o'er heaven, on earth's old hills, on ocean's green clad isle:
I feel my spirit swell with thoughts I know not to express,
For well I know that gracious heaven the wandering one will bless;
Since many hopes and many joys that crowned mine earlier day
Are buried in the wreck of years and moments passed away;
And yet more sweet and solid now the pleasures I enjoy
Than when I roamed the mountain free, a father's blooming boy.—
Oh what a rush of hurrying thoughts assemble round the heart:
They come from infancy, from youth, when child and mother part;
They waken in the breast a sweet remembrance of the tears,
Whose influence, hallowed at the fount of Love in by-gone years,
Steals o'er the fibres of the heart, the feelings that control,
Like warbling music, soft and sweet, and mournful to the soul.
I love to walk abroad at morn, when fields are waving green,
And music 's heard, and breezes pant, and mowers blithe are seen;
For there is rapture in the face of Nature everywhere—
There is what bears the mounting soul beyond the morning star.
Oh, yes! there is a rapture which the worldling never knew,
Through nature to contemplate Him who o'er creation threw,
In rolling waves, in sweeping winds, in mountains frowning high,
In brilliant stars, in thunders loud, in lightnings o'er the sky,
His image own—for sure in all that feels the touch of air,
The God whose nodding shakes the world is mirrored bright and fair.
As lovely is the time when flowers adorn the hill and dell,
Yet more exquisite touching far the Autumn's last farewell,
So, as the morn with thrilling glow the charms of earth reveals,
Yet from the shade of evening's wand a deeper feeling steals.
How thrilling, then, it is, when sigh the yellow-mantled trees,
As clear Autumnal winds blow from the mountains to the seas,

And heaven is clear, and stars are out, and waves are dancing bright,
And angels seem to smile around in glittering dews of night,
To walk abroad, and gaze on heaven, and gaze on earth and sea,
And feel there is a God pervading broad immensity—
And gliding round the swelling heart the flashing spirit feel:
Could I, if 't were from heaven, a spark of fire Byronic steal,
I would not deem it sacrilege, for she has much in store;
But few that walk the earth to whom she trusts such sacred lore—
And had I but that spark, I 'd shine conspicuous, clear and bright
As that which flashes, passion-like, across the brow of Night.
Yet deem not that I 'm panting here for ever-busy fame
To organ to a listening world the music of my name—
Oh, no! for though with heavenly voice the tempting syren sings,
The snakes of hell are 'neath her tongue, and poison on her wings.
I wish to spend my moments far from busy life's alarms,
And gaze enraptured, Solitude, upon thy lovely charms;
And when disease with leaden wand shall chase away my breath,
Then softly let me sink unknown into the arms of death—
And lie forgotten 'neath the oak beside the sounding wave,
Where dewy morn, from out the deep, may smile upon my grave.

W——N BARD.

ESSAYIST ROOM.

BIOGRAPHY OF SELF-TAUGHT MEN, with an Introductory Essay—by B. B. Edwards. Boston, Perkins & Marvin, 1832.

SELF-EDUCATION is, avowedly, the great object of existence, and every method or means proposed, as an auxiliary, should be tried with strict reference to this end; and yet it is wonderful to observe how mechanically the work of culture is frequently carried on, how listlessly its subjects engage in the acquisition of knowledge, and with how great a lack of sincere interest they pursue the common routine of what is termed a liberal education.

There is a something radically wrong in the general spirit of our students, and an adequate cause of this may be found in the insufficiency of the motives which impel them. When a young man has arrived at an age when he is fully capable of forming just conclusions, and consulting the oracle within him, it is at once his duty and privilege to act from thought, especially in directing and cultivating his powers. He should therefore regulate his mental and moral training neither by custom nor caprice, but by serious consideration, availing of the best advice he can obtain, and with particular reference to his taste, capacity and circumstances.

It is obvious that the responsibility incident to the pos-

session of free agency in the work of education is comparatively seldom recognized. Too many are satisfied with enjoying the advantages of literary institutions, and the various means of progress, and but few engage in study and the processes of intellectual improvement, under an independent system, pursuing those branches of knowledge most accordant with their taste, and devoting themselves to their own improvement as to a paramount and individual interest, involving personal accountability and pregnant with results wholly dependent upon themselves. Now it is the great distinction of popular education, that it urges upon human beings the duty of self-education, and this it does by diffusing glimmerings from the 'heaven of philosophy' sufficient to couch the '*mentis oculus*,' and display to the intellectual vision the opening of a boundless sphere of improving action.

In short, the education chiefly valuable to the individual, and promising the greatest benefits to mankind, is that which has its spring in the cravings and yearnings of the mind, and is thence carried on under the guidance of conscience, religious principle and judicious self-direction.

The distinguishing excellence of the work before us, and one which should attract the confidence and regard of the community, is, that it is a practical illustration of self-education. It is, as its title indicates, a portraiture of the lives and labors of 'self-taught men.' The Introduction greatly enhances its value, and should be read by every young man in our country. We welcome its appearance, and heartily hope for it a reception corresponding to its worth. *

A MEMOIR OF MISS HANNAH ADAMS, written by herself—with additional Notices by a Friend. Boston, Gray & Bowen, 1832.

THE VISITOR OF THE POOR—translated from the French of the Baron Degerando—by a Lady of Boston: with an Introduction, by Joseph Tuckerman. Boston, Hilliard, Gray & Co., 1832.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN, Pastor of Waldbach—in the Ban de la Roche. From the third London Edition—with an Introduction, by the American Editor. Cambridge, Hilliard & Brown, 1832.

THESE works, however dissimilar in their literary execution and the particular subjects of which they treat, are yet of the same caste, and display a common principle.

He who delights in contemplating the phenomena of the moral world, who recognizes in human conduct the evidences of grand truths, who, leaving awhile the paths of scientific research and even the beauties of nature, takes pleasure in observing the various and interesting developements of intel-

lectual and religious principles, will find in these volumes themes of improving and happy reflection.

The Memoir of Miss Adams, is attractive from its very title, and will not disappoint on perusal. And the other works are especially welcome in this age of benevolent enterprise; the one being admirably calculated for a manual of charity, and the other to exhibit the wonderful results which may justly be expected from judicious and persevering effort in the cause of human improvement.

Of the character of the three volumes, the introductions can best speak.

'The autobiography of Miss Adams is written with the modesty and unobtrusiveness which distinguished her character. Her principle motive in executing it, was to leave it as a legacy which she hoped might be of some small benefit to an aged and very infirm sister, to whose comfort she had devoted her little savings for many years.'

'It will be perceived that the details and the sentiments of Degerando are neither the fictions of a dreamer, nor the speculations of a theorist, that they bear upon their front the lines of a character, which truth alone could have imparted.'

'I think it will be acknowledged, (says Mr. Ware, in his introduction to Oberlin) by the readers of the work, that it contains one of the most charming pictures of a good and useful life of which we have any account.' *

THE SYLVA AMERICANA; or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Practically and Botanically considered. Illustrated by more than one hundred Engravings. By D. J. Browne. Boston, Wm. Hyde & Co. 1832.

THIS work will constitute a new and agreeable companion to the lovers of nature who are wont to make the woods scenes of social enjoyment and solitary meditation.

It is full time, indeed, that our noble forests should attract labors of a more immortalizing character than those of petty poetasters. And this scientific compilation will, we apprehend, have no lack of attentive and grateful readers. Lyceum lectures on vegetable physiology and botany have prepared the way for a work of this kind. Would that we could give it an extended notice, and annex some extracts. But we are necessarily obliged, in this department of the Magazine, to deal in generalities, and we can only add, that there are few more interesting portions of the book of nature than those rendered sublime and beautiful by the trees of the forest, and to read these portions understandingly and satisfactorily, Browne's Sylva Americana is a most elucidating commentary. *

REPORTED FOR THE ESSAYIST.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—In addition to incidental topics, this Association have turned their attention to some subjects of general interest, the discussion of which cannot fail to prove useful and satisfactory. 'The expediency of business Young Men engaging in Literature' and the 'American Colonization Society,' are, at present, the prominent themes of attention.

The following course of Lectures are to be delivered by members of the Association, to be followed by a general discussion of the subjects of which they treat. They are to commence at 8 o'clock on every alternate Monday evening until completed, and each member is at liberty to introduce friends.

June 4, Literature and Business Young Men. June 18, Poetry. July 2, Cultivation and Application of Thought. July 16, Comparative Intellectual Character of the North American Indians. July 30, Poetical Criticism. August 13, Grammatical Accuracy. August 27, Association as a means of action. September 10, Elocution.

The following Amendments to the 9th, 12th and 13th articles of the Constitution, were recently adopted:

ART. ix. It shall be the duty of the Board of Censors to examine, criticise and amend, such articles as may be committed to them for that purpose by the Association, to recommend subjects to the Association for discussion and essay; to prepare and report notices of new publications; and to perform the duties of a standing committee under the direction of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Chairman of this Board to receive and present such communications on literary, scientific and other subjects which relate to the objects of the Association as may be forwarded to the Association.

ART. xii. The following clause is added: 'Members who reside at such a distance from the city as will prevent their regular attendance at the meetings, shall be exempt from assessment; and all moneys or contributions to the Room of the Association received from said members shall be considered as donations.

ART. xiii. Insert before the word 'Board,' 'Chairman of the.'

The following constitute the Rules and Orders of the Board of Censors:

ART. 1. The Board shall be organized by the election of a Chairman and Secretary.

ART. 2. It shall be the duty of the Chairman to notify all meetings of the Board; to collect and communicate, all reports, letters, &c. which require the approval of the Board prior to being presented to the Association. It shall also be the duty of the Chairman to endorse all approved reports, and sign all papers emanating from this Board.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct record of the proceedings, and execute the writing of the Board.

ART. 4. Three members shall constitute a quorum.

ART. 5. The regular meetings of the Board shall be held every alternate Thursday Evening, at such hours as the Board shall determine.

ART. 6. The members of this Board shall be in duty bound, in the performance of their trust, to exercise an impartial judgment, and shall, at all times, make such suggestions to the Association and the reporters as they shall deem expedient, having for their great object the advancement of the best interests of the Association.

At a late meeting, GEO. W. LIGHT was elected Vice President, *vice* I. MCLELLAN, JR., resigned.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC. Part Second, uniting Oral with Written Exercises, in Corresponding Chapters. By Frederick Emerson, late Principal in the Department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands, 1832.

IT is generally known, that Mr. Emerson's *First Part*, published in 1830, was confined to the simple elements of Arithmetic, with a view of rendering it a suitable introduction to the subsequent study of the science from books which were then in use, and which were thought to be deficient in elementary exercises. The *Second Part* does not complete the series; but scholars who shall be properly conducted through this volume, will have acquired a knowledge of Arithmetic adequate to all the purposes of common business. The work is divided into three parts. The *Third Part* is designed for those whose continuance at school shall afford opportunities for prosecuting a more extended course of study.

'The analytical method of teaching pursued in this Arithmetic, may be found in "Pestalozzi's Intellectual or Intuitive Arithmetic," published in London, 1821. It is, however, the *principle* of *analysis* only, that the author of the North American Arithmetic has adopted. The illustrations by means of cuts, the explanations, &c., are original. Indeed, all the matter contained in this book is original, excepting merely the common arithmetical truths and tables, and about twenty examples, which have been common property for half a century.'

THE SHRINE. Conducted by a number of Undergraduates in Amherst College. Vol. I. No. I. May, 1832. Amherst, J. S. & C. Adams: Boston, Cottons & Barnard.

ANY work conducted by or devoted to the interests of Young Men, always constitutes a theme of deep interest with us. We have not yet been able to peruse the first number of this periodical, having just received it, and therefore are not prepared to give an opinion of its merits; but we have no doubt with regard to the ability of many of the students of that institution to render such a work creditable to themselves, and interesting to the public.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1832. No. VI.

AMERICAN PULPIT.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

THE name of this highly distinguished clergyman has been so frequently, and perhaps almost universally, for many years past, upon the lips of all those persons who take cognizance of the religious aspect of the times, that it may be considered a delicate if not difficult task to enter upon anything like a satisfactory analysis of his character, which shall have reference neither to his religion nor his reputation. Every one is aware that various estimates are set upon both these matters by various parties. But the only notice we intend to take of all or any of such estimates, is in the inference that the subject of them must at least be regarded as what we have already called him, a distinguished clergyman. This, we suppose, in pursuance of the design above indicated by our general title, will be deemed a sufficient justification for making certain phases of his merits the theme, not of partizan eulogy or polemical argument, but of a literary and critical essay. If we have ourselves been in any degree influenced—as we certainly have been impressed, occasionally, by his preaching—we may still preserve our pretensions to impartiality by admitting the same fact in regard to other preachers of other sects; and by professing our unconsciousness of any feeling in this connection but such as we conceive necessary to an absolute appreciation of his talents, style and delivery, whatever they may be. Had not the reverend gentleman heretofore effected both *impression* and *influence* upon the public at large, *as well as* upon sundry individuals in particular, it would hardly have been an object with us to notice him at all.

Our decided impression is then, in the first place, that Dr. Beecher is a man of much more than ordinary mind. Still, we should scarcely know how to point out wherein, precisely, his superiority consists. It appears to us, however, to be rather a general soundness and vigor of intellect—a constitutional and habitual health and strength—than the possession of any particular faculty in an extraordinary degree. His perceptions are keen and quick. He has also great energy of intellect, and his energy goes farther than any other quality of his mind—though without others indeed, it could do nothing—to make him *original*. He has the power not only of confining his whole attention to whatever subject he undertakes, but of continuing the laborious effort to the utter forgetfulness of every thing foreign to it, till he has completely found or completely finished the precise object of his search or his labor. This power of attention it is, which, in all its degrees and modes of application, is so valuable to every man as being necessary to *re*tention. Dr. Beecher carries it much farther. He not only thoroughly apprehends, and easily appropriates, the results of his reading, observation and thought, but he pursues his reflection, gratuitously, till what is to more superficial minds vagueness and confusion—in other words, no knowledge at all—becomes to him clearness and system—an accession of precious and productive domain, not transferred from an elder proprietor, but *subdued* from the very heart of the forest. This, we say, makes him original. For what is originality but the possession, if you ascribe it to genius, or the production, if you ascribe it to hard work, (as we should have no hesitation in doing universally,) of an insight or inroad into a given subject beyond what our predecessors have seen or effected. Some faculties are made to perform this process more rapidly, and with a less palpable effort, than others; some may be incompetent by any extra exertion to make amends for deficiencies of native strength; but whoever succeeds in outstripping his predecessors or his cotemporaries, must do it by the application of a mental and moral machinery, which in some size or other is common to all.

In introducing these general remarks, we do not suppose it necessary to repeat that we consider Dr. Beecher to be something more than a hard thinker. It is something, indeed, to be able to think hard. It is more, to be able and to be disposed to continue a concentrated attention for a long time. This is intellectual energy. But it is not so much talent, as the power of using talent—whatever it may happen to be—to advantage. It is not the machinery itself, but the element

which propels it. Accordingly, it may often be possessed in a degree over-proportionate to what it moves; and the navigation of such a mind is only the more hazardous always, and the more disastrous sometimes, for the very speed of its movements. Not such is the ratio between the intellect and the energy of Dr. Beecher. His faculties are, individually and collectively, well made and well joined. They are sound and compact. They will sustain a high pressure without damage; and a pretty rough and constant usage is really necessary to keep them in good repair.

Rough usage we say; meaning such *exercise* as may be proper to preserve the faculties in their natural strength, and to allow them their natural developement. *Cultivation*, as that word is generally understood, does not belong to Dr. Beecher's mind. No arbitrary or artificial refinement belongs to it. It would be repugnant to the intellectual as well as the moral taste of the man. It is a principle with him to consult substance rather than surface or show. In regard to all niceties and clap-traps—especially in language—this principle, or perhaps we should say the habitual practice which naturally ensues from it, is carried to an extent which makes it a fault. His mind grasps eagerly at thought, and at the prominent points and leading outlines of a train of thought. The minutiæ he would rather waive, as he would neglect polishing and refining what he does undertake. His energy makes him impatient at being delayed by what he deems to be trifles; and his strength, and his habit of the hardy exercise of it, cannot be satisfied with mere occupation or mere cultivation. Climbing, and leaping, and turning over a windlass, might eventually give him a suppleness and grace which he certainly does not now possess; but he prefers to content himself with a rude and robust strength, which for its own purpose needs and enjoys only the gymnastics of substantial hard labor.

Nor is Dr. Beecher a man of very extensive *information;* nor yet does he display frequent workings of that imagination or invention which is vaguely thought to characterize what is vaguely called genius. The cause of the former deficiency is accounted for by circumstances already mentioned. He likes to think, and to communicate the results of his reflection, much better than to pay the tax of industry and dependence upon the importation of opinions elsewhere manufactured. There are disadvantages in such a system. Quotations and citations—a learning to supply authorities, to fill interstices, and *divert* or *delight* the hearer or reader who is too stubborn or too superficial for bare reasoning to deal with—and a lib-

eral familiarity with not only the sentiments but the arguments of all parties to all controverted questions—are each of them frequently of great service. So is the elegance and aptness of language acquired by much reading and by the study of models. But the independent system has also its advantages; and among them are raciness, directness, and originality. These are eminently qualities of Dr. Beecher.

A tolerable correct idea of the *style* of this divine, must have been already gathered from our remarks upon his talent and taste. The connection is not a necessary one; but it exists in his case, because it is one of his chief characteristics, that he expresses himself as he thinks and feels. There is scarcely anything that looks like elegance or grace in his phraseology. His periods are abrupt, and frequently harsh. His words would seem to be 'fitly chosen' now and then, but in truth they are fortunately hit upon, though in a manner that really delights and surprises the hearer. But he is almost as liable to use poor words, or to use good ones in the wrong place; and occasionally the incongruity or rudeness of the expression—especially if the context be otherwise very fine—really disturbs a sensitive man's good humor. The imagery is not exuberant nor elaborate enough to indicate fancy or ambition in any peculiar degree; but it never diminishes, while it very often essentially aids, the effect of the subject matter. It is borrowed mostly from nature, and is naturally introduced. Whoever scrutinizes the Doctor's sermons, for example, will find that nine-tenths of the illustration is furnished by those unexceptionable elements, the winds and waves. We will borrow a few samples of imagery from the Discourses upon Intemperance—that being neutral ground:

'Every man who is accustomed to drink ardent spirits freely, whose eye begins to redden and to weep, ought to know what the matter is, and to take warning; *it it one of the signals which distressed nature holds out and waves in token of distress.*'

Again:

'We boast of our liberties, and rejoice in our prospective instrumentality in disenthralling the world. But *our own foundations rest on the heaving sides of a burning mountain, through which, in thousands of places, the fire has burst out, and is blazing around us.* If they cannot be extinguished, we are undone.'

Here is another instance:

'With just as much certainty can the public sentiment be formed and put in motion, as the waves can be moved by the breath of heaven—or the massy rock, balanced on the precipice, can be pushed from its centre of motion;—and when the public sentiment once begins to move, its

march will be as resistless as the same rock thundering down the precipice.'

Illustrations of a different kind are sometimes brought in, but never without an actual and obvious benefit, and always in the same style of rude strength rather than refinement or beauty. Speaking of the necessity of health, he says, that,

'Like a heavy ordnance, the mind, in its efforts, recoils on the body, and will soon shake down a puny frame.'

On the same page:

'As the jackal follows the lion to prey upon the slain, so do disease and death wait on the footsteps of inebriation.'

We have alluded to harshness and incoherence in his imagery. We have heard him speak of *unhitching* the heart from the world. And thus, in showing the effect of intemperance on the finer feelings of its victim—'he has left far behind the wreck of what he once was. He is not the same husband, or father, or brother, or friend. *The sea has made a clear breach over him*, and swept away forever whatever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report.'

Images like the following would hardly be tolerated in the technical fine writing of modern literati:

'It (a substitute for ardent spirits) will finish even what ardent spirits have begun—and with this difference only, *that it does not rasp the vital organs with quite so keen a file.*' * * * * *

'And as to religion, if he ever seemed to have any, all such affections declined as the emotions of artificial stimulants arose, until conscience has lost its power, *or survives only with vulture scream to flap the wing, and terrify the soul.* His religious affections are dead when he is sober, and rise only to emotion and loquacity and tears when he is drunk.'

We shall now give a few passages from the same little volume, as a specimen of his general manner. The first requires no explanation:

'These sufferings, however, of animal nature, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins, and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. *He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains* and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and *as the gulf opens before him*, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again,"—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man, *he has placed himself in the hands of a giant*, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but *he is in chains.* He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door posts of his dwelling.'

The italicising is our own; for we cannot avoid thus noticing

again the habit which the reverend Doctor has of pushing ahead, with a tremendous vigor indeed, but without looking behind him—of enforcing the impression, for example as in this case, by images which are separately suitable, without making the least provision for even a show of uniformity or concurrence between them. The connection last cited finally terminates with the favorite illustration:

'And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.'

Our next specimen is in better keeping throughout. He has been remarking upon the appetite for drinking a *little* at stated times. After vibrating through one paragraph between *the undermining process* and the '*vortex* begun', he thus settles upon the latter notion once more:

'It is here then—beside this commencing vortex—that I would take my stand, to warn off the heedless navigator from destruction. To all who do but heave in sight, and with voice that should rise above the winds and waves, I would cry—"stand off!!!"—spread the sail, ply the oar, for death is here—and could I command the elements—the blackness and darkness should gather over this gate-way to hell—and loud thunders should utter their voices—and lurid fires should blaze—and the groans of unearthly voices should be heard—inspiring consternation and flight in all who came near. For this is the parting point between those who forsake danger and hide themselves, and the foolish who pass on and are punished,' &c.

One more extract must suffice:

'If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts—and the beam out of the timber should echo them back—who would build such a house?—and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers—babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard, day and night! What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building!—who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores, where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up, from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

'Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and wo which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath, the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce

in ardent spirits had sent thither;—these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real, as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answer it—as real, as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling—and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall—as real, as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed o'er the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real, as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land—and the firm earth should open a passage for wailings of despair to come up from beneath.'

The *delivery* of Dr. Beecher accords with his style, precisely as his style does with his intellect. There being no system or principle about either, other than what grows out of impulse, the result is, that his postures and gestures are sometimes as awkward as need be. Nor is there the least pretension to grace about them in one case out of a hundred. But then you are very likely to overlook these things when they are worst, on account of the contrary interest which the preacher attracts to his subject. And, on the other hand, even the inelegant movements are very apt to be impressive. Some of them are so to an extraordinary degree, and that in cases where a person who studied delivery beforehand would hardly think of making any movement at all, or, if compelled to do so, would think it a calamity. To understand this, it is absolutely necessary to hear and see him. We could give instances in illustration; but they would be little better than showing single bricks as the specimen of a house. The most effective oratory is in its nature not to be described.

In fine, as a mere writer, or even as a mere popular speaker, Dr. Beecher would be much inferior to what he now is. *As* it is, his forte is in the pulpit; and there, it should be observed, the faults we have pointed out excite little or no notice. They are lost in the excitement of sound, strong, clear thought—fresh and warm from the soul—and enforced with the energy and the ingenuity which belong to a powerful mind, thoroughly informed with its subject, and impelled by an earnestness which frequently has all the effect of enthusiasm, with the difference only that the speaker is possessed *of* and not *by* it. As compared with Mr. Finney, his manner of thinking is more substantial and yet quite as subtle. He generalizes, and that exceedingly well, where Mr. Finney descends to a particular instance. He asserts as much, but he argues and proves more. Both are deficient in genuine fluency, and both in taste. Both make amends, by strength in one case, and by simplicity and familiarity in the other; and each of

these redeeming qualities has its ever-attendant errors and extremes. Our own inclination is very decidedly in favor of the former; but a contest on this point may be easily avoided by acknowledging that many men are of many minds. Not one of them can regulate the taste of his neighbor by his own. Not one can be assured (following the words of a 'wise saw') that his neighbor's meat might not be his own poison.

To Somnus.

O thou, the leaden-eyed! with drooping lid
Hanging upon thy sight, and eye half hid
With matted hair—that, with a constant train
Of empty dreams, all shadowless, and vain
As the dim wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave,
With poppies at the mouth, which night winds wave,
And send their breathings downward—on thy bed,
Thine only throne, with darkness overspread,
And curtains black, as are the eyes of night;
Thou who dost come at time of passing light,
And sleep among the woods, where night doth hide
And tremble at the sun, and shadows glide
Among the waving tree-tops; if now there
Thou sleepest in a still and breathless air
Within some nook, amid thick flowers, and moss
Gray colored as thine eyes, while thy dreams toss
Their fantasies about the silent earth,
In waywardness of mirth—
O come and hear the hymn that we are chanting,
Among the starlight through the still leaves slanting.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams,
O'ershaded by broad oaks, with scattered gleams
From the few stars upon them—of the shore
Of the broad sea, with silence sitting o'er,
The great moon hanging out her lamp to gild
The murmuring waves with hues all pure and mild,
Where thou dost lay upon the sounding sands,
And winds come dancing on from southern lands,
With dreams upon their backs, and unseen waves
Of odors in their hands; thou, in the caves
Of the star-lighted clouds, on summer eves
That liest in all ease, while silence leaves
Her influence about thee—in the sea
That liest, heaving the monotony
Of waves far off above thee, like the wings
Of passing dreams, while the great ocean swings
His bulk above thy sand-supported head:
(As chained on his bed
Some giant, with an idleness of motion,
So swings the still and sleep enthralled ocean.)

Thou who dost bless the weary with thy touch,
And makest agony relax his clutch
Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart—
Pale disappointment lose her constant smart,
And sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep
Her life away, and live anew in sleep:
Thou who dost bless the birds, in every place
Where they have sung their songs with wondrous grace
Throughout the day—and now with drooping wing,
Amid the leaves, receive thy welcoming:
Come with thy crowd of dreams, O thou! to whom
All noise is most abhorred, and in this gloom,
Beneath the shaded lightness of the sky,
Where are no sounds, but as the winds go by—
Here touch our eyes, great Somnus, with thy wand.
Ah, here thou art, with touch most light and bland;
And we forget our song, and sink away—
And here until broad day
Come up into the sky, with horses leaping,
Will we recline beneath the vine leaves sleeping. A. P.

SPECTATOR.....No. II.

OUR COUNTRY.

As an unpretending, unambitious citizen, I claim the privilege of giving to the readers of this Magazine, my views upon all subjects, religious and political, in as decorous and impartial a manner as I can. I am not, however, about to shoot a political squib at either of the parties of the day. It is enough to say that they divide the country between them—*divide* it, too truly—they make aged men hang down their heads in shame, and the young, who reflect at all, pause and look for some asylum from the wreck of empire, or something that may retard the downward tendency of the republic.

Our kind fathers have divided the country between them, and are furiously engaged in defacing every thing that is lovely or desirable about it. Its fair, green walks are polluted with the pestiferous breath of slander; its everlasting rocks and high hills echo and re-echo the clamors of contention. Almost every breeze bears upon its wings the loud murmurs of party, which die not away till they reach the monarchical regions of Europe, where they are met by the deep laugh of contempt and derision. Can this be the natural result of freedom? Is its price so great? Who then would not be a slave? Who would not bow his head now and then, when a

monarch nods, and spend the remainder of his time in the rational enjoyments of life, in preference to the continual strife and even danger which continue to be the handmaids of freedom?

Reader, dare you cooly reflect upon the probable loss of your most cherished hopes—and are you a lover of freedom and free institutions? Then turn your eyes around our almost boundless country. Look upon what should be pure, and see how pure it is. See if virtue and honesty are not depreciated; and cherish not the forlorn hope, that, because such things have been before, and the dying groan of dissolution did not succeed—they may be again. To say nothing of the fact that decay is infectious and seldom purified—can you, as a philanthropist, a well wisher of mankind, while the turged oceans of strife are heaving and rolling and dashing their offensive spray upon every thing around you—can you quietly lean your head upon their vapors, and dream that you are supported by imperishable pillars? Talk of our institutions as we may, it is an indisputable fact that they can be of no benefit so long as the community is swayed and divided by the fires of party.

Send out your imagination over the land. From day to day, our eyes and our ears are witnesses of the mighty strugglings of the demon of party. It is here in our closets and there in out public walks, haunting us like a ghost. Like some raging fire, it bursts out wherever we turn the eye. Merchants and mechanics are influenced by it—the minister in his devotions, is not free from it; and nearly all are made more or less furious by its lashings. Friendships, that should be enmities, are formed, and linked together by an 'electric chain,' and when one link is touched an impetus, like the force of the wildest winds, is given to all, and the land is confused by the strife.

It needs not the sight of a god to predict the ultimate result. As we become assimulated to it, so we shall forget the several eras of our course—their flitting chidings and doubts, their alarms and forebodings—until we make party our master in every thing. Courts of justice will be influenced by it; it will corrupt the pure atmosphere of our places of devotion; friendships will receive their coloring from it; talents and learning will be of no avail unless they bend to it. Its poisonous influence will be felt in all the actions of life, and wither every noble, disinterested motive. The mechanic arts will slumber—science will drop her head, and the paths of learning be uncheered by the footsteps of a votary. And,

at last, the altar will receive the blood of victims—the fraternal blood of the land, offered to appease the ruthless god.

Are our grounds of alarm causeless? Have we not, within the course of a year, seen the red banners of disunion hoisted, and the startling doctrine of a dissolution of the confederacy, openly proclaimed? Have not men sitting in seats of power, been engaged in the most disgusting and nauseating quarrels, and have they not sported with the interests of the nation? Would not an impartial surveyor ascribe to them all the motives of a determined banditti who are engaged in dividing the spoils of a splendid achievement? Have they not mistaken the purposes of a free government, and converted it into a stage for the exhibition of those detestable qualities which have convulsed and overturned nations, and made monarchies unpopular?

There are other things which cannot be said here, without an allusion to men of peculiar politics; for even now our very life depends upon our political views. Opinions, however true and disinterested, meet with a poor reception when they clash with pecuniary interest, or the hope of political advancement.

The young can look upon these things without the selfish motives of the more advanced. They can ponder upon them, and acquire, in season for use, that moral firmness and patriotism, by which the torrent may be arrested which threatens to overwhelm our beautiful fabric. It devolves upon them soon to oppose the progress of corruption by stern integrity, and that unyielding firmness, which, in the days of the revolution, made the monster 'don her crown,' and 'smote the plume from tyranny's crest.'—Ignorance is ever the bane of freedom; by leaving unchecked that thoughtless and indiscriminate enthusiasm which acts without regard to justice or desert. The hope is cherished, that ignorant politicians will soon be superseded by those whose advantages of unlimited education have made them superior to the predominating influences of the unlearned. That refinement of mind which science produces, will soon be witnessed in those classes of society, which, in other countries, have been doomed to perpetual inferiority.

It is allowable to laugh at these things, because it is fashionable. But the incredulous sneer will not extinguish the baleful fires, which ever, but more particularly in the exercise of the elective franchise, glow in the bosoms and influence the conduct of so many of the people of this country. The

influence of wisdom and experience must go out over the land from the *capital*—there must be no cup of abomination *there*—and private ends must be sacrificed to the public good.

'then countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress?' 'What other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be—or we will fall for it.' E. B.

Modern Charity.

'The world is still deceived with ornaments.'

It is certainly a natural and a reasonable supposition, that if aught possesses a foundation sufficiently deep and an adaptation to the wants and capacities of mankind of sufficiently extensive application to insure its exemption from perversion, it must be that system of moral truths recognised by reason, attested by conscience, and demonstrated, in innumerable manifestations, by human history and individual experience—that system, in short, which, when practically evinced, we call virtue. And yet it is a subject, we apprehend, concerning which very vague impressions prevail. Few, indeed, can err in determining whether an action or motive is morally right or wrong; but the erroneous conceptions to which we refer, are chiefly manifested in the disproportionate moral worth frequently attached to human conduct. Perhaps this, tending, as it does, to obscure the true glory of virtue, has done more than is generally supposed to lessen its attractiveness. Surely, whatever transforms virtue from a principle innate in man, and capable of endless developement, into an abstract system, and whatever deprives it of its active character, as consisting in moral effort and not in passive subservience, robs it of its birth-right, and thus weakens its hold on human regards. It is eminently an independent principle—the product, alone, of self-exertion; and yet means have been adopted, for the avowed purpose of securing men's allegiance to duty, which presuppose, in their very nature, an agent in the formation of individual virtue more powerful than moral energy and more efficient than virtuous example. But our concern is, to speak of these perversions with reference to that beautiful virtue, charity.

Bacon has significantly compared innovations to births of living creatures, which at first are ill-shapen; but the parallel

must rest here, when applied to many of the modern methods of exercising charity: for it can hardly be anticipated that these will ever assume more symmetrical or consistent forms than they exhibited at their origin. It is beneath the dignity of its office to be ranked with mere amusement; it is too holy to pioneer those whose natural delicacy should interpret its true character, into 'the rank beams of vulgar fame;' it is too closely allied with what is truly excellent, to serve as a bright surface beneath which the turbid waters of contending passions may flow unseen. But even in self-defence, charity will use no other than the weapons of love: it is more meet, therefore, that her advocates should, as far as in them lies, exhibit her true features, than to inveigh against the perversions that bear her name.

It is charity, then, that effaces the bad impression, ere it strengthens into a practice; that respects conscientious opinions too much for difference to be riveted by bigotry; that overlooks error in consideration for the motive; that checks the passionate or thoughtless exclamation, lest the tender cords of feeling should be too widely struck; that exercises its moral and mental functions in a pure and invigorating atmosphere.

And in all this, it is plain that the actuating motive is a respect for and a consequent sympathy with human nature. Thence 'its field is the world.' Charity, then, far from being dependent on momentary sensibility, is essentially founded on principle, and calls into action some of the noblest powers—self-denial, active and widely diffused love, liberality and self-government. It is in its office of relieving outward distress, as in every other manifestation, that charity, like a sister virtue, 'blesses him that gives and him that takes;' and without this double influence, it is evidently miscalled charity.*

Its chief good is within. It is its chief purpose to raise to a common level every member of the human family. And it is with strict reference to this end, that it produces its effects, the cause, like the source of a mighty river, being concealed from the view. It is objected, that the inciting influence of example is thus lost. There are those, however, who are unaffected by the flaming meteor, but whose moral sense is permanently awakened, when attracted to some little star that beams serenely and 'meekly through the kindling air.'

Charity, like every other virtue, is chiefly to be sought for it-

* 'He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion with bowels of pity, doth not this so much for his sake as his own; for by compassion we make others' misery our own, and so by relieving them we relieve ourselves also.'

self; not only as being its own reward, but because it strips self-love of the perversions which have debased it from the guardian and guide of virtue to its deadliest foe. Who can doubt that charity directs the principle of selfishness to its legitimate end, by teaching that the true field for its exercise and the gratification of its desires, can only be found in disinterestedness?

Virtuous sensibility, however wounded by the view of moral evil, never suffers more acutely than when contemplating the low and unworthy standards which are so often made the ordeals of human conduct. Not only is the sublime form of virtue in a measure shrouded, but there is afforded a sad, yet striking proof, that to many is still unrevealed the glory and power of their nature.

'How is it so forgotten? *Will* it live
When the great firmament has rolled away?
Hath it a voice forever audible,
'*I am Eternal!*' *Can* it overcome
This mocking-passion find, and even here
Live like a seraph upon truth and light?'

To a Backwood's Boy,

Running batless, stockingless, and in the remnants of his summer dress, on a wintry day in the streets of Cincinnati.

Hail, hardy representative
Of freedom's boldest class,
Those who like mountain oaks shall stand
When the mortal tempests pass.

'T is the rugged rock that bids the waves
Thus far, no further go;
The golden sands, Oh where are they
In the raging overflow?

And you, brave boy, while the frosty breeze
Sports rudely with your hair,
Playing hide and seek in the mantle rents,
Hear it whisper Hero there.

O Fortune, when your gifts you shower
On your soft dependent train,
How seldom you fail to steal the power
That would make them free again.

And man how like the tree that grows
In an isle of the southern sea;
The poorer the gifts the soil bestows,
More rich and rare the tree.

L. H.

Musical Taste.

[The following remarks are from a communication received some time ago, the whole of which is not inserted on account of several local criticisms and observations not appropriate to our Magazine.]

It is my good fortune to be a great lover of music; and I pass as being an enthusiast in it. I make no pretensions to any particular quantity of taste, or any special nicety of ear; but, though I am somewhat sedate in my character, I am seldom troubled for words when in conversation on the subject of music. I think that any one who converses on music, pays the person with whom he converses one of the best compliments in the world. What can be a greater one, than to show a lady that you think she possesses a rich mind, a nice and delicate ear, and a fine-toned heart; for all these are necessary in order to be a lover of music—and she who possesses them may think herself in truth well endowed.

There is nothing more rare than a good musical taste, unless it be possessed by a good musician; and there is nothing in which taste is so easily satisfied when it is just forming, and so difficult to satisfy after it is well advanced; and until it arrives to a good degree of advancement, there is nothing which varies so much. One man likes nothing but a dancing tune, or a march; another, likes nothing save sacred music; another, nothing but songs. One man cannot hear a beautiful anthem; one does not like a variation;—but it is not very often that you can find a civilized being, to say that he would rather hear a saw whet than the highest note on a violin. I have no hopes of such a man as that; he will never have an integral portion of taste. I have not much hope of one who only likes a dancing tune. I have a kind feeling for one who likes variations; but he should never say that there are too many to Auld Lang Syne:—and when a person likes a concerto, I will shake hands with him.

The most amusing thing about musical taste, is, the countless pretenders to it, and the way in which those who make these pretensions manage. It is thought to be a sure sign that a man has music in his soul when he talks all the time that the best things are playing—and there are a thousand such people in the world. There are multitudes, too, some of whom I have fallen in with, who learn to sing some half dozen psalm tunes, and then set themselves up for judges of music: and I have known one of this class, who could not read a difficult psalm tune at sight, to act with one who could read and play

anything at sight, as if he knew more of music than *he* did. Such people think that they are singers, and judges of music, in which they ought to undeceived.

It is unfortunate, that professors of music are so generally underrated as to character and respectability. There are many who sincerely think that a musician *cannot* be respectable. You cannot make them believe that a member of an orchestra can be an inmate of the first houses, or a visitor in the first company. Such people are entirely ignorant of the fact, that there is a difference between one who scratches a tune in a ball-room, or rattles one of his keys before a militia company, and him whose talents put him as high in the world as the poet, the sculptor, or the painter.. They do not know that a great performer on an instrument, is as talented—and in the same kind of talent—as a great poet. A painter—is his employment not to a considerable degree mechanical? does it depend upon a talent so much as does performance on any instrument? It is a common mistake to say without qualification, that practice makes perfect—and to suppose that any man can become perfect by it; for many would have to practice more than a life time, to equal an Ostinelli, or a Kendall. There is a spirit and a grace in playing, which come from the mind, and which practice may elicit from nature, but cannot create. S.

The Insane Hospital,

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

'Many persons within two miles of this institution have a strange idea of it; they imagine that five or six men are required to take care of a crazy person.'

An opinion not more 'strange' than false, is entertained by a large portion of the community, respecting the Insane Hospital.

A hospital!—why, many suppose that it is a place where sick persons are stowed away in a manner, perhaps, somewhat similar to that in which slaves are placed in the hold of a ship; and think it matters but little to the officers whether the patients live or die. We would not affirm that any one labors under so gross a delusion with regard to this institution; yet we sincerely believe the above paragraph would require but a slight modification, to express what is imagined in many a mind respecting it: yes—to express the notion entertained by the writer of this communication, previous to the year 1831.

During that year, reason took her flight from a beloved father. He became a tenant within those walls. There, for a time, he lived—and there he died. I need not mention that affection called for repeated visits to this place. These visits dispelled a mistaken notion, which hitherto prevented me from viewing this institution in its true light.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to make a few extracts from what is said preceding the 'regulations for the admission and discharge of boarders, published for the information of applicants.'

'The Massachusetts General Hospital was incorporated in 1811. It consists of two departments, the Hospital in Boston, and the McLean Asylum for the Insane in Charlestown. Both departments are under the management of a Board of twelve Trustees, and the inspection of a Board of five Visitors. The latter is composed of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, President of the Senate, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Chaplains of the two Houses. The Trustees serve gratuitously, and are annually chosen—eight by the contributors authorized to vote, and four by the Board of Visitors. A committee of the Trustees visits the Asylum every week; to inspect the buildings, and see that proper care and attention are bestowed upon the boarders.'

Two hundred thousand dollars have been expended on the buildings. 'The charity of the contributors could not be properly and effectually dispensed, without edifices of uncommon construction, and provided with a variety of accommodations. No expense, therefore, has been spared in the erection and gradual extension of the buildings, with every known convenience which the wants of the boarders and the nature of their malady require. A distinct sleeping room is appropriated to each boarder, and the apartments for males and those for females are in buildings entirely separated.' The rooms (not cells, as some imagine) are peculiarly adapted to those for whom they were prepared. They are so constructed as to afford a free circulation of air, warm or cool, which renders them comfortable at all seasons of the year. Some are more retired than others—designed particularly for those who may be confined to their beds, where their friends are at liberty to visit them. Everything with which patients might injure themselves, is kept from them. Besides these, there are halls for exercising, dining rooms, &c.; all of which exhibit extraordinary neatness. Outside of the buildings are yards for exercising, where patients can enjoy the pure air;

and wherever they may be, within or without the buildings, they are under the inspection of keepers or attendants.

The superintending physician, Dr. Wyman, attends strictly to his business. This may be inferred from the fact, that 'he has held this office thirteen years, and has been absent from the Hospital but two nights.' He always exhibits a deep interest in the welfare of the patients, and is ever eager to procure, in addition to the rich variety provided, that *something* which may benefit or satisfy his patient. With regard to his skill, the many persons who were brought to this institution deranged and went away with a sound mind, afford ample proof of his superior abilities as a physician. It is not too much to say that the steward, Mr. Tyler, is a model of kindness. The attendants, too, from their conduct, ever appear to make the case of friends and patients their own. In short, all connected with this institution seem to know their duty, and be willing strictly to perform it. Order and regularity everywhere pervade.

Who will not admit that this is the most proper place for an insane person? We do not say, that death never enters the Hospital; but we do say that everything is done for the patients which human agency can effect. INCEPTOR.

To ———.

False one! I cannot speak thy name,
Still, still too dear to me;
Though not the conscious glow of shame,
Which lights my cheek for thee,
Can blot thine image from my heart,
Or bid the phantom hope depart.

Though I have shun'd thee since the hour
My thoughts were known to thee,
Still I am fettered by a power
From which I cannot flee:
And yet my spirit will not bow
Unto the stroke which rends it now.

To thee I was the soul of truth,
To thee my heart was given;
But thou hast scorned my guileless youth,
And from this bosom driven
The joys thy hand had planted there,
And I have reap'd the fruit—despair.

What though my eye remains unwet,
And outwardly I smile?
Yet my lone heart is desolate,
From pleasure an exile:
And, like a wanderer, I explore
The path which ne'er can know me more.

'T is vain to hope where hope is lost,
Or wither'd, like the flower
Exposed to an untimely frost
Beneath the tempest's power;
And so the breast may feel a chill
As deadly, though it may not kill.

Farewell! farewell! thou art forgiven,
Though thou hast wronged me; still
Thy vow is registered in heaven—
And thou must wait His will,
Whose sentence is, 'what ye have sown
That shall ye reap before my throne.' X.

Mr. Essayist—Frederic Trifler, is a person with whom all the town is acquainted, but whose true character few know. He is quite pleasant in his appearance; and his face is what the ladies call pretty. He is a good dancer, a genteel pedestrian, an interesting and talkative beau—in fine, he is such a person as is apt to win the affections of a lady, and with whom a female, so far as appearances are concerned, would desire to be united. He has several good qualities; but he has one bad one which dims the mirror in which all the rest are discovered. Fond of sporting with that delicately-strung organ, the female heart, he pays attentions to a lady until he winds himself round it, like the subtle, wreathing snake around the stalk of the lilly, causing it first to bend, then to break, next to wither, and last to die.

For instance, he places his cunning eye upon Miss Sophronia Sensitive; and immediately insinuates himself into her company. He soon offers himself to her for a husband; and perhaps without sufficient thought upon so important a subject, she accepts his offer. A little time elapses, when she receives a note similar to the following:

Once Loved Sophronia—I am obliged thus to address you, as I have given my heart to another. I have this moment sent a letter offering myself to a young lady, whose beauty is only superior to yours, as the diamond to the pearl. You see by this, then, that we need have no more intercourse, as it will avail nothing.

I would request some of your correspondents to propose measures for checking this villanous conduct. Q.

A Trip Eastward.

(From the Diary of an Observer.)

MAINE.

The short voyage from St. John's to Eastport was very agreeable, as we embarked about sunset with a gentle but auspicious breeze. On coming upon deck the succeeding morning, we were particularly struck with the peculiar appearance of the sun, it being of a pale green color, and having two or three opaque spots on its disk. But our attention was soon diverted from the most brilliant of natural objects, to a specimen of one of the most interesting varieties of the human species.

Far away to our right, and just visible through the fog, we descried a party of Indians shooting the porpoises as they gambolled near their canoes. This novel kind of hunting is pursued to a considerable extent, and with surprising expertness, by these sons of the forest. The flesh of the animal furnishes their food, and the oil with which it abounds is very saleable.

Two of our fellow passengers, being desirous of reaching their destination as early as possible, halloed to their red brethren, with the hope of inducing them to transport them to the desired haven. For a long time, however, their vocal powers were strained in vain. But, at length, one canoe separated from the rest, and perceptibly approached our packet; and in a few moments she came along side. The canoe was perfectly new, and, to all appearance, as frail as beautiful. Its proprietor was clad in a loose cloth dress, having a silver crucifix on his neck, and two muskets, a powder horn, spear and cap, beside him. When offered nine shillings if he would row them to Eastport, he replied—'Brother, me catch um more'—meaning his game would prove more profitable. Finally, he agreed to perform the voyage for two dollars. When all was ready, he plied his oar, and his light and fragile bark bounded over the waves like a dolphin, and was soon lost to view.

He seemed quite affable and civilized; indeed, the squad of Indians to which he belongs is wholly civilized, and they are all Catholics, inhabiting a pleasant cape a few miles from Eastport, called point Pleasant. This small band, like most of the remnants of the 'lion race,' retain few of the traits of genuine Indian character. Their contiguity with the whites induces dissipated habits, and greatly accelerates the approach of that period when they will become wholly extinct.

The entrance into the harbor of Eastport is quite picturesque. The water seemed boiling under us, so numerous are the currents. Above the steeples and high roofs of the town, the American flag floated gaily in the breeze, 'not a stripe diminished nor a single star obscured,' and formed no unpleasant object to yankee eyes—especially after our sojourn in the Provinces.

In crossing the ferry from Eastport to Lubec, we saw a singular rock, which stands like a pillar on the shore, and which it requires no great effort of imagination to transform into a hermit standing at the entrance of his cell to enjoy the sea breeze. Hence its very appropriate name—'Old Friar.'

At Lubec a mine has been recently discovered. The ore contains lead, copper and some silver, and in its native state is valued at two hundred dollars per ton. It promises to be a source of wealth to the township.

Among the many objects of interest at Portland, is its neat and well-located burying ground. Here repose the three officers who fell in the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer. They are, L. K. Waters, midshipman of the Boxer, who received a wound which ultimately caused his death, Sept. 25th, 1813—(a tablet, with a suitable inscription, was erected by the young men of Portland); William Burrows, commander of the Enterprise, aged 28 years—(his monument was raised by a stranger); and Capt. S. Blithe, commander of the Boxer.

The view of these three graves forms a subject of reflection too striking not to arrest the thoughts. There lie, side by side, three men, in life enemies. The same principle animated their breasts, alike they burned with the ardor of the contest and the hope of victory, and 'in death laid low' they rest together.

The rocky coast and immense woodlands which characterize the eastern portion of our country, have caused us, almost habitually, to regard it as deficient in attractiveness. This sentiment is just only as respects those portions of forest land which lie half-cleared, or exhibiting the desolate and blackened remnants of extensive burnings.

The interest excited by the present condition of Maine, arises from the fact that its internal resources are continually augmenting, both in number and productiveness.

Of these resources, by far the most extensive and promising are the almost interminable forests, which, far from being exhausted, are to a considerable extent unexplored.

The timber thus afforded forms the staple article of trade; and this trade involves a much greater risk than at first

might be imagined. The constant and assiduous labors of overseers are requisite to counteract the trespassing which is continually going on, notwithstanding the penalties of the law are great and rigidly enforced.

In this connection we cannot but percieve what an immense advantage is derived from the Kennebec river. Without it, this mine of wealth would, to a great degree, be unproductive. It beautifies the state, and forms a medium of communication which no art can rival. The Kennebec is one hundred and seventy miles long, and rises in a remarkable lake called Moosehead Lake, which is seventy miles long, and from ten to forty wide. The banks of the river are adorned with beautiful towns and villages, and upon its waters, at the proper seasons, may be seen hundreds of logs rafting down, and numerous small craft; and one or two steamboats (too ordinary it must be confessed) ply between the principal towns.

Possessing such natural advantages, it is certainly reasonable to anticipate the rapid growth of Maine. A proper spirit among the inhabitants seems all that is requisite; and this is evidently at work in the more thickly settled parts of the state. But in the country there is less enterprise, chiefly owing to the superabundance of land in proportion to the population; and the good people are too well satisfied to compromise with true prudence and industry, and to stuff an old hat or petticoat into the broken pane, and to let the shattered barn fall gradually, but surely, to ruins.

A generation of hardy and industrious men, and the total abolishment of the intemperate habits which at present prevail, (though in this respect there has been a decided improvement within a few years,) seem to be the chief means by which the resources of this state are to be developed, the river navigation improved, the stumps, which deform the fields, to be cleared away, and the whole face of the country more thoroughly fertilized. RAMBLER.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

EXILED from his native land, man always sighs to retrace his wanderings thence, and there to end his weary pilgrimage. Be he high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, one thrilling emotion of love for country pervades his soul. Of the land of dreariness and desolation, as well as that of waving fields and fruitful harvests; of the frozen regions of Greenland and the torrid wastes of Africa, as well as the bright vale

of Europe and America; their sons and citizens think, and upon them they gaze with feelings of the most ardent affection. Though there scarce remains a trace of loved objects with which he was once familiar, and though friend after friend has departed to the silent tomb, severing the silken chains which bind the soul to earth; the man, long resident in foreign abodes, still with sadness thinks of the time when he exclaimed in the words of poesy, 'My native land, good night'; and burns to sing for a joyful return thither a grateful hymn of praise.

But whence is this attachment? Are there no ties more closely knit around the heart, no chords whose vibrations are most quick, and whose sweet and gentle music sends through the soul a thrill of intenser emotion? Watch the operations of his mind, who 'remote, unfriended,' and alone, turns towards his native land his wistful eye. At the mention of his country's name, his thoughts fly over extended lands and oceans, unimpeded by lofty mountains, unattracted by nature's ornaments, leaving the sublime, the grand and the beautiful without a passing notice. As they draw nearer her shores, the mental eye is directed with earnest look to see the horison's dim outline first broken by the distant blue. Soon they arrive; soon the beloved soil is traversed from one boundary to another, and noticed in every part. But swift as the dove to Noah's ark, so to one narrow spot, the thoughts pursue their flight; and there they hover, looking at every object and scanning every face. Shortly, however, forgetting all else, they gather, like the solar beams tending to a focus, upon one loved mansion. They enter it,—and extatic and unquenchable emotions rise within the soul. There they embrace the father they reverence, who guided them in youth by his sage counsels,—there they are welcomed by the fond mother, who watched their infant days, whose memory has ever since clung to them, and whose picture has ever been deeply engraven upon the heart. Brothers and sisters cluster around, to give the cordial greeting and to gaze upon the returned wanderer with fond affection. It was in this abode the man began existence. It was here that light first dawned upon the eye; the air of life was first inhaled; and the melody of a mother's soothing voice first broke upon the deafness of the ear. It was here the soul began to think, to act, to live. Here were instilled the first rays of knowledge. Here were spent the bright rosy hours of younger days, full of hilarity and mirth, and freed from every corroding care. Here were the companions of youth; here were cherished the day-

dreams of future happiness and glory. Here, too, as age advanced, the mental vision enlarged, the capacities of the soul multiplied, and the objects and ends of life were first discerned. Home! It has been the subject of the poet's song, the painter's pencil, and the musician's harp. Its picture is stamped upon every soul, indelible as the marble inscription, and lasting as life. Home,—

> 'Where ere man roams, whatever lands to see,
> His heart, untravelled, fondly turns thee.'

Since, then, every association of early life is connected with home, and every object so connected is endeared to the heart, the patriot's bosom warms with his country's love. In proportion, too, as an object is united with home, it engages his affections. Home is first the paternal roof; and then it is the social circle. This is included by the community and state, which are themselves embraced by the body politic. Such is the commencement and origin of love of country.

This love is enhanced by a familiarity with her laws, an attachment to her manners and customs, an interest in her institutions and her glorious exploits. The patriot's 'first, best country, ever is at home.' She is the standard by which he judges of foreign climes and nations. Incited by this sacred principle of love, he rouses his powers and energies, and raises himself to usefulness and esteem. The patriot, who sees his country threatened by foreign foes, or distracted with internal commotions, actuated by a fond regard for her, enlists in her cause. Is he a warrior? he fights her battles; for her he sheds his blood, for her he dies. Is he a statesman? with keenness he watches the movements of surrounding nations, that for her he may frame councils of wisdom, which shall ward off every deadly blow. He pleads her interests with the earnest eloquence of love and zeal. Whatever he be,—with her he stands or falls. For her he spends, and is willing to be spent. Her institutions he supports, her laws he loves, her welfare he seeks, and her renown he desires to promote.

To Americans, what theme is more cheering than the praise of the land they love! As the sun first purples, then gilds the eastern horizon, then mounts aloft on his majestic course, 'rejoicing as a strong man to run a race,' and diffusing his glories with ardent blaze, so America, emerging from obscurity, has risen higher with passing years, and shone brighter and brighter until the present moment. Arising too, at a period when Europe was herself removing the superstitions

of the dark ages, and was bringing the light of the glorious reformation to drive error from her secret corners. America has outstripped the mother countries in the pursuit of liberty,—has become a beacon to the world, portending emancipation from the slavery of despotism,—and with distinction takes her seat among the nations. These intently view her lofty and commanding eminence, and burn with ardor to follow in her train. Her fame has gone abroad into all the world. Her name and her flag are a passport to every clime, and are greeted by every people. The fountains of knowledge, scattered over her territories, enlighten the minds of all her children. Peace and prosperity reign within and around her borders. Her course is still onward. Her influence on the destiny of man is to be predominant. She is to take the lead, not only in the glorious march of freedom, in which nations are already marshalling under her banner, but also in advancing the great moral interests of mankind.

Justly proud of his country, let every American watch that her escutcheon be free from every stain. Prompted by her love, and aroused to new zeal in her cause, let him seek to increase her glory; let him elevate her character, by his own patriotic deeds, his own virtues, his own example. Let him fix his eye upon his country's polar star, immortal Washington, and turning toward all the shining constellations of worthies, which have arisen to bespangle the firmament of her heaven, let him follow in their luminous path. Then, elevated above all grovelling aims and partizan contentions, and adorned with the greatness of soul, and the fervent piety of his ancestors, he shall rise with the eagle of America, upon bolder wing, and shall only cease his flight to repose with her upon the sun, the glorious fountain of light, the summit of the universe. W. Y.

Extract from a recent Letter to the Editor.

Associations for Mutual Improvement in Providence, R. I.

The Franklin Society stands at the head of the list. It has about thirty members, who evince a very honorable ambition to become respectable in scientific attainments, and are generally very respectable as literary men. During the past winter, an acceptable course of lectures was delivered to about three hundred auditors. The society possesses a valuable philosophical apparatus, a cabinet of natural and arti-

ficial curiosities of considerable value, and a small library. The legislature of the state recently passed an act authorizing the society to raise five thousand dollars by lottery, by which its means of usefulness have been much increased.

The Westminster Debating Society comes next in order. Its energies are devoted to the improvement of its members in composition and elocution, many of whom have obtained much benefit from attending the exercises of the society. It has thirty active members, who have attempted the establishment of a library and cabinet, but have only succeeded in laying the foundation. It has been in existence about five years, and if conducted as it has been, will long continue to be useful. Four members are appointed to speak once each on every question, after which the debate is free for all present. One week's notice is given of duty to speak. The questions are selected from a list presented by a committee appointed at each quarterly meeting. Every member in his turn is required to read an original essay. Lectures are occasionally given voluntarily on the part of members. None but members are admitted to the regular meetings, which are held on Tuesday evenings throughout the year.

There is a society whose name the following letters express: T. R. I. A. O. E. A. O. F. sometimes called the T. R. I. or the Odd Fellows. Its object is similar to that of the foregoing, but I believe not so well effected. It has a large number of members, or is said to have, who meet rather for amusement than for any other purpose, though questions are discussed, and other literary exercises performed.

The Providence Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, has recently completed its 45th year; a very respectable body, but making no pretensions to literature. Of late, occasional lectures have been delivered by several of the members, and an attempt is now making by the younger members to obtain an appropriation of five hundred dollars to procure sufficient apparatus for the elucidation of popular subjects. With what success this attempt will meet, a few days will determine.* The Association has a fund of five thousand dollars, and a respectable library.

The Providence Library Association has for some time past been in a state of lethargy, but is awakening, and erecting a stone building for its books. The number I do not know, but am told the collection is somewhat extensive.

* Since this account was received, we have learned that this sum was obtained.—Ed.

The Providence Athenæum has recently commenced operations, and has now collected about two thousand volumes, many of them valuable. Its stock is divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each, and has about six thousand dollars subscribed. D.

Love Melancholy....No. I.

By Democritus, Jr.—abridged for the Essayist by Franklin, Jr.

PREFACE.

There will not be wanting, I presume, one or other that will much discommend some parts of this Treatise of Love Melancholy, and object, that it is too light for a divine, too comical a subject to speak of love symptoms, too fantastical, and fit alone for a wanton poet, a feeling young lovesick gallant, an effeminate courtier, or some such idle person. And 't is true, they say: for, by the folly of men, it is so come to pass, the very name of love is odious to chaster ears; and therefore some again, out of an affected gravity, will dislike all for the name sake before they read a word; and seem to be angry that their ears are violated with such obscene speeches, that so they may be admired for grave philosophers, and staid carriage. They cannot abide to hear talk of love toys, or amorous discourses: and yet in their cogitations, they are all out as bad, if not worse than others. But let these cavillers and counterfeit Catos know, that, as lord John answered the queen, an old, grave, discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters, because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions, and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors on such a subject, and, by reason of his riper years, sooner divert. Besides, love is a species of melancholy, and a necessary part of this my treatise, which I may not omit, and I must and will perform my task. And that short excuse of Mercerus, for his edition of Aristænetus, shall be mine; 'If I have spent my time ill to write, let them not be so idle as to read.' But I am persuaded it is not so ill spent; I ought not to excuse or repent myself of this subject, on which many grave and worthy men have written whole volumes. Cadmus Milesius wrote fourteen books of love; and why should I be ashamed to write an epistle in favor of young men, on this subject. Plat

was reproved without cause for writing on love matters; for all love is honest and good, and they are worthy to be loved that speak well of love. Being to speak of this admirable affection of love, says Valleirola, 'there lies open a vast and philosophical field to my discourse, by which many lovers become mad; let me leave my more serious meditations, wander in these philosophical fields, and look into those pleasant groves of the Muses, where, with unspeakable variety of flowers, we may make garlands to ourselves, not to adorn us only, but with their pleasant smell and juice to nourish our souls, and fill our minds desirous of knowledge.' The comical poet made it his only care and sole study, to please the people, tickle the ear, and to delight; but my earnest intent is as much to profit as to please: and these my writings, I hope, shall take like gilt pills, which are so composed, as well to tempt the appetite, and deceive the palate, as to help and medicinally work upon the whole body: my lines shall not only recreate, but rectify the mind.

And thus much I have thought good to say by way of preface, lest any man should blame in me lightness, wantonness, rashness, in speaking of love cases, enticements, symptoms, remedies, lawful and unlawful loves, and lust itself. 'I speak it only to tax and deter others from it; not to show the vanities and fopperies of this heroical or Herculean love, and to apply remedies unto it. I beseach thee, good reader, not to mistake me, or misconstrue what is here written. 'T is a comical subject: in sober sadness I crave pardon for what is amiss, and desire thee to suspend thy judgment, wink at small faults, or to be silent at least; but if thou likest, speak well of it, and wish me good success.

I am resolved, in the Olympics, with those Œliesian wrestlers in Philostratus, boldly to show myself in this common stage, and in this tragi-comedy of love, to act several parts, some satirically, some comically, some in a mixed tone, as the subject I have in hand gives occasion, and present scene shall require, or offer itself.

Essayist Room.

First Book of the Fine and Useful Arts, for the use of Schools and Lyceums—compiled by Marshall S. Perry, M. D. Boston, Carter and Hendee. 12mo. pp. 126.

We think a work of this character is called for at the present time. Besides the valuable information it affords to the young student, it is well calculated to incite a deep interest in the study of the fine and useful arts, and thereby lead to the perusal of more elaborate treatises. It also meets the wants of those classes of the community who have not time to read, or are not able to purchase, expensive books on the various arts, as the series will probably furnish all the information that is absolutely necessary in the common walks of life. It seems to be compiled with good judgment; and we do not hesitate to recommend it as affording, at a cheap rate, an amount of knowledge of the arts which every citizen ought to possess.

An Address delivered before the Teachers of the Hancock Sunday School, March, 1832. By the Superintendent. Boston, 1832, 12mo. pp. 24.

We always feel gratified in having an opportunity to peruse a production, of any description, written by a business man. Though it may not bear the marks of extensive scholarship, yet it may contain practical truths far more valuable than the mere speculations of the man of learning, who has had comparatively little experience in the active concerns of life. A studious mind in the business world, is not only fitted for active duties which no other mind can perform, but possesses pre-eminent advantages for becoming well disciplined, and qualified to decide upon the practicability of the theories of the learned. It is difficult for a business student to become a finished writer; but whatever his qualifications in this respect may be, his practical knowledge cannot fail to fit him for extensive usefulness, both in the intellectual and moral world.

These remarks apply, in a particular manner, to religious knowledge. Who is so well qualified to ascertain the truth or falsehood of a religious principle, as the man who mingles with the world, and watches its effects on different minds under the various circumstances which affect the actions of men? and who possesses so many advantages for learning the best method of communicating religious information to the human understanding? The divine may point to the sun of religious

knowledge, which shines upon this portion of the universe of God, feeling and believing that it is a luminary of heaven; but who is so well able to judge of its efficiency in dispelling those clouds which darken the intellect, and occasion the corruption of the heart, as the man to whose feet it has been a light and to whose path it has been a lamp, amid the thousand shifting scenes of active life?

The writer of the pamphlet before us, is well known as a bookseller and publisher in this city. It seems to have been written somewhat in haste, as there are several trifling faults in style, which the author might doubtless have avoided if he had devoted a little more attention to this department of his composition. But, as a whole, the Address exhibits a well informed mind, and a feeling of benevolence which could spring only from a heart imbued with the spirit of christianity. We rejoice to see such young men volunteer their efforts to guide the youth of our country in the green paths of wisdom. It bespeaks a noble spirit, which we trust will continue to awaken in the bosoms of our young men, until the present popular standard of excellence among a large portion of them, shall be universally looked upon as being what it is in reality —a narrow, degraded standard, unworthy of the aspirations of a mortal, to say nothing of an immortal mind.

The following passage shows a practical knowledge of the results of a serious study of the Bible:

'But in that preparation, that study and investigation which the teacher gives to Holy Writ, we discover gradually the mind developing itself; the faculties are called into exercise, the sentiment and taste become refined and elevated, and the character assumes a new aspect. He is breaking through the mist that had gathered around him, and his mind, though it had become dimmed, now starts forth afresh. The book of revealed truth leads him to other studies, and science and natural religion claim his attention, and he soon becomes interested in his researches, and enjoys that mental happiness which raises him in the scale of being, and enables him to dispense more readily to others that knowledge which is becoming so precious to himself. How many who began in these institutions with minds no way distinguished, have found their capacities enlarged, and developed important traits of character by the simple preparation of their Sunday lesson. Thus nourished and strengthened, the mind gradually gains in mental and moral power.'

It may be thought that we have wandered from our sphere, in thus noticing a religious pamphlet. If any apology is necessary, we need only to say, that we deem the circumstance of the writer's being a respectable business as well as a young man, sufficient to render the foregoing remarks appropriate to our Magazine.

Poems of Miss Hannah F. Gould. Boston, Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, 1832. pp. 174.

The poetry of Miss Gould is so well known to the public that we deem it unnecessary to offer any mere general remarks on the work before us; especially as we intend soon to give a particular notice of all our female writers in the poetical department. Still we cannot but express the gratification we received from the perusal of many of these poems, together with our hope that the book will meet with an extensive sale. We shall extract one of her imitations of the Scottish.

THE SILLER PEN.

I tell ye what! twixt frien' and frien',
I dinna like the siller pen.
An', sin my reason ye wad ken,
  Tho' odd enough, I 'll gie it.
It is too perfect—ilka part
It does, is wi' sic care an' art,
There's nae a particle o' heart
  Or feelin' gangin wi' it!

'T is nae the siller I despise;
For poortith loud an' daily cries;
An', if I had but mair supplies,
  I 'd then feel a' the better.
But, tho' 't wad truly glad my een
To see its bright an' cheerfu' sheen,
My purse's hollow sides between,
  Ise shun it in the letter!

I wad na see the new-born thought,
Laid on the sheet, sae stiff an' straught,
As if 't were dead, an' cauld; an' braught
  Before me for interment.
I like the gracefu', yieldin nib,
To gang sae careless an' sae glib,
An' shoot my fancies, like a squib,
  Just while they 're in the ferment!

An', whiles (ye 've, aiblins, felt the pain,)
I wait upon the tardy brain
For something I can ne'er obtain,
  An' founder'd a' thegether;
I like, if I can do nae mair,
To hae the quill to scrape an' pare,
An' find the faut o' dullness there,
  In honest goosie's feather.

For nature's laws maun be obey'd,
An' this is ane she strictly laid
On ilka saul she ever made,
  Down frae our earliest mither:
'Be sel your first an' greatest care—
Frae a' reproach the darlin' spare,
An', ony blame, that she should bear,
  Pit off upon anither!'

Had nature ta'en a second thought,
A better precept she had taught;
An' guid instead o' evil wrought
By those the power possessin'!
For, sel had been pit out o' sight,
The love o' ithers brought to light:
In short, the wrang had a' been right,
An' man to man a blessin'!

ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL OF EUGENE ARAM. First American, from the eleventh London edition. Boston, B. Franklin Edmands, 1832.

THE lovers of stories about murderous catastrophes, will no doubt meet with uncommon gratification in the perusal of this narrative. It is said to be genuine, and the groundwork of Bulwer's Eugene Aram. At the end of the pamphlet is the famous poetical piece entitled, 'Dream of Eugene Aram,' by Thomas Hood, Esq.

BOSTON LITERARY MAGAZINE. Edited by an Association of Gentlemen. Boston, Clapp & Hull, 1832. pp. 48.

THE second number of this Magazine is more interesting and promising than the first. It has the ascendency over several of the periodicals of the day, from the fact that it is calculated to exert a good moral influence wherever it is circulated, as well as to instruct and amuse. We may notice it more particularly when its editors shall have had more opportunity to establish its literary character.

NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM.—This establishment has undergone a thorough repair since it was partially burnt, and the new arrangements which have been made, render it better fitted for the reception of visitors than it was previous to the fire. The Paintings, alone, with which the Museum is now embellished, will constitute a rich entertainment to all who are disposed to patronize it.

ASSOCIATIONS OF YOUNG MEN.—Being desirous of publishing a list of the Associations of Young Men in our country, for religious, moral, intellectual or political purposes, we shall esteem it a favor to be furnished with the names of any Associations of this class, with which our friends may be acquainted, together with a brief statement of their objects.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. JULY, 1832. No. VII.

FEMALE AMERICAN LITERATURE.

SOME of our readers may perhaps feel disposed to quarrel with us at the threshold of our present essay, for undertaking to discuss a matter not in existence. There is no such thing, say they, as a female literature in this country—meaning, of course, a body of original productions from the pens of the gentle sex, of such quality and such quantity, as both to bear a character, and to give pledge to the public that such character is settled and sincere, and may be maintained hereafter. Now, we shall waive an argument on this point. If there is indeed no such thing, we can have no better apology than that very fact. It is at least a singular phenomenon; for it must be acknowledged, there are not many countries in christendom where a similar remark can be justly applied. France is as highly distinguished by her Sevigné and De Stael, as by her Voltaire and Rousseau, and far more honorably withal. Mrs. Montagu's Letters are read with more than the admiration of Gray's. The names of Opie, Moore, Baillie, Howitt, and Edgeworth, are scarcely less prevalent that those of Campbell and Scott; while that of Mrs. Hemans—alone sufficient to illustrate the land and the age of her birth—how many myriads of tongues has it dwelt upon; how many hearts has it cheered, in city and country, in hut and hall, from our own 'stern and rock-bound shore' to the green hills of Scotland and the far-off banks of the Ganges. No such influence has been exerted—it must be confessed—no such reputation has been acquired, by an American female. No essay-writer, no letter-writer, no dramatist—and scarcely a novelist or a poet, we had almost said—has arisen to maintain the dignity of the sex, or promote the literary character of their native land.

Why is it thus? Few will have the hardihood to apply to our ladies that bigoted and churlish sentiment which some of the European naturalists have heretofore applied to the lower orders of American animals. No person whose own observation entitles his opinion to notice, will deny them a fair share of the talent which generally characterizes the sex. *The* talent, we say. We find ourselves unconsciously, but constantly, running upon the snags of old moot questions—but we are resolved to argue nothing. *The* talent, we repeat, whatever may be its kind or degree. In several departments of literature, the ladies have certainly been distinguished; and we will not undertake to prove that they *might* not be in all. In others, especially in essay and epistolary writing, and in species of poetry, they have been the models and the admiration of the world. Again, then, why is it otherwise among ourselves?

To be brief, the same circumstances exist to account for this deficiency which have heretofore operated, in a considerable if not equal degree, to keep back our literature in general. Some of our men of *science*, indeed, are well known abroad; and so are some of our men of *sense*—our generals, statesmen, politicians, and inventors—our Washingtons, Franklins, Clintons, and Fultons. But '*who reads an American book?*'—was but too pertinent a question a few years ago, and not more than one or two writers have recently done much to remove either the prejudice or the occasion of it. The cause lies in the political situation of the country, and the practical character of the people. Nobody has leisure to read or write, as either reading or writing should be done. There are no sources of opulent patronage sufficient to induce the best exertions of genius independently of the *market*. That division of labor, so necessary to success in all departments, is hardly yet known in literature. No professed scholars or writers can be supported; and if they are, they must be scholars *in*, and writers *of*, everything; and therefore can effect comparatively nothing. Now, if such be true of our male population—if their occupations and taste be so practical, so pressing, so exclusive—how must it be with the other sex, who have not only to share and sympathize in all these, but to sustain the additional burthen which belongs, in every situation, to the sister, mother, and wife. She whose ambition, or energy, or folly—not listlessness, or leisure, or learning, or love of writing, as in other countries—leads her to attempt an author's career among us, must do it half the time at the expense instead of benefit of her reputation; and always with a

nursery overhead, and a kitchen underneath—knitting-needles in one hand, and frocks for 'small children' in the other.

And here we may be asked, Is not this a proper and necessary state of things?—(another obstruction risen to the surface of the smooth stream we were sailing on)—to which we should make answer, as we have made a statement of facts, applicable to our literature at large. It *is*, to a certain extent, both proper and necessary. It must be so for some time to come. But it is less so now than it has been, and the objection is growing every day less weighty. Nor even now, can a general rule be laid down for all ladies, any more than for all gentlemen. It must depend upon the education, situation, talent and taste in each particular case.

But most persons will agree that, so far as we undertake such a thing as female literature at all, the better it is, the better it must be, both for writers and readers, and especially for the reputation of the country. What, then, are the best qualities of a female writer; and what are the departments in which she may be expected to meet with most success, to give most pleasure, and to do most good?

We answer—those qualities and those departments whereby and wherein she may effect an influence over the public which shall precisely correspond to that personal influence over her private acquaintance, which it is the peculiar province, the highest pride of the sex to establish and to extend. Her means of course must be literary, but let her motive and aim be a moral one. She must address the head, as the door-keeper of the heart. Let her faculties of observation and delineation be exerted to show what society is, while nature and truth are sedulously held up to illustrate what it should be. Then let the fascination of genius, like that of manners, do all that it may, to enforce what it teaches. Let it appeal, as it knows how to do so irresistibly, to the better feelings of our nature. Let it wake up honor, humanity, patriotism, piety, natural affection—the pure and true love of God, our race, our country, our kindred and ourselves. Such should be the glory of female literature, because it is, and as it is, the glory of female life.

We had proposed to notice, in the course of this article, some of the most distinguished of our female writers, and especially the writers of poetry, but the space we have already occupied makes it improper to enter into such analysises or strictures as would do them justice. Of our most voluminous poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, our opinion is, that she writes too much and too fast, though frequently well, and occasion-

ally very well. She wants discipline, however, and she also wants dignity. In a word, she does not set a sufficiently high estimate on either the science or the art of poetry—to do which, it is neither necessary to sacrifice the natural feelings or the sound sense which belong to her intellect. Will any one charge Mrs. Hemans with such deficiencies; and yet who has more of the art or the science of poetry. Mrs. Sigourney does not generally, perhaps in her circumstances connot, do justice to *herself;* and, of course, in saying this, we set a high estimate on her abilities.

Miss Gould's name occurs to us, because she has just published a little volume of poems, which happen to lie before us. She, like Mrs. Sigourney, has the merit of thinking and feeling well, and she also wants caution and drilling. As extempore poetry alone, hers may be considered highly creditable, though rather for what it indicates than for what it is. Some of her passages have a feminine charm about them, which delights all readers. Delicacy is her first recommendation, and simplicity her second; but she has also humor, ingenuity, and an unsuspicious, unaffected care of composition which refreshes the reader of more labored and learned productions, like an odor of new-mown hay, this hot weather, or a breeze from the ocean. A very good specimen of her manner is the following little piece which she very probably wrote in fifteen minutes:

CUPID'S WARNING.

'Take heed! take heed!
They will go with speed;
For I 've just new-strung my bow!
My quiver is full; and if oft I pull,
Some arrow may hit, you know,
You know, you know,
Some arrow may hit, you know.'

'Oh! pull away,'
Did the maiden say,
'For who is the coward to mind
A shaft that 's flung by a boy so young,
When both of his eyes are blind,
Are blind, are blind,
When both of his eyes are blind?'

His bow he drew;
And the shafts they flew,
Till the maiden was heard to cry,
'Oh! take the dart from my aching heart,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!
I die, I die,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!'

He said, and smiled,
'I am but a child,
And should have no skill to find,
E'en with both my eyes, where the dart now lies;
Then you know, fair maid, I 'm blind,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind,
You know, fair maid, I 'm blind!''

THE COBBLER'S GENIUS....No. II.

'The most subtle reasoning would fail of convincing you, that circumstances cannot render a man truly great or happy. I will now give you examples, point out traits in human nature, and shew the fallacy of human reasoning and judgment. Behold! I felt a numbness seize me; my eyes reeled in their sockets; I felt a singular kind of dizziness in my head; I lost all feeling in my extremities, and insensibility gradually spread all over me; I now felt a rattling in my throat, a slight pricking in my brain, and for an instant I became insensible. My powers were lost but for an instant, and I found myself in a neatly furnished room. Every object appeared more distinct to my view than it had ever done before, but how it could be so, I knew not. I felt sensible that I was present, but in what manner I knew not. I could see every object around me, but could see nothing of myself, neither could I feel. I was like a thought turned to a distant home, or a sigh from the heart when absent from the object of one's love. 'Observe,' said the genius, who was still present to my sight, 'the youth who reclines so listlessly upon that sofa. Mark what a finely-turned head—it would be the admiration of a sculptor. See the changes of his countenance; the glance of his eye; the gradual knitting of his brows; the enlargement and glowing of the right eye, and the contraction and scintillation of the left. There is soul in that; a glowing fire that could inflame the imagination of a poet. This youth gives an example of the insufficiency of intellectual greatness to render its possessor happy. He was formed in nature's finest mould; one faculty is in due proportion to another; he possesses a splendid imagination, chastened by correct judgment, deep penetration, quick apprehension, and a powerful command of ideas. But, as is the case with most of those who possess uncommon genius, he lacks concentration; so that his splendid powers are of no use to himself or to the world. Still, if this be a natural defect, which I shall not say, it might be remedied if he would take pains to restrain

his impatience, and expel irrelevant thoughts; if it is an acquired fault, the same means, together with the formation of correct ideas upon the subject I am now treating upon, would have the same effect. I see you wonder at my last position. You would ask what effects correct ideas &c. can have upon concentration? The same effect they have upon happiness, although the first is in no way connected with the last; but as this effect has an intimate connection with the moral of this example, if you pay particuliar attention, you may, perhaps, of yourself, discover the fact.

This youth, as I told you, is possessed of uncommon abilities, which, properly cultivated and dircted, would lead him to eminence. But he is unfortunately possessed of very fine and acute feelings, which, on account of early association and ill-directed pursuits, have been so strengthened and perverted, that they have reversed the order of nature; rendered those faculties which were intended to promote refined happiness and preserve from dishonor, a continual cause of torment; so distracted his attention, that he will not long continue his thoughts upon any one subject; and thus render him unfit for happiness or usefulness. One possessed of so perfect capabilities could not fail early to compare one thought with another, and draw conclusions. Owing to natural susceptibility, timidity of thought and fear of giving offence, he formed sentimental ideas of things, which, by imperceptible degrees, rendered him so foolishly sensitive, that he looked upon himself as inferior to every one around him. He supposed that they must look upon him with contempt; and finally, disbelieved that any one could behold him with either love or friendship. Spending most of his time from infancy among strangers, and his parents being ignorant of the means, or thinking it of no consequence, to teach him how to form correct ideas, his early impressions were strengthened, and became a component part of his character. He considered his powers of an inferior kind, and thought it was of no consequence to cultivate them. He thought of the last celebrated productions of the age, and because he could not equal them, he concluded he could do nothing. He would sometimes attempt something, and always attempting something difficult, if he could not immediately succeed, he thought he had hardly common sense, and gave it up in despair. He would consequently fly from one thing to another, and thus, from having formed incorrect ideas of things, he lost the power of concentration, and notwithstanding his splendid

powers, became the insignificant thing he thought himself. Flying from deep and abstruse thoughts and studies, he delighted in romantic tales of fiction; he formed many opinions from these high-wrought and unnatural descriptions of ideal manners, and erected an imaginary standard in his mind, as foolish and unnatural as the stories upon which it was based. He now looked for something extraordinary and romantic, and looked with unconcern upon the every-day affairs of life. He existed in a kind of dream, which, sometimes presenting some of his romantic images, he reveled in with delight, and even imagined himself to be somewhat superior to other men. At other times, his disposition causing him to look upon the dark side, and his romantic ideas leading him to think all men devoid of feeling, and as falling infinitely below his standard, and himself as alone in the world with no one to sympathize with him, he would be sunk in the greatest misery. What other men look upon as trivial, and unworthy of notice sinks him into listless despondency, and from the preponderancy of disagreeable circumstances and thoughts, he is as comfortless a being as a disordered imagination can make.

Think not that these traits of character are known to those by whom he is surrounded. No! he is thought by them to be a wild, reckless being, somewhat 'odd,' but withal possessing superior talents. He himself is not aware of the circumstances which formed his character. He supposes his ideas to be correct, and that other men are blinded by vanity and prejudice. As on subjects not connected with himself, he has a superior judgment, it would be impossible to convince him that his conclusions are not equally correct when they have reference to himself. His penetration, although it leads him to discover things that are imperceptible to others, sometimes leads him to discover things that never had existed, and thus his conclusions, drawn from imaginary premises, make him commit actions of which otherwise he would be ashamed.

I perceive you would ask me the occasion of his present despondency? Imagination. Two evenings since he attended a ball given by a young lady whom he holds in high estimation. In the course of the evening he was conversing with her upon a subject, which, from particular circumstances with which she was unacquainted, was of great interest to him. He had just come to an important point, when he was interrupted by another gentleman of the party, whom he imagined to possess greater personal attractions than himself; and supposing that his own conversation could consequently be dispensed with, he relapsed into silence. The lady, in a measure compelled to support

a conversation with the new comer, endeavored to make the time pass as agreeably as possible; but as there had never been other than a tacit understanding between her and this absent lover, she could use no means to induce hin to take a part in the conversation. He drew himself back in the nitch of the window in which he was sitting, and, shrouded in his gloomy thoughts, paid strict attention to the actions of, as he thought, his fickle mistress. Even a common observer could have seen that the lady wished the intruder away, and that she felt great emotion on account of this singular reserve. His powers of penetration and judgment, being now to be exercised upon his own account, were worse than useless. He forgot that, as she knew nothing of the interest he took in their late conversation, she could not be supposed to feel the same interest with himself. He saw she could not conceal a slight uneasiness, and attributed it to admiration of the intruder, and uneasiness at his presence: and even those anxious looks which she repeatedly cast toward him, which even a fool, if he were not jealous, could not have misunderstood, he supposed to arise from a wish for his absence. Having let these thoughts pass through his mind, he became a convert to their correctness, and, rising abruptly, he bowed to the lady, while his countenance exhibited one of those gloomy aching smiles which you have already seen pass over his features, and walked into another room. Had he not felt great interest in the subject of their previous conversation, he would not have observed anything particular in the actions of the lady; but the chagrin which he felt at being disturbed, caused him to look with a jaundiced eye upon what passed between her and the intruder—for when the equalibrium of the mind is once disturbed, and disagreeable thoughts gain the ascendency, association and perverted judgment, will soon produce an irresistible preponderancy. He now forgot that he had engaged her for the next set, and walked about with a chilling scowl upon his face, cutting half his acquaintance, and grumbling gruffly at the rest. His sensitive feelings soon got the better of his anger. He thought it could not be wondered at, that this gentleman was preferred to him, and concluded that this was only a new proof of his insignificance in the eyes of the world. These thoughts produced a change in his actions. The scowl left his face; he lost his proud step; he seemed as if he would crawl into any place to escape observation; and, bursting into tears, he left the house. The young lady was mortified by his actions when he left her, and, as she could not account for his reserve, she thought that something must be wrong. When she observed that he did

not come to claim her hand for the next cotillon, she felt his neglect keenly, and a stranger feeling than mortification took possession of her bosom. This reserve appeared the more strange, as it was supposed by herself and family, that their affair had nearly reached their crisis, and she expected this very night to hear the dreadful question. Now this lady was none of those who are all for love—she was one of those prudent beings who consult their papas to know whether they may love or not, and overcome their predilections if they are pronounced imprudent. She consulted her papa upon this occasion, told him the state of her affections, and that on account of fortune, &c. it appeared so advantageous a match, that, were it not for this strange, unaccountable and, considering all things, dreadful desertion, she should be pleased to assume his name. The father said he must be a person of very uneven disposition, and that jealousy must be a ruling passion. 'Now, my child,' said he, 'although I suppose that a man of honor somewhat given to jealousy, with a sensitive disposition, would love you with more devotion than a man with an even disposition, yet he might sometimes cause you uneasiness, and I would rather see you united to a person free from those refined and maukish feelings, that you may slide through life without running the risk of occasionally tripping against the asperities of his disposition. Mr. —— is a man whom I think would suit you better. True, he is not quite so handsome, nor so lively and agreeable, nor so full of noble feeling, nor so ardent in his affections—but his fortune is as large, and he has a greater faculty of increasing it. Beauty is soon lost; wit and very agreeable manners are dangerous qualities; very quick noble feeling is always joined to sensitiveness and jealousy; and ardent affection is always a torment to its object. Now, my child, as Mr. —— is free from these dangerous qualities, he is exactly suited to make you happy. He will never be inquisitive about your concerns, nor always tormenting you with his fears for your health. He will always allow you to go where you please, and when you please, without crossing you with his eternal solicitude about your comfort and amusement. When you are low spirited, he will let you have the consolation of getting over it by yourself, and not torture you with his sentimental whining and sympathy; and he would let you 'glide down the stream of life' as comfortably and happily, and as much your own directress and comforter, as if you had no husband. I hope you will think seriously of your future interest and welfare, and decide prudently upon this occasion.' The lady was now convinced it was not prudent to love our fascinating hero. The observa-

tions of her father were swelled into the opinion of her family and friends, that it would not be for her future happiness to be united to a man who had given so extraordinary a proof of jealousy and unevenness of disposition.

Our hero, being now convinced of his love for the lady, determined to know if he had the greater cause for fear or hope. Last evening he waited upon her, and, having apologized for his rudeness of the evening before, declared his passion, explained the nature of his feelings at that time, and assured her that, with his affection and singularity of feeling, being uncertain as to her opinion of him at that time, and under the then existing circumstances, it was impossible for him to have felt otherwise. She told him that she had consulted with her friends upon the subject, and it was their general opinion that she ought not to give him any further encouragement, for it would not be for her future happiness, to unite her destiny with that of a man who had allowed himself to suffer under so dreadful a fit of jealousy.

One of his disposition would never accept the hand of an object, how much soever beloved, unless that love was reciprocal. He thought her cold as an iceberg; and his warm feelings were chilled within him. He was thrown back upon himself, and his self-immolating feelings took entire possession of him. He did not attempt to persuade her to accept his hand, but, looking at her with a calm yet somewhat mournful and chagrined countenance, he asked if she was fully decided. Being answered in the affirmative, he left the house. Since that time he has been resolving and re-resolving, cursing the lady, fortune, and himself—being now fully convinced that no one can have affection for him.

He will, probably, hereafter despise the lady for rejecting him upon so foolish grounds, but the circumstance will fix an indelible stamp upon his character. I could tell you many anecdotes about him, exemplifying traits in his character, but this will be sufficient to show you the manner of his reasoning, and the nature of its perversion; and I hope the example throughout, will convince you, that, should nature form perfection, circumstances could destroy it, and that intellectual greatness is not, *in itself*, sufficient to ensure happiness.'

SPECTATOR.....No. III.

THE resting place of the dead is hallowed in the minds of the whole human race. If we may not say, to all, we may, without fear of contradiction, say to some, *fear* is a sure result of the contemplation of the dead. The husky voice, the pale, cadaverous cheek, and the eye dim, glazy and sunken—the inanimate, listless, yet meaning stare of the skeleton—have in them a power to shake the firmness of the most courageous and vaunting minds. Yet there is something beautiful in death. I have felt it when viewing a funeral on a summer evening. The dark trappings of the dead—the green and flowery fields—the epitaphs upon the tombstones—the changing, varying tenor of the thoughts—now flying beyond the casement of the stars—and now penetrating into the vast congress of spirits assembled in another world—as if, by one splendid conception, the mind might discover who and what are the dead.——*The dead ! another world !* What room for doubt, perplexity and alarm. Death !—the subject has made philosophers mad and divines unintelligible; it has made the strong mind weak, and brought down the drooping head of the weak to its own dark confines; it has made the poet roll his eye, not alone in 'fine' but in wild phrenzy. We have seen, borne to its cheerless, sunless boundaries, thousands wild and agonizing with doubt, but scarcely one, even where christianity has done most to dissipate the gloom, with firm, *unwavering* assurance of another life—another world.

Sometimes, like a vision, we see another world beyond the cold, abiding place of the stars—sometimes we become spirit in essence, and ride upon the winds and the storm, and sport in the bright lightnings of heaven, and feel the passing force of the thunderbolt—we traverse in the empire of the sky—are present at the dissolution of worlds, and go with the summoned into the presence of the eternal mind. We behold new creations springing into existence, inhabited by pure and happy beings, and breathe the fragrant air which floats around them; or stand alone in the wide empire of chaos, and feast hideous fancies on the terrific scene. Sometimes we penetrate into the arena of all life, the centre from which spring the countless worlds that compose the universe, and see with intelligent awe, the vast, the grand, and to *man*, the overpowering spectacle of the secret machinery which regulates it. Above all, we feel the power of its great architect—that God, of whom man has always had such contradictory notions.

But there is a view of death,—and perhaps, it is not incorrect,—which takes from hope its charm, withers the bloom of the most beautiful thoughts, and chills in its course, the very life-blood of man. Where, indeed, is hope, when futurity is represented as a place for unmingled wretchedness? To dwell in those trackless regions, an outcast from happiness—to sit a hapless mourner in solitary places forever and ever—

'Fallen
And worn and wasted with enormous woe,
And still around an everlasting lance
To writhe convulsively, and utter mimic groans;
And try and wish, and ever try and wish
To die, but cannot die!'

We may well exclaim—'Oh horrid thought!'—To say nothing of the truth of the opinion that futurity may be unveiled to us in such a manner, those who pretend to accredit it, obtain their information from the great source whence is derived all the consolation which attends man in the hour of death. The poet from whom the above extract is quoted, in his imagining of the dark prospect of a future state, is perhaps unrivalled. He says of it,

'Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tost perpetually, and still
The waves of fiery darkness, 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning, forked lightning, crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as eye could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth;
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed.'
* * * * * * * *
'Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe,
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept.'

This description, with which all perhaps are familiar, conveys something inexpressibly gloomy and dreadful to the mind of a calm, thinking being. It is the most wandering tract in which the imagination chooses to walk. I leave it to others to say whether it is the less likely to be true. We have no more room for exaggeration in a state of happiness than in a state of misery. As connected with our subject, however, it clothes death with terror, and gives to another state of existence a most sunless gloom. E. B.

Ode to the Mocking Bird.

O bird, who dwellest in the lonely woods,
  Far from all cities—where men dream of life,
Walking with blinded eyes, and dull care broods
  Upon their withered hearts, and angry strife
Flaps her broad wings before the eyes of men,
  And gnaws upon their souls, and avarice halts
Out from his gold and misery-piled den,
  And grasps men's souls, with yellow, shrivelled hands,
And shrinks them up, and filthy gods exalts
  To proud dominion, worse that pagan lands
    Have ever bowed before—
    (And, clutching handfuls up of glittering ore,
  He makes of it—oh wonder! strong, firm bands,
    To bind them to his sordid service and cursed lore.)

Thou knowest nought of this. Thy home is in
  The thick-leaved trees; and there thou hast thy nest,
Where the leaves whisper with a quiet din,
  And hardly moving airs may cool thy breast;
And there thou fill'st with many a tune the wood,
  Singing unto the giant forest trees,
And waking up the quiet solitude,
  Sending about with never-ceasing flow,
A different strain on every changing breeze—
  Running about, as leaping waters go,
    Through every merry change,
    And making men, for thy wild wondrous range,
  Stop in their journeying that they may know,
    What emulous wild bird pours forth a song so strange.

O thou philosopher! who laughest at
  All troubles of the world; I would that I
Thy happiness could ever imitate,
  And far above all cares and troubles fly.
Thou art not drunken with rich wine, but joy
  Forever sits upon thy careless heart,
Shaking sweet influence without alloy,
  From his light wings upon it. Thou whose throat
Surpasseth in its power all human art,
  Who startlest each lone bird with his own note,
    As if thou wert his mate—
    Oh thou! whose song is heard, early and late,
  Among the moving leaves to run and float,
    Teach me the joyful secret of thy happy state.

It cannot be that thou who now dost sing
  With such tumultuous melody, while round
Are spirits of the deep wood hovering,
  And drinking up with eager ear each sound—
It cannot be that thou dost but conceal
  The troubles of thy heart with stormy mirth,
Nor ever at those gushing noises feel
  The joy thou tellest. This is but for men,

Who walk about upon the care-filled earth,
And pour out songs with heart-directed pen,
Making the earth admire—
While they with their own songs grow faint and tire,
Yea, droop and languish at the soul, even when
Their words burn most, with their prophetic fire.

A. P.

A Fragment.

There is consolation in the thought, that there are bosoms in this world, be the atmosphere never so chilly, which 'bleed at other's woes.' And the sullen blast of unkindness but fans that spark of nature's own pure fire within them, till its bright and holy flame melts the heart, and prepares it to be moulded in all its feelings to a living congeniality. These are the souls who feel the exquisite melody of that word, *Friendship*—and around whom the wounded and bowed in spirit are wont to gather. Else what were the world to a delicate, yet stricken heart? A desolate heath, where it would perish by the touch of the world's unhallowed feeling. Thank heaven! every heart is not sere. There is a spirit of holy sympathy found in the embrace of friends—a spirit, too, 'the world can neither give nor take away.'

I marvel not that the world is so rude, and so reckless of honor and justice; nor at its forgetfulness, that a

'Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of the soul,'

since so few aim at the attainment of that jewel; and knowing besides what dull scholars men are, and how often experience is obliged to belabor us with her knotty cudgel, before we learn this lesson, which should ever be practised first, but is never learned till the last, that

'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.'

* * * * * * * * * *

Appearances are ominous. The hateful cloud has gathered. Ah! the storm is already out upon the sea of life and hope. The billows are now swelling—the dark waves have already dashed upon this heart's frail bark; and now have receded, to charge in fury and dash again in foamy wrath!

'Now hated slander throws her venom'd dart,
And friendship e'en suspects an honest heart,
So foul the lowering sky.'

Well, I have just stoicism enough in my heart, to say, let it rage—'the fiercer the tempest, the sooner it will be over.' I can even stand like a true pillar-saint, a genuine son of that famous anchoret, St. Simeon Stylites; and as the surge rises, I rise too. For even if it be thus, there are those who stand as angels of mercy, to bear up the heart above the world's malignity. And now, as it ever was, Friendship's watch-word is, 'He that harms my friend harms me'—and so long as this stands upon the banner of remembrance, so long will there be a defence stronger than a walled city.

Does slander thrust? Does malice spit her venom? Is the spirit of ungodly malevolence awaking, and in the squalid countenance and besmeared garments of the furies, taking the wings of idle gossip? Then it is the part of friendship to defend—and who will sit listless, and leave unrevenged the foul murder of firm integrity, and honest worth? None—none in whose breast is seen the bright glowing of the 'new white stone' of unimpeached confidence. Else the lustre of that jewel would be sullied—stained so deeply, that time nor love could remove the spot.

Ah! in the sacredness of confidence—in the defence of a friend—in the green remembrance of past joys—and in the glowing anticipations of future happiness and reciprocal kindness—is found the holiness and eternity of friendship. Thus cherished, its branches afford a refreshing shade; its leaf is never dry—its flower never withers—though over all the pathway of human existence,

'The dead leaves strew the forest walk.'

WOLFUMAS.

PSYCHE.

VISIT OF PSYCHE TO TARTARUS, OR THE DOMINIONS OF PLUTO.

THE following amusing account of a visit to the realms of Pluto, is extracted from La Fontaine's Cupid and Psyche, the edition of which in our possession was published in 1600. Psyche, the rival of Venus, being in the power of the latter, is condemned by her to encounter numerous perils, in all of which she is successful—when Venus, as a last resort, sends her on an errand to Tartarus. The story then proceeds:

PSYCHE set out that moment, and was not permitted to say a single word to any one. Her first care was, to get to the fairy whom her husband had sent for, and who was then in

the neighborhood; a circumstance known only to Pysche. The fairy, that she might not raise any suspicion, detained our heroine a very little time; all she said being as follows. 'You see yon aged tower; fly thither, and enter it. You will there be told how to act. Do not be under any apprehension from the brambles and briars which stop the gate of it; for they will turn spontaneously aside, and open a passage to you.' Pysche returned the fairy a multitude of thanks, and advanced towards the ancient edifice.

Being got into it, the tower became vocal, and addressed her thus:—'Psyche, I greet you well, and wish you a prosperous journey. Be assured that I think myself very much honored in receiving you within my walls, which never could boast so beautiful an object before. I know the cause of your coming hither. A great variety of paths lead to the infernal shades; but I would not advise you to go by any of those usually trod. Descend into the cavern you see there, but first take up what lies before you; that hand-basket will be of use to you in carrying them. Psyche instantly threw her eyes downward, and the tower being open at top, she perceived on the ground a lamp, six balls of wax, a large parcel of pack thread, a hand basket, and two small pieces of money. You will want all these things, continued the tower; do not be terrified at the vast depth of this cavern, though you have near a thousand steps to go down. When got near to the bottom, you will discover by the lamp, a path which is arched over; and, at the end of it, you will come to the river Styx. You must give Charon one of these pieces of money for ferrying you across, and the other piece at your return. He is a sordid old churl, who shows no regard to beauty; and will not let you step into his boat, unless paid his fare. Having crossed the river, you will meet with a lame ass, quite worn out with age, and drove by a miserable wretch. This wretch will beseech you to give him a little pack thread, to tie the bundles with which his ass is laden. But be sure not to gratify his request; this being merely an artifice of Venus. The pack thread will be of great use to you, as you will immediately enter a labyrinth, whose paths are very easily passed in going, but impossible to be distinguished at your return, if not guided by this pack thread or clue. There is no guard or porter at the hither gate of the labyrinth; but that on the other side of it is kept by a dog with three heads, each of which is larger than that of a bear. This animal distinguishes the living from the dead by his smell; for these regions are visited by more living persons than yourself. The dog

lets the dead pass, but strangles the living; and then they are permitted to proceed forward. Now, Psyche, you must stop his three mouths, by tossing a ball of wax down each of them, and the other three at your return; and these will throw him into a deep sleep. The instant you are got out of the labyrinth, you will meet two spirits of Elysium, who will conduct you to the throne of Proserpine. Adieu, charming Psyche; may your journey be successful. Our fair one returned many thanks to the tower; took the hand baskets with the other things; descended into the cavern, and, to make short, arrived safe on the other side of the labyrinth, spite of the hideous spectres she met in the way.

'It may not be improper to observe, that Psyche met with persons of all ranks, who were just arrived on the banks of the Styx. There were in the boat, at the time that she crossed over, a monarch, a philosopher, a general: I know not how many soldiers, and some women. The king burst into tears, for being torn from a place where such lovely objects were found. The philosopher, on the contrary, thanked the gods, for his having left the world before he had seen an object so dangerous to virtue, but which he then might approach without the least dread. The soldiers, not showing any regard to the monarch, or fearing the general, who had now no staff, were quarrelling who should get nearest to Psyche. They were coming to blows, and had like to overset the boat, when Charon, threatening them with his oar, put an end to the fray. The company were surprised at Psyche's dress, they themselves being covered only with a shroud.

'Being come out of the labyrinth, she was accosted by the two Elysian spirits, who showed her the many singularities of these abodes. They are of so surprising a kind, that, in order to describe them, I must employ a more lofty style.

"To death's dark regions paths unnumbered lead
Which all must seek, for fate has thus decreed.
Thither from every clime poor mortals glide;
Its gate Tisyphone holds ever wide;
Grief, hunger, age, dire ills, a numerous host,
Consign them shivering to the dreary coast;
Which past, the *fatal sisters* weave a night
Endless, uncheered by even a glimpse of light.

Helpless, forlorn, the slave of Venus goes
To the dire realms where Styx, hoarse murmuring flows
By Venus urged, from Cerberus's eye,
In dreadful flashes, anger seems to fly.
His hideous form each hell-born fiend displays—
She sees the horrors told in poets' lays.

Harpies and hydras next her eye invade,
Triple Gerion's, Tityus's huge shade:
These gliding round, embodied now appear;
But, phantoms vain, they instant mix with air.

The districts destined to the guilty souls,
Their endless pangs, despair and dismal howls;
The racks, the scorpions, which the wicked dread,
Swift through her frame an icy terror spread.

There, proud Salmoneus, on a bridge of brass,
Chief o'er a band in torments doomed to pass;
In vain to change his posture, ceaseless tries;
Still as he shifts, in whirling fire he fries.
Mocked Tantalus attempts to quaff the stream,
But swift it flies, delusive as a dream!
And heaving Sisyphus takes fruitless pains
To stop the stone, though every nerve he strains.

Not far from thence the Belides she saw,
Drawing the stream which they must ever draw:
The fair one melts; soft tears bedew her eyes,
To see their grief, and hear their dismal sighs.

Each thinks his tortures in their fiercest state;
Ixion wishes for Prometheus's fate;
And Tantalus, his raging thirst to slake,
Would choose to burn in the sulphureous lake.

Apart were wretches, who love's power disclaimed,
Broke all their vows, and Cupid's joys defamed,
Who ne'er would altars in his honor raise,
Nor pay the tribute he on mortals lays;
Ingrates, coquettes, in crowds, are suffering there,
Here, the indiscreet, Megara's scorpions tear;
And chiefly those who virgin's peace destroyed,
By boasting favors which they ne'er enjoyed.
The inhuman maid feels vultures suck her blood;
The fickle plunges in a freezing flood,
And she whose heart was ice, in fire atones
For her past crimes, and vents incessant groans,
Spies, panders, confidants, an odious train,
By furies lashed, for mercy sue in vain."

'Venus had prevailed with Mercury, by her blandishments, to entreat the several powers of hell, in her name, to terrify her enemy so much, by the sight of these spectres, and the punishments they suffered, that our fair one might die with fear; might die to all intents and purposes, in such a manner that there should remain merely an imperfect shadow of her beauty. When this is done, said the Cyprian queen, I 'll give my son leave to fall in love with Psyche; nay, he shall, if he thinks proper, follow her to Tartarus, and there renew his endearments.

'But Cupid was not inactive. He, the instant Psyche had passed through the labyrinth, sent two spirits of Elysium, who are all gentle and beneficent, to meet her. These cheered her, and acquainted her with the several crimes of the tortured spirits. Psyche was greatly consoled on this occasion; she not hearing of one single adventure like her own. 'T is certain that her crime did not deserve so severe a punishment. If curiosity made people miserable, even in the other world, no advantage could accrue from being a woman.

'When Psyche was got near to the Elysian fields, as the

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But, phantoms vain, they instant mix with air.

You know the god;—who has not felt his darts!—
If, here below, his raptures thrill your hearts,
The paint on his ill-fated wife bestow;
So may you taste his joys, unmixed with wo;
So, at your perfect bliss, may envy rise
In his calm breast, who rules the upper skies!"

'This speech had the desired effect. Not a shade, not a fiend, but sympathised with Psyche in her sorrows, and inveighed against Venus. Compassion now first touched the breast of the furies; and those who had so much cause to bewail their own misfortunes, obliterated the remembrance of them, to weep for Cupid's consort. Pluto would have offered her an asylum in his dominions, had he not reflected that the unhappy never sue for it but as late as possible. Proserpine too, prevented his resolution from taking effect. Jealousy possessed the sublunary queen to such a degree, that, forgetting it would be impossible for a shade to injure her, the goddess earnestly entreated the fatal sisters, not to cut, inconsiderately, the thread of Psyche's life; but so to order matters, that she might not revisit Tartarus, till age should have furrowed her face. Immediately she gave Psyche a box, shut very close; strictly charging her not to open it, and to make her compliments to Venus. With regard to Pluto, it was with regret he saw our heroine leave his dominions, as well as the present sent by her. "Remember," said he, "how dearly you once paid for your curiosity! Go—and accuse not Pluto for any evil which may befal you!".

'So long as our heroine continued in the regions of the dead, the box was safe, she not daring to open it; and naturally supposing that among the numberless multitude of idle spectres she met, some would watch her every action. But the instant she had reached our upper world; and that, travelling through the subterraneous passage, she imagined there could be no other witnesses than the stones which supported it; she was tempted by curiosity, and wanted prodigiously to see what kind of paint she carried. How should Psyche refrain on this occasion? Could she possibly be a woman, and let slip so fair an opportunity of satisfying herself? Could these stones tell tales? She, perhaps was the only mortal who had gone through this cavern, ever since its being dug. Besides, she was not excited merely from curiosity; but by a natural desire of recovering, if possible, her lost charms. Grief, the scorching sunbeams, and an hundred other things, had disfigured her vastly, so that she did not know herself. She was reduced to the sad necessity, either of quite giving up the pretensions she still might have to her husband's heart, or of hitting upon some expedient to recover her beauty. But

could a more fortunate one present itself than that which she had in her own power? What could be better for her purpose than the paint she carried to Venus? Not that she, as the gods knew very well, intended to make an ill use of it; or thought to please any one, except her husband. Her only view therein was, to impose upon Cupid—and surely every artifice is allowable, in order to regain a husband's affection. If Venus imagined she could be so simple as not to dare to meddle with this paint, the goddess would find herself very much mistaken. However, whether she meddled with it or not, it was impossible but Venus must suspect her; consequently, all things considered, she might as well take a peep.

'Psyche argued so long with herself, that she plunged into a new misfortune. Nevertheless, a dread for which she could not account, still checked her. However, after struggling a considerable time, this wicked curiosity prevailed as usual. Psyche now opened the box with a trembling hand; but scarce was this done, when there issued from it a gloomy vapor; a black, corroding smoke, which spread instantly over the whole face of our heroine, and part of her bosom. This vapor imprinted itself so forcibly, that Psyche presently suspected something fatal; especially as there remained nothing in the box, except a blackness which tinged every part of it: Psyche being alarmed, and almost guessing what had happened, flew out of the cavern, impatient for some spring in which she might survey herself, and see what kind of figure she then made. ******* She ran to a neighboring rivulet, her breath failing her, and her heart beating harder, at every step she took. With much difficulty she reached the margin of the brook, when, stooping down, she therein spied the most beautiful female blackamoor the world ever saw! Neither her nose nor her mouth were like those of our earth,—but what she beheld was really a blackamoor. Psyche imagined some negro was gazing at her own form in the stream. However, perceiving no one, and being but too conscious of her deplorable change, her knees began to totter, and her arms sunk down. She nevertheless endeavored, but in vain, to efface her hideous color in the water. "Ye fates," she cried, "am I also doomed to lose my charms? O Venus! Venus! how delighted will you be! The moment I offer to appear before your slaves, they will proudly disown me. Alas! the beauty of frail mortals vanishes like a dream—and sorrow ruins what time scarce impairs. Yet unjust am I, in accusing you, since I brought this sad change upon myself. It is wholly owing to my incorrigible curiosity, which, not satisfied with bereaving me of your son's affection, deprives me also of the

opportunity of ever regaining it. Wretch that I am! your son will be the first to view me with horror and fly from me. ———How! my husband fly from me—my husband, who thought me so enchanting! But Venus! you never shall have that satisfaction; and since I am forbid to cut short the thread of my life, I will retire to some desert, where not a soul shall set eyes upon me. I will end my days amid serpents and tigers. Some of these may be so merciful as to devour me." Saying these words, she runs into a neighboring forest; wanders till she comes to the most lonely part of it; and makes choice of a frightful cave for her chief abode. Here her sole employment is to sigh and weep. Health soon leaves her emaciated cheeks; and her eyes, which before darted such lustre, are now sunk and lifeless. She no longer is that miracle in beauty, who had excited the jealousy even of Venus; so far from it, many a mortal female would have beheld Psyche without envy.'

Antiquities of Literature.

The articles on 'Love Melancholy,' the first of which appeared in our last number, will be continued under the above head. The following is on the 'Objects of Love.'

Love's limits are ample and great; and a spacious walk it has, beset with thorns, and for that cause (which Scaliger reprehends in Cardan) not lightly to be passed over. Lest I incur the same censure, I will examine all the kinds of love—its nature, beginning, difference, objects, how it is honest or dishonest, a virtue or vice, a natural passion or disease, its power and effects, and how far it extends—so that it may better appear what love is, and how it varies with the objects, how in defect, and in excess causes melancholy.

Love, universally taken, is defined to be *desire*, as a word of more ample signification: and though Leon Hebreus, the most copious writer on this subject, in his third dialogue, makes no difference, yet in his first he distinguishes them again, and defines love by desire. 'Love is a voluntary affection and desire to enjoy that which is good. Desire wisheth; love enjoys; the end of the one is the beginning of the other; that which we love is present; that which we desire is absent.' 'It is worth the labor,' says Platinus, 'to consider well of love, whether it be a god or a devil, or passion of the mind, or partly god, partly devil, partly passion.' He concludes love to participate of all three, to arise from a desire of that which is beautiful and fair, and defines it to be 'an action of the mind, desiring that which is good.' Plato calls it

the great devil, for its vehemency, and sovereignty over all other passions, and defines it an appetite, 'by which we desire some good to be present.' Ficinus, in his comment, adds the word *fair* to this definition—love is a desire of enjoying that which is good and fair. Austin dilates this common definition, and will have love to be a delectation of the heart, 'for something which we seek to win, or joy to have, coveting by desire, resting in joy.' Scaliger taxes these former definitions, and will not have love to be defined by desire or appetite; 'for, when we enjoy the things we desire, there remains no more appetite.' As he defines it, 'love is an affection by which we are united to the thing we love, or perpetuate our union'; which agrees in part with Leon Hebreus.

Now this love varies as its object varies, which is always good, amiable, fair, gracious and pleasant. 'All things desire that which is good, or at least that which seems to them to be good.' You will wish no harm, I suppose—no ill in your actions, thoughts or desires: you will not have bad corn, bad soil, a poor tree, but all good—a good servant, a good horse, a good son, a good friend, a good neighbor, a good wife. From this goodness comes beauty; from beauty, grace and comeliness, which result as so many rays from the good parts, make us to love, and so to covet it: for, were it not pleasing and gracious in our eyes, we should not seek it. 'No man loves,' says Aristotle, 'but he that was first delighted with comeliness and beauty.' As this fair object varies, so does our love; for every fair thing is amiable—and what we love is fair and gracious in our eyes, or at least we so esteem it. 'Amiableness is the object of love; the scope and end is to obtain it, for whose sake we love, and which our mind covets to enjoy.' And it seems to us especially fair and good: for good, fair and unity cannot be separated. Beauty shines, Plato says, and by reason of its splendor causes admiration; and the fairer the object is the more eagerly it is sought. For, as this same Plato defines it, 'beauty is a lively shining or glittering brightness, resulting from effused good, by ideas, seeds, reasons, shadows, stirring up our minds, that by this good, they may be united and made one.' Others will have beauty to be the perfection of the whole composition, 'caused out of the congruous symmetry, measure, order and manner of parts: and that comeliness which proceeds from this beauty is called grace; and from thence all fair things are gracious;' for grace and beauty are so wonderfully connected, 'so sweetly and gently win our souls, and strongly allure, that they confound our judgment, and cannot be distinguished.

Beauty and grace are like those beams and shinings that come from the glorious and divine sun, which are diverse as they proceed from diverse objects. One beauty arises from God; another from his creatures. There is a beauty of the body, a beauty of the soul, a beauty from virtue. The beauties which arise from the graces, which proceed from gesture, speech, motion, and proportions of creatures, men and women, (especially women, which made those old poets put the three Graces still in Venus's company, as attending on her and holding up her train,) are almost infinite, and vary their names with their object, and are either virtue or vice. Plato calls pure and impure love two devils, which are hovering about our souls. The one rears to heaven; the other depresses us to hell; the one good, which stirs us up to the contemplation of that divine beauty, for whose sake we perform goodly offices, study philosophy, &c.; the other base, because it is pure love abused, and withdraws our souls from the speculation of the other to viler objects. Beroaldus has expressed this in an epigram of his:

'If divine Plato's tenets they be true,
Two Veneres, two loves there be;
The one from heaven unbegotten still,
Which knits our souls in unitie;
The other famous over all the world,
Binding the hearts of gods and men;
Dishonest, wanton, and seducing, she
Rules whom she will, both where and when.'

Lest I confound filthy, burning lust, with pure and divine love, I will follow that accurate division of Leon Hebreus, when he speaks of *natural*, *sensible* and *rational* love, and handle each apart. Natural love or hatred, is that sympathy or antipathy which is to be seen in animate or inanimate creatures, in the four elements, metals, stones: *gravia tendunt deorsum*, as a stone to its centre, fire upwards, and rivers to the sea. The sun, moon and stars, go round for love of perfection. This love is manifest, I say, in inanimate creatures. How comes a load-stone to draw iron to it, jet chaff, the ground to covet showers, but for love? This love is more eminent in plants, and is especially observed in vegetables; as between the vine and the elm a great sympathy; between the vine and the cabbage, between the vine and the olive, a great antipathy; the bur and the lintle cannot endure each other; the olive and the myrtle embrace each other, in roots and branches, if they grow near.

Sensible love, is that of brute beasts, of which Leon Hebreus assigns these causes. First, on account of generation, male and female love each other. Secondly, for the preservation of the species. Thirdly, for the mutual agreement, as

being of the same kind; they much delight in one another's company. Fourthly, for custom, use and familiarity—as, if a dog be trained up with a lion and a bear, contrary to their natures, they will love each other. Hawks, dogs, horses, love their masters and keepers.

The third kind, rational love, is proper to men, on which I must insist. This appears in God, angels, men. God is love itself, the fountain of love, the God of love and peace.

Love built cities; invented arts, sciences, and all good things; incites us to virtue and humanity; combines and quickens; keeps peace on earth, quietness by sea, mirth in the winds and elements; expels all fear, anger and rusticity; is a round circle, still from good to good; for love is the beginner and end of all our actions, the efficient and instrumental cause, as our poets say—

> 'If first and last of anything you wit,
> Cease; love 's the sole and only cause of it.'

Love made the world, and was afterwards the cause of its redemption, and protection. And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reaches down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator.

The love of angels is mutual among themselves, towards us, and all those who love God. As the sunbeams irradiate the earth, from those celestial thrones, they, by their well wishes, reflect on us.

Love of Men, is the subject of my next discourse.

The Alabaster Box.

And who is she that beareth
The alabaster box,
While all unbound she weareth
Her long and silken locks?

Her form is fair; but, o'er her
A shade of grief is cast
That speaks of wo before her,
Or bitterness that 's past.

O, whither is she going?
And what is it to seek,
With sorrow's fountain flowing
Upon her pallid cheek?

Behold! her steps are tending
To him who sits at meat.
'T is Mary—see her bending
To weep at Jesus's feet!

While fast her tears bestrew them,
Like pearls that scatter there,
Her lips she presses to them,
And wipes them with her hair.

Now, of a heart that 's broken
For sin that she forsakes,
She gives a precious token—
The alabaster breaks!

And with the ointment gushing
To pour on Jesus's head,
Sweet odors forth are rushing,
And round the dwelling spread.

Yet, they are by who bid her
To count the spikenard's cost—
Who murmur and consider
The box and ointment lost.

But he whose eye possesses,
The spirit's inmost thought,
Pronounces 'good,' and blesses
The work that she has wrought.

He sees that grief has riven
Her penitential heart,
And tells them that, forgiven,
She will in peace depart;—

That while his word is spoken,
The Gospel shall record
The box by Mary broken,
An off'ring to her Lord!

H. F. G.

The Cholera.

The near approach of this 'pestilence that wasteth at noonday,' as might be expected, causes alarm and anxiety in most of our citizens. That fear is one predisposing cause of the disease, there can be but little doubt. We have, therefore, looked upon the various and contradictory reports which are received from the seat of the disease, as creating anything but confidence, in the public mind. We have viewed the proceedings of some cities and individuals as exhibiting the alarm of a panic-struck population—instead of the courage and fortitude which are, according to physicians, indispensably necessary to exemption from this disease.

In some parts of Asia and Europe the Cholera has been awfully fatal, depopulating cities and villages, and levelling in the dust the old and the young, the rich and the poor;

while in the course of its progress, it has left nothing but the desolate mementos of ancient prosperity; nothing of a former generation but a few scattered relics—from which the historian may gather facts of fearful interest to awaken the sensibilities of distant ages,—tales of the plague, by which hundreds and thousands, in the course of a few hours, were added to the number of the dead,—while nations separated by wide oceans heard the distant funeral notes, and knew that soon they too must prepare for the visitation, see their highest barriers overcome, their most secure places conquered, and the enemy triumphant, in the wind and the storm, over cold and heat, among the rich and poor, the strong and the feeble.

This is true of the Cholera in its origin; and though somewhat modified in its progress, by climate, dispositions and the skill of experience, yet who is not startled at the mortality even under its most favorable aspect? Doubtless much of its fatal virulence is owing to the very fear which is almost inseparable from its approach; as is evident from its whole history. The question of its contagiousness is much disputed among physicians, and evidently but little can be said with certainty about it.

But there are certain facts connected with the Cholera. It never assumes so virulent a type in places where measures have been taken to purify generally; where the habits of the people are habitually good—that its throne is reared up in sinks of iniquity and places of uncleanness—that its victims are generally composed of the dissolute and the depraved—but that persons of good habits and fearless minds are rarely its subjects. What will be the history of the disease on this side of the Atlantic, remains yet in uncertainty. We cannot but hope, however, that the experience which comes with it, and the situation of our population will so modify it, as to make it less feared and less fatal. E. B.

Original Scraps.

We have in our possession a large number of communications and private letters, containing remarks worthy of preservation, and some of them fragments of considerable length which would be creditable to our Magazine. They will be published from time to time as we shall have room for them. There will now and then be an observation calculated to excite profitable discussion.

WOMAN.

A lecturer recently lecturing before our Lyceum, with 'Woman' for his inspiring theme, said among other fine things, that, as the sun was the last and most splendid of the works of the natural creation, so woman was the last and most beautiful of the animal creation. He proceeded to describe woman as having more fortitude, more constancy, and more love, than man—propositions which I consider as not substantiated by facts. I suppose woman to be inseparably connected with man, partaking in general of the same passions, and subject to the same moral laws; great constancy, ardent love and untiring fortitude, belonging both to man and woman in an equal degree. A.

ADVANCEMENT OF MAN.

Philosophers may talk of the advancement of man; but little do the multitude feel what is ascribed to them—the pure motive of replacing their original image. No; wars of ambition, wars for almost anything but the advancement of mind, have occurred, are now occurring, and will probably continue to occur, till a new sun shall shine upon the selfish and polluted soul. B.

STRENGTH OF THE IMAGINATION.

One evening, a man who was moving his goods from the street into his warehouse, eagerly seized a large bale to push it into the door. While in the act, a sudden noise seemed to issue from his breast. Frightened by the belief that a blood vessel was broken, or some other part of his internal structure was injured, he fainted. A carriage was procured, and he was conveyed to his dwelling. Day passed after day, and medicine had no effect upon him. His cheeks soon became hollow, and his whole frame emaciated. After several weeks of severe sickness, he grew better. As he paced the floor of his apartment one morning, he accidentally cast his eye upon his watch. He took it to wind it up—opened it, and lo! the chain was broken! P.

PROVIDENCE.

There is something peculiar (says a writer in an epistle to his brother) in the peculiar star which influences our course. I read *death and life*—not *life and death*. I have remarked it for a long time, that the very prospect of adversity to the extreme, might stare us in the face—but at the last step there was an influence that sent us back some dozen paces or so from the 'mark of our journey's end.' And in matters of life and death, when the grave almost exulted over a victim, there was a hand to roll back the tide of life. I know not that this

may be more than an habitual inclination on my part to trace the dealings of Providence particularly with our family. Perhaps the same may be discerned in others. B.

COMPANY AND STUDY.

It seems, then, you have spoken of me to several of your acquaintances. Well, that will cause me to shun them the more religiously—because, if a person once gets into bad company, the chances are ten to one, that he will neglect all useful study and occupation. Moreover, I can speak from experience. I made a practice, not long since, of religiously isolating myself—but broke over the barriers, and for the last three months have scarcely read a hundred pages. The thing is, a fellow must eschew all company, or give his whole time to it. There are no mediums; and besides, we shall have company enough in the other world.

FASHIONS.

The love of imitation is the cause of a great portion of the encouragement our most ridiculous fashions receive. Imitation in dress, in a moderate degree, is proper; but when a person goes beyond his income to keep pace with the wealthy in the path of fashion, he becomes an object of contempt. A review of the most absurd fashions which have prevailed for the last fifty years, would be not a little amusing. Think of a man having the toe of his boot connected with the top of it by a gold chain, which has been fashionably the case. Tell a person that anything so foolish may happen within a few years from this time, and he will laugh at you. But fashions nearly as ridiculous are adopted almost every day, and are mainly supported by this love of imitation.

'We have run
Through every change that fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty, and strange disguise.' P.

Essayist Room.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH; with other Pieces. By the author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. New York: J. & J. Harper.

PERHAPS the chief difficulty with which an author has to contend, is a state of mind on the part of his readers, which renders them incapable of appreciating his views. This,

without doubt, is to be expected as far as the intellect is concerned, but the case is quite different when a work having a moral aim and tendency is misinterpreted There are comparatively few, we apprehend, on this side of the Atlantic, where local prejudices can of course exercise no sway, who distinctly understand the design, or rightly estimate the character of Bulwer. Many sensible and excellent individuals, perhaps, would consider it a dangerous experiment to recommend his works to the attention of young men. They are indeed, like most portraitures of character, susceptible of gross perversion, especially by corrupt or depraved minds, but to disapprove their perusal, on this ground, evinces a sad want of confidence in the moral sense of the community. The literary talent, rich imagination and accurate observation of this author, as exhibited in his works, are doubtless very generally admired, and that too, in frequent instances, by those who are very sceptical as to his moral object and probable influence.

If such doubts have any reasonable foundation, it behoves every man and christian, to deprecate, by word and deed, the circulation of a corrupt influence under a guise the most insidious and alluring. But, for ourselves, believing, as we do, that none are so capable of faithfully representing vice and folly, in their native deformity, as those whose moral vision has been rendered clear and acute by virtue and religion, we cannot but consider Bulwer's striking and just representations of the evil, not less than the good in human conduct, as proofs of high intellectual and moral attainments.

From this opinion, we may readily infer that, in giving his production to the world, Bulwer has in view a nobler purpose than the mere acquisition of fame. And, although this purpose may be easily anticipated, and is prominently shadowed forth from the volumes themselves, it was not, we believe, distinctly avowed, at least publicly, until the publication of the 'Conversations,' in the introduction to which, it is plainly announced.

The 'Conversations' which form the body of the work were held with one, gradually, but consciously declining—a truly intellectual character—and although literary men and works sometimes constitute the subjects of these interviews, they generally relate to man's nature, experience and prospects, and consequently involve philosophical and ethical topics, which, from the mode in which they are treated, and the peculiar circumstances attending their discussion, acquire an interest seldom attached to such subjects in the mind of the ordinary reader.

Sympathy, too, is so readily called forth and prolonged, that we follow, as it were, the thoughts and feelings of the dying

student without an effort, and watch the operations of his receding spirit with deep attention, until it enters upon 'that bourne whence no traveller returns.'

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the volume is replete with the sentiment and talent of its author, and perhaps, considering the nature of the work, is unusually free from faults, and not open to the objections of the most fastidious moralist, bearing, in truth, a religious and philosophical, though not unimaginative character. *

THOUGHTS ON AFRICAN COLONIZATION: an impartial exhibition of the doctrines, principles and purposes of the American Colonization Society. Together with the remonstrances of the people of color. By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Boston, 1832. pp. 236.

WE are not adepts in that wisdom which makes men doubt on popular subjects, merely because those who are ranked among sages, look significantly, and throw out ominous words about expediency and propriety. Nor do we deem it right to 'rush, like the unthinking horse, into battle.' There are mediums to be observed in almost everything. Doubtless, Mr. Garrison, pioneer as he is, in the cause of an immediate emancipation of the slaves of this country, was clearly convinced, before he undertook the task, of its propriety and expediency. And any man, who feels as a man should feel, if he were to view the subject of slavery in the light of justice only, would think that all the existing prejudices among freemen, might be overcome, and the slaves be made free by unanimous consent. But as Mr. Garrison has thus far bitterly experienced, all who pretend to be freemen themselves, do not possess that patriotism which prompts to kindred feeling for the whole human race. They may talk nobly of the 'inalienable rights' of man—but touch them upon interest, and you have made them your enemies, and kindled the fires of hatred in their bosoms.

It cannot be doubted, that the *immediate emancipation* of the slaves, is a measure of justice. Mr. Garrison views it also as a measure of necessity. Now it is well known that *gradual expatriation* is the principle upon which the American Colonization Society proceeds. Hence the ground of difference between them. The former views the motives of the latter as selfish, cold and calculating, and even as far as they may be favorable to the whites, as affording but little security against the danger which is anticipated from the rapid increase of the blacks, and the continuance of their present degradation. Nor does he believe, that in this country the existing distinction between the blacks and the whites, must

of necessity be always, in any case, so very apparent; but on the contrary, that emancipation and equality, with education and honorable pursuits, will fit them for refined life, as well as the whites, and make them intelligent and worthy citizens.

We take Mr. Garrison to be faithfully and heartily devoted to the cause of the slave; and, like the martyrs of old, willing to lay down his life in devotion to his cause. That he has faults, and that there are faults in his pamphlet, as in his writings generally, we do not pretend to deny. We judge, however, that his feelings are easily roused, and in some degree beyond his power of restraint. Hence the indignation meted out to the Colonization Society and slaveholders, on almost every page of his work. He holds up what he proves to be selfishness and cowardice, and treats them with sarcasm and contempt. He has had to encounter much in the prosecution of his object; and we hope that in him disappointment will not add another victim to philanthropy. The work before us gives much information relative to the cause in which he is engaged.

The slave question has been agitated for years. If we mistake not, however, there is a spirit of inquiry and detection abroad in the land, which imports not merely peculiar sensitiveness of right, but a sense of wrongs heaped upon wrongs. The warning voices which have been lifted up in the cause of the slave, on the other side of the Atlantic, have enkindled the response of benevolence,—ay, of justice,—in this land of freedom. The indignation which does and will forever mark the language of philanthropy, as it relates to wronged Africa, awakens not only kindred feelings in those who live not on the price of blood, but fearful relentings in those whose path has been deeply stained by it. It always has been, and ever will be, the first object of the accused and convicted, to lighten their crimes and ease their consciences. And that is a marked trait in human nature, which causes men to conform real oppression to apparent humanity, that they may throw back the guage to their accusers. Hence, we see in the somewhat altered tone of the slaveholder, an anxiety to prove that the condition of the slave is not much, if at all inferior to the classes of working men! The exertions of those engaged like Mr. Garrison, if they do not produce all the expected results, will have, at least, this good effect,—they will measurably ameliorate the condition of the slave. *

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American Pulpit.

dr. william e. channing.

It is impossible for any one who aims at a just portraiture of this eminent divine, to enter upon the subject with confidence: for, in addition to ordinary obstacles, he labors under the consciousness that much, very much of what is deeply interesting in the mind and expression of Dr. Channing, is wholly unsusceptible of description. It must be felt individually, to be rightly understood. The great aim, therefore, of our present article, will be to convey a general idea, rather than a distinct and prominent conception.

To begin, then, with the outward, and consequently least valuable qualities, we should describe his manner as singularly *unstudied*, in no degree resulting from design or intended for effect; in a word, as *natural*. Being thus what outward expression should ever be, the unaffected manifestation of mind, it possesses an influence vainly sought by art or practice. Were a stranger unexpectedly introduced into the sanctuary, his attention would be arrested and his expectations aroused, solely by the calmness and self-possession evinced in every movement. Not that these are peculiar attributes, but they have a peculiar, ay, a speaking grace in the subject of our notice; and an attentive observer will readily interpret their language. They evince a consciousness of intellectual power, as opposed to egotism as self-respect is to vanity, and a sense of the sublimity which mantles a messenger of religious truth—so that one who had grown up under his preaching might exclaim, as did Wordsworth of his revered and aged friend,—

'How precious, when in riper days I learned
To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice
In the *plain presence of his dignity!*'

Dr. Channing's elocution is distinguished by its *earnestness;* by which we do not mean great force of gesture, or unusual strength of voice, for these could not well coexist with that physical weakness, under which he so frequently labors—but an *impressiveness*, having its origin in a deep, personal conviction of the importance of the views inculcated. Still, his elocution, as such, is doubtless open to the animadversions of criticism—especially his frequent intonations and cadences, which, pleasing as they may be to many, and especially to his habitual auditors, are altogether contrary to the established rules of delivery.

His style is eminently simple, and rendered attractive by illustrations, which, although borrowed from common objects and seldom carried out to any considerable extent, are yet frequently novel from the manner in which they are introduced and applied. It has one peculiarity, however, the advantage of which has been questioned. We allude to the frequent use of the first person, especially in his discourses. We know not why the opinions of an individual mind should not be announced as such; but regarding it as a matter of taste, we are content to consider it as one of those points, with respect to which each one can best judge for himself.

We now come to the most striking feature which distinguishes Dr. Channing as a writer and a clergyman—his views of human nature. And, let it not be said that, in alluding to these, we tread upon forbidden ground, and forget the promise expressed in the first of this series of articles, to confine ourselves to literary and rhetorical characteristics, and speak not of religious opinions. We take it for granted, that every one who has the 'care of souls,' has, in some degree, at least, studied that nature, to the improvement of which, he is called to minister. And notwithstanding the intimate connexion and mutual relation between religious and metaphysical views, we believe it no paradox to speak of the philosophy of mind and christian doctrines as distinct subjects of opinion. Indeed, it is our belief, that psychology, or the doctrine of the soul, is not only destined to accomplish a mighty work, by means of the inspiring incentives to virtue, of which it is so productive, but that it has a grand and more immediate function, which, under God, will be most happily effected.

The present is, avowedly, the age of philanthropy; and if there is one among its tendencies, to which the christian turns

with joyful faith, it is the determination of all religious parties towards a union of benevolent enterprise. Now the motive which lies at the root of these charitable exertions, whatever personal or particular impulses may intervene, is a respect for human nature. And we speak advisedly, when we say, that this principle promises more than any other to concentrate divided christendom, not around a common system of doctrines but around a common object of interest and pursuit,—religious progress. And the method by which this revolution will be wrought, appears to us equally plain, by making individual conduct rather than professions, motives rather than appearances, religious practice rather than speculative opinion, the standards of character.

But, to return to our subject, there is another and a sufficient reason for briefly adverting to Dr. Channing's views of human nature—they give a decided character to his writings, even as literary compositions.

History is replete with instances of the wonderful agency of great occasions in arousing the energy and developing the faculties of the soul, and philosophy teaches us to refer this agency, not to any magical influences of the occasions themselves, but to the principles of which they are the manifestations. Of a like tendency are great views, when made the subjects of deep attention, and brought into direct contact with the reasoning and imaginative powers of man. Then they accomplish the sublime end designed by a beneficent providence. They inspire the spirit, imparting alike to the language and style, the fervor and terseness which mark the expression of original conceptions.

And it is worthy of remark, that those men who have thus adopted and acted upon a single but great sentiment, especially if it relate to the highest of all subjects—the spiritual constitution and destiny of our race, and its connexion with the infinite Father—have ever contributed most signally to their own improvement and that of their fellow-beings.

To such a cause, we cannot but attribute much of the success which has attended the labors of Dr. Channing. He has fixed the energies of his mind upon the grandest emanation of creative wisdom, and by this he has interpreted the character of God, and caused it to shed a revealing light upon nature and christianity. His sentiments, therefore, upon a subject, which, perhaps, with the majority of his profession, is merely of incidental interest, not only affect, but absolutely characterize his writings. What these sentiments are, and how nearly he is identified with them, will

appear from the following extracts from the preface to his volume of Discourses; and from one of the ordination sermons contained in that work:

'I will only add, that whilst I attach no great value to these articles, I still should not have submitted to the labor of partially revising them, did I not believe, that they set forth some great truths, which, if carried out and enforced by gifted minds, may do much for human improvement. If, by anything which I have written, I may be an instrument of directing such minds more seriously to the claims and true greatness of our nature, I shall be most grateful to God. This subject deserves, and will sooner or later, engage the profoundest meditation of great and good men. I have done for it what I could; but when I think of its grandeur and importance, I earnestly desire and anticipate for it more worthy advocates. In truth, I shall see, with no emotion but joy, these fugitive productions forgotten and lost in the superior brightness of writings consecrated to the work of awakening in the human soul a consciousness of its divine and immortal powers. * * * * *

'I do not dream when I speak of the divine capacities of human nature. It is a real page in which I read of patriots and martyrs, of Fenelon and Howard, of Hampden and Washington. And tell me not that these were prodigies, miracles, immeasurably separated from their race; for the very reverence which has treasured up and hallowed their memories, the very sentiments of admiration and love with which their names are now heard, show that the principles of their greatness are diffused through all your breasts. The germs of sublime virtue are scattered liberally on our earth. How often have I seen in the obscurity of domestic life a strength of love, of endurance, of pious trust, of virtuous resolution, which in a public sphere would have attracted public homage. I cannot but pity the man who recognizes nothing godlike in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth; but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong, and which never despairs of the cause of Christ and human virtue. I do and I must reverence human nature. Neither the sneers of a worldly skepticism, nor the groans of a gloomy theology, disturb my faith in its godlike powers and tendencies. I know how it is despised, how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history. I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes. I understand the proofs, by which despotism demonstrates, that man is a wild beast, in want of a master, and only safe in chains. But injured, trampled on and scorned, as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply ever to be wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love. I honor it for its struggles against oppression, for its growth and progress under the weight of so many chains and prejudices, for its achievements in science and art, and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and the pledge of a celestial inheritance; and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.'

We have said that Dr. Channing's psychological opinions influence his writings prominently; and they especially do this, because the field of moral action into which they intro-

duce him, is, to a considerable degree, an original and independent one—so much so, indeed, that when time has hallowed his productions by removing their author, he will doubtless be considered, and that most justly, as the founder, not of a new sect or set of religious opinions, but of a principle of moral action and moral influence adapted to an advanced and advancing stage of human improvement. In confirmation of this idea, we might allude to the estimation in which his works are held in Europe, where his single discourse on Government and Religion, may be considered as the creed of the most enlightened of the political reformers. But our business is to describe.

One of the most evident effects of Dr. Channing's sentiments, is, that they give to his preaching and writing a distinctive and individual stamp. For although he is not altogether isolated as a champion of human nature, yet no one has ever so extended the principle, exhibited it in so many different lights, and made it a lens through which to regard the ways of Providence and the aspects of society. This independent character appears throughout his works. We quote one very plain instance:

'I indeed take cheerfully the name of Unitarian, because unwearied efforts are used to raise against it a popular cry; and I have not so learned Christ, as to shrink from reproaches cast on what I deem the truth. Were the name more honored, I should be glad to throw it off: for I fear the shackles which a party connexion imposes. I wish to regard myself as belonging, not to a sect, but to a community of free minds, of lovers of truth, of followers of Christ, both on earth and in heaven. I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eyes, hearing with my own ears and following truth meekly but resolutely, however arduous or solitary be the path in which she leads.'

With an extract from the 'Remarks on Milton,' and another from those on 'Bonaparte,' as still further illustrative of Dr. Channing's views, we must close:

'We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or impression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean a thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling than ordinary or real life affords. No doctrine is more common among christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal be-

ing. This view of our nature which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry.'

* * * * * * * *

'We close our present labors, with commending to the protection of Almighty God, the cause of human freedom and improvement. We adore the wisdom and goodness of that providence, which has ordained that liberty shall be wrought out by the magnanimity, courage and sacrifices of men. We bless him for the glorious efforts which this cause has already called forth; for the intrepid defenders who have gathered around it, and whose fame is a most precious legacy of past ages; for the toils and sufferings by which it has been upheld; for the awakening and thrilling voice which comes to us from the dungeon and the scaffold, where the martyrs of liberty have pined and bled. We bless him, that even tyranny has been overruled for good, by exciting a resistance which has revealed to us the strength of virtuous principle in the human soul. We beseech this Great and Good Parent, from whom all pure and kindling influences proceed, to enkindle, by his quickening breath, an unquenchable love of virtue and freedom in those favored men, whom he hath enriched and signalized by eminent gifts and powers, that they may fulfil the high function of inspiring their fellow beings with a consciousness of the birthright and destination of human nature.

Wearied with violence and blood, we beseech him to subvert oppressive governments, by the gentle, yet awful, power of truth and virtue; by the teachings of uncorrupted Christianity; by the sovereignty of enlightened opinion; by the triumph of sentiments of magnanimity; by mild, rational, and purifying influences, which will raise the spirit of the enslaved, and which sovereigns will not be able to withstand. For this peaceful revolution, we earnestly pray. If, however, after long forbearing and unavailing applications to justice and humanity, the friends of Freedom should be summoned, by the voice of God within, and by his providence abroad, to vindicate their rights with other arms, to do a sterner work, to repel despotic force by force, may they not forget, even in this hour of provocation, the spirit which their high calling demands. Let them take the sword with awe, as those on whom a holy function is devolved. Let them regard themselves as ministers and delegates of Him whose dearest attribute is Mercy. Let them not stain their sacred cause by one cruel deed, by the infliction of one needless pang, by shedding, without cause, one drop of human blood.'

THOUGHTVILLE.

The Waters of Life.

Leave! O leave, the rivers of earth,
Where poisonous waters flow;
And cease to drink, ere the blighting dearth
Shall come, with its voice of wo!

And list ye not, as her fountains gush,
And their music pour around;
For a serpent dwells 'neath the golden flush,
And would lure thee by the sound!

But come! O come, to the crystal stream
That flows from the holy hill,
Where a purer light than the sun's doth gleam
On its waters, clear and still!

Come! O come!—and the burning flame
Of passion will cease to rage;
And a cooling spirit steal o'er thy frame,
And thy strongest grief assuage!

The mind's rich soil will never bear
Its amaranthine flowers,
Till a holier sky be glowing there
To send down holier showers.

Then leave! O leave, the rivers of earth,
Where poisonous waters flow;
And cease to drink, ere the blighting dearth
Shall come, with its voice of wo!

A Ramble in a Grave Yard.

How peaceful, and how powerful is the grave,
Which hushes all! A calm, unstormy wave,
Which oversweeps the world! Byron.

The mutability of earthly hopes is strikingly displayed in the unobtrusive, yet affecting obituary of those who lie enclosed in yonder cemetery. Their *earth* rapidly commingling with its kindred clod, were once the tabernacles of living souls, the casket containing a diamond, too bright and glowing for mortal eye to look upon. The same thorny road of life we now sojourn upon they have travelled; the same pains and afflictions and sorrows, which *now* embitter existence, were, in some of their numerous varieties theirs to experience. All, too, which gladdens life, and imparts joy and pleasure to millions of hearts now,—and all which calls those hearts away from earthly scenes, and fixes imagination upon the sublimer beauties of creation, and lifts the heart in wonder and admiration to creation's God, was felt by them, and ten thousand hearts have swelled the rapturous anthem of praise to the uncreated Maker of all!

Now, the cold earth encircles them in its embrace: now the clod of the valley enshrouds them, and the flowers of the field spread their beauties over what was once activity, life, and intellectual energy. And these flowers, which seem nature's embellishments, and throw an evanescent glory around the resting-place of the fallen, when contrasted with the decaying earth from which they derive their sustenance, awaken

the deep feelings of the soul in contemplation, and send the thoughts forward to grasp futurity. And then how bitter is the regret which comes upon us, as we glance, with tear-filled eyes, to the silent memento at the head of the grave, which has so often told us that we no more shall dwell with delight in the presence of those whom the dust of the earth reclaims and conceals from our gaze; and about whom it raises a muniment our anxious footsteps cannot penetrate!

The child of Adam is born, serves a short, devious existence upon earth, and then drops off the stage to make way for another, who will erelong be made the prey of the 'grim messenger,' who removed his predecessor. Each fills the sphere of action allotted to him; and each, tending to the grave from the first moment of being, stoops, faints, and falls, to unite with the parent earth. They vanish from our sight, and live but in the waning visions of memory, till they are

'lost in silence and forgot,
Like dreams that were, and yet were not!'

But how consoling the reflection, that the tomb is not the termination of existence! That

'The grave is but the portico of life;
The dark vestibule of departed souls;
The chamber now to all the human race,
Till that last day its door shall open wide!'

Let us examine the delineations engraven on their tombstones, which contain all that fallible prescience can know, and all that mortal vision can discern, and observe their most prominent characteristics.

Here is a grave, of scarcely an arm's length. Within it rest the remains of one, who but drew one breath, one inspiration, and then expired, leaving the little pulse which before quivered so faintly, and the little heart which beat so imperceptibly, motionless in death. This little bud of promise lived not to feel the heart's pangs when immersed in affliction —dwelt not long enough upon this scene of change and conflict, to know the woes which crowd the downward path of man. Its little bosom never yet heaved with anguish at the survey of misery so prominent around it; nor throbbed with delight at the joy which gladdens so many hearts. Separated thus early from time, no ties had been contracted to be sundered, no affections to be displaced; but like the glimmering star which grows dim, and then smoothly glides into the far-off west, so it peacefully entered upon that eternity for which it had no irksome preparation to make.

O, there is a melancholy pleasure in the appearance of an infant's corse, confined within the vestments of its coffin! To look upon that smiling brow, radiant with a cherub's graces, those features never yet wrinkled by care, that never showed the cankering power of affliction, or the presence of those malignant passions which so often reign in man, thus laid by, as if too pure to dwell in this world of folly and vice,—thus separated from the influence of those evils which stray over the earth in deadly power;—with such thoughts and feelings in the mind, to look upon the spiritless body of an infant, raises alternate sensations of pleasure and melancholy in the breast of the beholder.

There lies a peaceful dweller of the world of the dead, who had scarcely numbered a fourth part of the allotted sojourn of man. He was blessed with a social disposition, a mind singularly gifted, and feelings vivid and sensitive, just budding into manhood. He had pleasures; but they were not the gay, volatile pursuits of fashion's votaries. His were the high and noble pursuits of intellectual and moral perfection. True, he was attached to the world; but his attachment was the offspring of benevolence, and urged him to pursue the happiness of others with ardor. His friends were numerous; for his virtues gathered around him a splendor from which diverged, in every direction, the rays of kindness. But earth was not his home. He sought nobler enjoyments, and a purer existence, than the delusive happiness which earth affords. He was suddenly laid, by disease, upon the couch of pain; and although his bed of death was one of exquisite suffering, he triumphed in a peaceful conscience. The spirit, so actively engaged in benevolent efforts, deserted its tabernacle, and rose, amid the sympathies and sorrows of friends and its own triumphings, to join the throng of spirits above; and his body was laid in the narrow house.

I saw his relics ere they were consigned to the abode of death. The same peaceful smile shone over his features as formerly. But the glowing fire within was extinguished. The eye was motionless; the throbbing of his warm heart had ceased. Still, it was pleasing to stand at his side, and, lost in pensive contemplation, to gaze upon those once active limbs, that seemed formed to diffuse happiness wherever they went, —there to beguile the passing moments with imaginings of the homeward flight of his disrobed spirit; while fancy seemed to ope the ambient space, through which I might see, and, at his beckon, follow him in his pathway to the skies. But soon

the charm faded, and I returned to the consciousness of existence, as yet, among the living.

The sorrowful aspect of the concourse of mourners who attended his body to the house appointed for all the living, plainly evinced the esteem they felt for their departed companion, and their loss by his exit. What thrilling emotions rushed through my own breast, as I followed his obsequies so solemnly wending their way to the final mansion of all! With what frenzied feelings did I hear the pealing dirge of the bell, as it spoke the departure of one of society's ornaments!—as it told an irreparable vacuity in the community!—as it threw across my weeping sensibilities the cheerless reflection, that my dearly loved friend had entered upon the scenes of another world, and left me to wander a few more years of pilgrimage over the earth! Ah!

'Friend after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end!'

Just yonder lies all that is mortal of a young and lovely female; the delight of all who knew her. She was cut off while her bosom was expanding with hope, and gay with visions of future unreal bliss. She was fitted to be the dispenser of happiness in whatever circle she moved; and just as her influence had extended itself, and was flowing back to augment her own enjoyment, she was called to part with all that is valuable in life, and travel alone through the dark regions of the grave.

She was beloved by all. Were I able, I would describe her virtues, and engrave her memory on ever-during marble; but that were unnecessary. Fond, bleeding hearts can best picture that, upon which my pen must be mute. Her faith was plighted, and the altar would have consummated her earthly bliss; but ere the expected moment arrived, the insatiate arrow had winged its way to her vitals, and she was gathered to the land of shadows. The little mound of earth that tells her asylum among the inhabitants of the grave has often raised the unconscious tear to the eye of the traveller, and caused him to remark the words the faithful tombstone reveals to his view:

————Within the chambers of the grave,
In gentle slumbers hushed—disturbed by nought
Of earthly pain, or grief, or doubt, or fear,
The soulless body rests!—till the last trump
Shall burst the prison bolts of death, and cry

'*Restore thy trust!*'—and bid her rise above,
To scenes where joys on joys in long succession roll,
And purer pleasures feast the soul, than e'er
Belonged to man on earth.

Who can look at the last tenement of such an one, and not feel that the prospects of earth, however fair, are but a continual *changing of change!* That when grappled with, are but illusive phantoms, that dazzle for the moment, and then recede, leaving their pursuers in darkness and perplexity!

There lie the remains of one in manhood's prime; connected to the world by ties that seemed almost indissoluble. He lived a bright example for others' imitation. Born in humble circumstances, he rose to honor and affluence, unaided, and with a rapidity almost unexampled. In his younger years, the principles of virtue were instilled into his mind; and they governed his subsequent life. The circle of the great and good claimed him as one of their number: and no one could obtain a slight knowledge of his character, without wishing to know more of one so universally esteemed. He bore an exalted part in the community. In fine, his enemies (for they existed) could not fail to respect his lofty and unbending integrity, and acquiesce in the wisdom of his conduct; and his friends were too well acquainted with him to believe him actuated by simulated feelings of virtue, for the sake of distinction.

Suddenly he was torn from life, and called to relinquish all that this state of being holds out as inviting. Friends, wealth and honors were resigned, without a murmur; and he had a peaceful entrance upon the *known*, yet *unknown* scenes of a nobler world.

Beyond, reposes the traveller of fourscore—the brief moment of life's length!—He had tasted the pleasures of life—quaffed the cup of joy—drunk at the rill of happiness, and returned as oft, his thirst still unallayed. He had felt the bitter anguish of affliction, too. The dregs of relentless adversity had been mixed with his cup. With one hand he had grasped the gratifications and pleasures of life; while the other had been vainly striving to ward off the approach of those evils which attend man through all his earthly existence. Thus passed life, till age, with her wan train of ills, stole upon him. The verge of manhood was passed, and he had receded into his second childhood. Death strung his bow, the fatal arrow flew on the wing, and the venerable man lingered in his path, bowed to the earth by the weight of years.

Thus have I endeavored to describe the characters of a few who once mingled with the mass now engaged in the whirl-

pool of business and fashion. But how many does the earth exile from sight, whose presence might awaken remembrances of guilt or infamy! The rioting debauchee, who gave sin the reins; he who hushed thought in inebriation; he who sold himself to iniquity,—and the thousands who have departed from life ere preparation had been made for so important an exit, lie there, and their recollection has vanished from the minds of the world's busy crowd. I have not labored to depict the virtues of him, over whose slumbering dust the monumental marble rears its proud head; on whose surface are emblazoned all his good deeds, but over whose relics, perhaps, no living heart sheds a sympathetic tear. Nor have I sung the dirge of the votary of ambition, who sought elevation above the sons of men; and valued power so highly, that no labor was thought too arduous, and no principle thought too sacred to be violated, to acquire it;—nor of him whose wealth was his idol, whose highest pursuit was to accumulate shining earth for future ease;—nor of the desolate and wandering mendicant, whose body has at last found a refuge from the heat of summer, and the storm of winter. In the grave he now reposes, upon an equal footing with the rich and the noble. For the grave 'is no respecter of persons.'

One forcible lesson is taught us by the bleak and cheerless tomb,—a preparation for our entrance there! Ere long we shall take our places in the narrow mansion! The abode of silence will be ours. The future world will have dropped its curtain upon us, and upon the concerns of time; and our happiness there will be as our hours have been spent here.

'The grave 's the pulpit of departed man!
From it he speaks—his text and doctrine is,
"Thou, too, must die, and come to judgment!"' G. B.

THE COBBLER'S GENIUS....No. III.

'You have now,' continued the Genius, 'seen an example of the injury a morbidly sensitive person can do to himself. I will now take you to another part of your country, and give you an example, not only of the injury a person of this description may do to himself, but of the injury he may do to others. I see you wonder at my speaking of injury in connection with sensitiveness, you having in remembrance the history of the inoffensive and sheepish Cowper; but he was of another species of the same genus. The species which I am now exemplifying, is characterised by strong passions; has

all the noble qualities of man fully developed; but from circumstance, association, or temperament, individuals belonging to it, draw their conclusions from wrong premises, and are thus tempted to think and act in a manner more or less calculated to injure themselves or others.'

The scene was now changed. I found myself in a spacious room, everything around, bearing evidence of wealth. Upon the side of a bed I observed a middle-aged man, apparently in an advanced stage of disease; he had a desk and implements for writing before him, and he seemed as if struggling for calmness, to commence a disagreeable task. 'Behold,' said the Genius, 'a man, who, by unrestrained passion, has been made to suffer such excruciating agony, that, if possible to be described by words, would make every particle of your flesh to crawl with horror. He is going to write an account of his misfortunes to a friend; and as he has had time and reason to study his disposition, and the cause of his misery, you may gain all necessary information from his own letter. You will observe a certain likeness in his feelings and thoughts, to those of the person we have just left; but this will prove him to be of the same species. You will find the history of this man gives a good example—that happiness cannot be enjoyed unless the passions are under control.'

'—— *Somerfield*,—When you receive this, the miserable writer, to whom you once gave your friendship, will be no more. No more! Why do these words, even now, bring a chill upon my spirits, and raise thoughts which almost suffocate my senses, and render every power nerveless in bewilderment? Even now, when I look back, a burning heart, a scalding track of horrid recollections, alone present themselves! But to be annihilated! To be no more! Or, perhaps, to wake to a new existence, in which all that is past is forgotten, is a glorious, enchanting thought! But, oh, horror! to be relieved from the base manacles of earth, while the spirit, freed from all encumbrances, may, without the spur of outward circumstances, range through the chain of past events, and bring every thought and action of my life before my view, within the compass of a single thought; and freed from all association of outward things, but confined within myself to the cursed review of the agonizing past, each new recurrence of the retrospect, receiving the accumulated horrors of the last, without one hope of future ease! I sink forever in my own living, burning hell, of misery, anguish, and remorse. But away with thought! I must forget the possibility of an hereafter; my present misery is more than I can bear! But

why should Chance, or God, or Nature, or whatever ruling Power 'presides o'er man's estate,' have implanted in my mind such powers of exquisite sensation, that what to other men seems unworthy of notice, is to me an overwhelming cause of misery? Why should those slight asperities which other men step over, as if the road of life were level, cause me to trip and stumble through this life, and then to plunge forever in a gulf of misery? Can it be, that this Power, whatever it may be, could have known the dreadful blackness of the crimes I should commit, and implanted these faculties to make my punishment as inconceivably great, as my guilt deserved? Oh, that I had never been! or that now I could be annihilated! But enough—you do not wish to hear the breathings of my remorse. I was cursed from infancy with a morbidly sensitive disposition, which made me see actions and events through a wrong medium, and apply strong words and looks to myself in a disagreeable way, which, perhaps, had no reference to me; or if they had, were far from being intended to be taken in the light in which I viewed them. This habit of construing events to my own disadvantage, became one of the prominent features in my character. A word, uttered, perhaps, in a moment of excitement, would rankle in my bosom for hours. I would think myself without friends, a being unworthy the notice of any one, and fear that I was viewed by every one with scorn. I commenced these thoughts at a thoughtless age, when most children were unconcerned about the future, and careless about the present; when a disagreeable thought lived no longer than the event which caused it. It was my curse to hoard these disagreeables in my mind, and brood over them, as if they yielded me the most exquisite enjoyment. Losing my mother about this time, these singular ideas and feelings, which, perhaps, had she lived, might have taken another course, were confirmed so strongly, that they became a part of my very nature. When my character became more fully developed, you became acquainted with me. You found me in appearance, very different from the sensitive being I have spoken of; and yet, Somerfield, you did wonder how sudden a change would sometimes take place, from the height of gaiety to the depth of gloom. Even in my gayest moments, a look or word, would throw me back upon myself, and all the bleakness of my situation would appear before me. I beheld the world, cold, selfish, and calculating; and thought I stood alone as a blasted shrub upon a barren desert. I did not become a cold misanthrope; neither didI suppose there were no warmer feelings than those arising

from mere selfishness: but I entertained a poor opinion of myself; and supposed that although it was not impossible that friendship and even love should exist, yet that I was incapable of inspiring them. Time passed on, and in the world's school I learned to smile, while the vulture preyed upon my heart; I seemed the very image of gaiety, while I was the statue of despair. You will think it foolish that imaginary things should have power to render life miserable; and that one situated as I have been, should be unhappy; but it was my curse. While the mind is at peace, we are happy; but while it is in commotion from whatever cause, real or imaginary, we are wretched. Oh, that I had been like some, content and happy, because their several wants were well supplied, without one intellectual longing for a something, they knew not what. I longed for some congenial spirit; one that I could love with that devoted fervor which my lonely spirit prompted; one, who would be to me a *world*, in whom I could centre every wish and hope; and one who could return the same affection. Was it strange that one who felt so lonely, with no one who cared for him beyond the passing moment, who had deep and warm affections slumbering in his bosom, should wish for the love of one dear object, on whom he could bestow all his hopes? If this was strange or foolish, it was another curse to me! In the absence of more noble pursuits, I loved to frequent all places of amusement, and all fashionable resorts. I sought for the object of my wishes from the most exclusive circles of the city, to the most indiscriminate 'parties' in the country. In the one place, I was disgusted with affectation, pride, selfishness, deceit and ambition—in the other, with low-bred malice, envy, awkwardness, forwardness, and want of refined feeling. Although I found many bright exceptions, yet so much evil disgusted me with the sex, and although I doubled my seeming assiduity, I lost all respect for it. By discovering the many slips, and being acquainted with the many deceits, I began to think there was no virtue; and my peculiar ideas respecting it, began to increase, until I thought almost every action improper, and dictated by some vicious thought or principle. These ideas would have shielded my heart from any common attack. You were knowing to many of my gallantries, and supposed me to be either a general lover, fickle minded, or dishonorable. You were mistaken. I opposed art to art, and only thought of discovering the faithlessness, and folly, of those whom I considered cold-hearted and calculating. Soon after I left you for the Springs, I met with an adventure which has sealed my fate.

It was my custom, frequently to stroll in the evening, about those places which in the day time presented such scenes of gaiety and fashion, aud survey their silence and loneliness. The contrast seemed to sympathize with my feelings, and afford a kind of melancholy pleasure to my heart. In the course of my rambles, I had penetrated the surrounding woods, and discovered a place for meditation which would have delighted the most romantic. One night I left the ball room in disgust, and retired to this place, to nourish my bitter feelings. Some slight things had been said, which touched upon a tender chord. I roused myself and attempted to do away the feelings which it produced; but at that instant I met a malicious glance, which, coming at that precise moment, instead of awakening my pride and freeing me from all disagreeable feelings, threw me back upon myself, sunk me in my own opinion, and sent me in a state of mind, hardly to be conceived, to my midnight haunt. The moon was at the full, and breaking through the trees, tinged every object with that mellow light, which gives the appearance of peace and happiness to inanimate things, and is so well calculated to calm the troubled passions of the mind. My feelings sunk from their excitement, into that delicious melancholy, which makes one value all the toils and buffets of this life but as his due, and fear not still to suffer, if he can suffer in solitude and silence. I was always subject to high-wrought romantic feelings, and every circumstance at this time conduced to raise them. Thoughts of the past rose before me, and mingled their chilling influence with my present feelings. I stood alone, unfriended. Then the thought, that perhaps the spirit of my mother hovered round me, watching, with anxious solicitude, my every thought, and smiling upon me with more than mortal love, raised indescribable emotions in my bosom, and communicated that peculiar delight, which can be felt only by the sensitive. I was now disturbed by a rustling near me, and soon saw a female form emerge from a shaded path, and seat herself upon a rock not far from me. Can it be possible, thought I, that a female should dare, at such an hour, to walk the woods alone? But upon watching her movements, I was convinced it was no other than a beautiful girl. I shall not indulge you with a description. Oh, that I could forget. She sat, with her head resting upon her hand, and her eyes turned upward, as if in contemplation; and at times a deep sigh broke from her. I approached cautiously, and, unobserved by her, seated myself behind her on the rock. In a few moments she raised herself slowly, and joining her hands with energy as she turned to go,

said, with a sigh, "Oh, that I had a friend!" At that moment she observed me, and started off, with a slight shriek. I darted after her, and in a moment had her by the hand. She appeared greatly affrighted, and alternately screamed and implored me to release her. In a few moments, her fears were quieted, and she allowed me to give an explanation. I cannot rack my feelings so much as to give you what was said, but after explaining the feelings that brought me to this solitude, she could not wonder that my sympathy for her in circumstances apparently so similar, should cause me to take so bold a step to obtain her acquaintance. My mind was in the exact state for these circumstances to affect me, and for her appearance and sentiments to obtain a hold upon my heart. In the excitement produced by all these circumstances combined, my feelings and thoughts flowed from me in all the unconstrained confidence with which I breathed them to myself. Nor did she restrain her confidence from me, but with the unsophisticated candor of a child, she gave me the thoughts of a heart that could feel imaginary sorrows. The morning just began to break as we parted, after engaging to meet at the same place the next evening. I now began to forget the past. I thought of every word and look of the unknown being. Her feelings were different from any I had met before, so deep, so warm, yet so unaffected. They were like my own; and as I thought of this, of the sweet expression of her full blue eye as she seemed to watch every movement of my countenance to read the workings of my soul, I thought I had found one to whom I could unfold the wild and erratic feelings of my heart, without a fear of being misunderstood, and that yet I might be happy. Happy! That word is misery! Oh! curses, curses, on the hour I met so sweet a being, only to blast and to destroy!

Again we met; our confidence was undiminished, but each wondered how it could be possible that it should be so on so short acquaintance. Is there not an union of the soul, a firm combination of the mind, by which two congenial spirits shall be so linked, that one wish and thought and hope shall occupy two hearts, and that when two beings are locked within each other's arms, their thoughts shall be exchanged without the utterance of a word? Or is it merely sympathy?—or is there no such thing as love—and none but such wild beings as myself can think there is—and what they feel to link them more strongly than life to some dear object, no more than crazy fancy? However this may be, we felt an unseen influence drawing us together. We forgot that there were

trials and perplexities for us, and lived only in each other's smile. Oh Somerfield! how do the thoughts of these happy hours, now pierce my soul! I found her all that I could wish; so fond, so playful, so confiding, so everything that my heart had longed for. She gained the complete possession of my affection. I had no wish, no thought, no hope, but her—for her I would have braved the world's contempt, and sunk myself in poverty and disgrace. But my cursed disposition ruined all. Suspicion and jealousy are the constant companions of this sensitiveness; for when one thinks himself the object of anything but love, and supposes that any one would be preferred to him, he must suspect the truth of all professions, and be jealous of the least look or word which implies regard for any other. My suspicions were on every point quickened by my commerce with the world, and as I gave unlimited confidence myself, if it was restrained on any point by another, I instantly suspected something wrong. I now found that the confidence of my Ellen was not on all points complete. This created suspicion, which by black association recalled the long concatenation of past events, and drew a veil over my prospect of the future. I tried to forget there were concealments, but in conversation I frequently stumbled on some subject, which, unknown to myself, brought me near the limits of her confidence, and no inquiry could induce her to speak farther. I now heard rumors. I had strange suspicions of I know not what, and watched each look and word, in hopes of some comfirmation of my vague thoughts. She saw these workings of my mind, and unknowing the cause, sought to share my grief. I told her all my feelings, fears, and suspicions: I tried to describe the effect of all upon so singular a disposition, and then sought her confidence. She was inflexible—she refused in a determined manner, even to speak upon the subject. I tried to forget, but now my suspicions being awake, my singular prejudices were revived. I gave a meaning to every thing. I never met the eye of a neighbor but I thought it looked pity, or contempt; every smile seemed to say "how completely you are gulled." I can give you no idea of the conflict in my mind. I loved her to distraction. I would have sacrificed every thing to her, had she have withheld nothing from me. Again I besought her confidence. I spoke of the chilling thought of gaining half a heart—of the dreadful prospect of having every wish of life, which I now thought so near being realized, at once blasted, and I again reduced to my former loneliness; I tried to describe the happiness of having every thought in com-

mon, with no suspicious fear to mar enjoyment. I cannot tell you all. I did not obtain my wish. I now tried to think the secret of no consequence, and would not hurt her feelings by again mentioning it. She gave me repeated proofs of her affection, and as she was open on every other subject, I would not let this destroy our union. Still it would flash across my mind, why should she keep this from me, if it is of no consequence, when she knows how very painful this concealment is to me, and when she must see the ill effect that might possibly arise from it. Although I knew I could not now expect unalloyed happiness, and looked upon this reserve, as at least ungenerous and ungrateful, still I hoped for more enjoyment than I had heretofore anticipated. We were married. Her devoted affection, and anxious attendance to my every wish, should have made me the happiest of men; but this horrid bug-bear, and my jealousy, destroyed my peace. Still my greatest endeavor was to promote her enjoyment, by a constant attention to all those little indescribables which are so necessary to the happiness of a refined mind, and to lead her to suppose that I had forgotten the subject of my former inquiries. A year had passed since our marriage, and nothing new had taken place to disquiet me. But now, how woful was to be the change! I received a letter from N——, who was then at Havanna, which—enough! it made me what I am! He spake as if he supposed I were soon to be married; he discanted upon the evils of concealment, and asked, "Can a virtuous woman have anything to conceal?" My suspicions were now roused; I cursed in the bitterness of my soul the day that gave me birth. The thoughts that had formerly racked my mind, returned with renewed force. I thought of every circumstance of our intercourse, and gave a false coloring even to those very things which proved her love. It would be impossible to describe the state of my feelings at this time; the strongest passions of my mind were in conflict. Love, jealousy, and suspicion raged with a violence that nearly deprived me of reason. N—— said that by the next vessel, he should send the reason of his observations. In the mean time, he begged me not to get married. You can imagine the effect of this. I supposed he must have some weighty reasons for his request,—it flashed upon my mind, "he may explain this dreadful secret,"—and I waited for the next arrival with feverish impatience. Ellen met me as I entered the house that night. Her full eyes beamed upon me, their peculiar way, and her enchanting smile—oh racking thought!—I cannot dwell on this!—my

heart could not but be warned by her unfeigned affection, and but for this cursed secret—but enough, enough! She saw my inquietude, and sought to share my trouble, but I now looked with jaundiced eye upon her sweet endeavor. I repulsed her with rudeness! This was too much for her gentle spirit, for though her passions were strong to me, she was ever gentle. She burst into tears, and raising her eyes to heaven, she sank upon a chair with a look so full of anguish, that it pierced my heart. I would have clasped her to my bosom, and implored her pardon for this vile action. But suspicion seared my feelings, and I left her in her misery. In a few days I received the expected letter from N——. I will give you an extract. "I have become particularly acquainted with a gentleman, who was sometime since intimate with the young lady to whom he says you are paying your addresses." After stating means by which he had obtained his confidence, and his reasons for believing his communication correct, he continues—"so intimate were this lady and gentleman, that but for some skill in the obstetrick art, there would have been a family without a head. Now, as I know your general practice among the ladies, I shall not apprehend any ill effects from your disappointment—but leave you to the guidance of your understanding." Had the secrets of the infernal world been opened at once upon me, I could not have felt more horror. I rushed into my house with the letter open in my hand, with the fury of a demon; my brain seemed to whirl with the phrensy of my thoughts, and I was almost choaked with contending passions. "Wretch," thundered I, so soon as I could speak, "vile hypocrite! now I have the secret which you have so long kept from me! deceiving wretch! may the curse of heaven follow you." She sat weeping over our child when I entered the room, and now with wildness in her looks, she fell upon her knees, and held the little innocent toward me as if to implore forbearance for his sake. The most fiendish suspicion now crossed my mind; I seized the child and cried, while my mouth foamed with rage. "This is the product of your vileness! do you tempt me by the cursed evidence of your shame?" I was now worked up to the highest pitch of phrensy; my teeth ground together, and my eyes seemed starting from their sockets; a wild laugh burst from me, and I dashed the babe upon the floor.—Oh! that my breast would burst and free me from this tightness! Two months I was confined a madman; I awoke to reason—I had no *wife*, no child! I longed for death, but feared eternity. I left the country and endeavored, by change

of scene, to lull my misery. Vain thought! I carried remembrance with me!

I must be short. Business required my presence in ———. I was returning late one night from an engagement, when a poor squalid wretch threw herself before me, and begged me to give her some relief. "I have," said she, "been turned from the last house that would receive me. I have wandered since morning without refreshment, and have no place to lay my head upon, but the cold earth. Disease in its most horrid form preys upon my body, and the agony of hell is in my mind. Oh, for heaven's sake, give me some assistance." She raised her eyes, a faint tinge fell upon her features; I gazed upon them; I could not be mistaken. Oh God! it was my Ellen! She, whom I had loved more than life, and nourished in my bosom with such devoted affection—a common prostitute! But I had brought her to this. She had suffered the severest wrath of heaven, and was now dying a poor deserted wretch! I could withstand no longer. I fell beside her. "Behold, my Ellen, him, who was once your husband, who loved you beyond all earthly good, and notwithstanding your errors, still loves you more than life. A cold shudder was her answer; she fainted in my arms. I carried her to my hotel, and procured attendants. She now gave me her secrets—too late! too late!—she had been *innocent!* All my cruelty had not destroyed her love. Strange events and distracting thoughts had forced her into the situation from which I rescued her. Nature was broken down—*she died!*

The agonizing grief that now possessed me, was still, and growing. I saw the misery that I had caused by the indulgence of my passions; still I could not but think that all was owing to that fatal secret. The thought that so slight a thing would have saved us from all this misery, now aggravated my torture; remorse and anguish took possession of my bosom, and obliterated every vestige of my calmness; the remembrance of my former sorrows returned with startling vividness, and my former happiness by the dreadful contrast, now brought accumulated agony. I plunged into scenes of mirth and pleasure to drive from me the curse of thought. But day and night remembrance followed me in scenes of the greatest merriment, and in solitude, in the busy scenes of day, and the dread silence of the night—all, all were alike to me! My dreams presented but a recapitulation of the past, and I awoke but to feel the reality of the present. I saw the sweet smile and speaking eyes of my injured Ellen; whether I slept or woke, her voice spake to my heart amidst the war of ele-

ments, and in the deepest silence, working every passion up to madness, and setting my brain on fire by the collision of these hellish thoughts. Oh! now, now!——' Here his agony was too great for his mortal part to bear, and his mind, by its awful struggles, tore itself from the body—he was no more!

The Ruin.

O, where are the faces that, once, so bright,
Came in at these hingeless doors,
And the feet of the many, which then, so light,
Tripped over these mouldering floors?

Where then at the window used to appear
In beauty, the human form,
The paneless casement is void and drear,
And open to wind and storm.

The tangled ivy a covering leaves,
As it creeps o'er the sinking walls,
While the owlet hoots, and the spider weaves,
Sole monarchs of these dim halls.

The eye where sparkled the trembling tear,
The lip that curled in mirth—
Where, where are they all who once were here
Surrounding this crumbling hearth?

Through the dusky chambers, so empty and lone,
The breeze of the evening sighed,
While the voice of Time from his dismal throne,
The ruinous pile, replied.

'The faces have changed and been sent away;
The feet have been long laid by;
The form has returned to its kindred clay,
And darkness has wrapped the eye!

'All, all who were here, like the hurrying waves
That ride on the restless stream,
Have hastened away—have been swept to their graves,
Have finished life's changeful dream!

'Tis bootless now, to the lowly dead,
Who sleep in their beds of earth,
That their feet were light, that their tears were shed,
Or their lips were curled in mirth.

'Their splendor, and beauty, and pride are cast
Far into the dust and shade,
And master and mansion, my hand, at last,
In ruins alike hath laid.

'Yet man hath a spark forever to burn,
A part that I ne'er can kill;
When I bid his form to the earth return,
The spirit defies me still.

'But I never have known, when the soul withdrew
For me to dissolve the clay,
What joy or sorrows she had in view,
Or whither she winged her way.

'My sceptre is over these earthly things;
I raise, and I shake them down;
The empires, the nations, and chiefs and kings
I conquer and keep my crown.

'Yet I, in my turn, am to pass away;
My reign must at length be o'er;
Th' Eternal will speak from his throne and say,
That time must be now no more!'

I said, 'O Time! if thy work be such
With man and his earthly home,
I will place "my treasures beyond thy touch,
Where no death, nor decay can come!"'

I knelt in the dust by that ruinous pile,
'Mid the gathering clouds of even;
My heart to its maker went up the while,
And fastened its hopes on Heaven.

H. F. G.

Antiquities of Literature.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

——— 'tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior; sanctas ausus recludere fontes.' *Virgil.*

About one hundred years ago, it occured to a certain sensible and *clever* individual, an Englishman, we may presume, that he might contribute to the improvement and amusement of his countrymen (we use the word in a philanthropic sense) by culling a memento from the neglected and fast decaying flowers of Poesy, which were produced on the rich soil of Old England's literature, in those halcyon days, when the fruits of genius sprang up and matured in the wild, but invigorating garden of nature.

Having, with no less assiduity than taste, commenced this laudable undertaking, our honest friend proposed to extend and improve upon his original design. Whether he ever did so, we are unable to say, possessing but one of the precious volumes. But, that the reader may be assured that we were

not induced, through our love of literary curiosities, to appropriate, unlawfully, so valuable a relic, he shall be concisely informed how it came into our hands.

Being on a visit to a certain kind aunt of ours, we were agreeably surprised to hear that an antique book had, for some time, been set aside and designed for our especial benefit. Now, everybody knows how much depends upon the way in which a thing is done, be it ever so good a thing. A gift, however costly, if bestowed because the donor happens to be in a generous mood, and, as it were, to relieve the plenitude of his liberality, is no compliment; for, ten to one, his making you the object of his attention, is purely accidental. Whereas, when preconcerted, a gift is what it should be—a token of remembrance.

But, to return, there is a charm in the very name of antiquity; and when applied to a book, it is really delightful. Judge then our satisfaction on reading the following upon the title page: 'The Muses Library; or a series of English Poetry, from the Saxons to the Reign of Charles II. being a General Collection of all the old valuable Poetry extant, now so industriously inquired after, tho' rarely to be found, but in the studies of the curious, and affording Entertainment on all subjects, Philosophical, Historical, Moral, Satyrical, Allegorical, Critical, Heroick, Pastoral, Gallant, Amorous, Courtly and Sublime.'

Some little account is given of each specimen and its author, from which we shall abstract the most interesting portions, and quote the poems *verbatim*, as the orthography constitutes not the least of the unique features of these quaint productions, though most of them, like some individuals of the human family, 'beneath a rough exterior conceal an honest heart.'

Here are some good observations from the author's preface:—'What is said of the Nightingale's singing with her breast against a thorn, may be justly applied to the Poets. Their harmony gives pleasure to others, but is composed with pain to themselves: and what is but to gratify a real want or fashionably luxury, few care to purchase. Thus poetry has been, almost universally, a dung, and its authors have sacrificed the substance of present life to the shadow of future fame. Fame, fame alone they have fondly fancied an equivalent for all they wanted beside, and the world has been so malicious, or careless, as even to defeat them of that imaginary good.'

Among the authorities adduced in the introduction, in support of the 'value of polite literature to a nation,' here is what is termed an 'excellent rapture' from the pen of one Mr. Daniel:

'Perhaps the words thou scornest now,
May live, the speaking picture of the mind,
The Extract of the soul, that labour'd how
To leave the Image of herself behind;
Wherein Posterity, that love to know,
The just Proportion of our Spirits may find.
O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make one line with all:
By you, we doe conferr with who are gone,
And the Dead—Living unto Council call:
By you, th' Vnborne shall have Communion
Of what we feel, and what doth vs befall.
Soul of the world! Knowledge! without thee
What has the Earth, that truly glorious is?
Why should our Pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the Reading and the World's Delight?'

The same writer, speaking of a Stone Hedge on Salisbury Plain, sagely observes:

'And whereto serves that wondrous *Trophy* now,
That on the goodly Plaine, near *Wilton* stands?
That huge, dumb Heap, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what nor whence it is, nor with whose Hands,
Nor for whose Glory, it was set to shew
How much our Pride mocks that of other Lands?'

This is a genuine eulogy, drest in an odd garb:

'VERSES. ON HENRY I. wrote immediately after his death, the author unknown.'

Kyng *Henry* is dead, Bewty of the world!
For whome is great dole:
Goddes now make rowm for thy Kinde Brother!
For he is sole.

Mericurius in Spaeches, *Marce* in Battayle.
In Harte strong *Appollo*,
Jupiter in best, egall with *Saturn*
And Enemie to *Cupido*!

King he was of Right!
And man of most Myght!
And glorious in rayninge!
And, when he left his Crowne,
Then fell Honour down!
For Misse of such a Ki ng!
Normandy than 'gan lowre,
For Losse of their Houre,

And sang well away!
England made Mone,
And *Scotland* did grone,
For to se that Day!'

In the following verses, it seems a Monk of Gloucester, called Robert, intended to satirize King William Rufus:

'As his *Chamberlain* him brought, as he rose on a Day
A Morrow for to wear, a Paire of Hose of lay:
He asked what they costened, *Three Shillings* he seid,
Fie a Diable! quoth the King, who say so vile a Dede:
King to wear so vile a Cloth! But it costened more:
Buy a Paire for a Mark or thou shalt ha cory Sore,
And worse a Paire enough, the other swith him brought!
And said they costened a *Mark*, and unneth he than so bought:
Aye Bel-Amy! quoth the King, these were well bought,
In this manner serve me, other ne serve me not!'

Henry Bradshaw produced this verse, which is called a fair sample of his poetry. It must form the Epilogue to this first appearance of old poets upon so modern a stage:

'ON THE CITY OF CHESTER.'

'The Founder of this City, saith *Polychronicon*,
Was *Leon Gawer*, a mighty strong Gyant
Which builded Caves and Dungeons many a one,
No goodly Building, ne proper, ne pleasant.'

Boston Young Men's Temperance Society.

Pursuant to public notice, a meeting of the Young Men of Boston, was held at the Masonic Temple, on Monday evening, July 16th, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society.

It may be doubted whether the most sanguine of the projectors of this measure, anticipated the general and strong expression of interest which was manifested on the occasion. For whatever hopes they may have indulged, drawn from the intelligence and readiness to engage in every moral enterprise which characterise the young Men of Boston, it must have been an agreeable disappointment to many individuals, to percieve that they were so well and so generally prepared to adopt a total abstinence and anti-traffic constitution. This has been the propitious result of a discussion, which occupied three evenings, and elicited, on both sides, much that betokened rectitude of intention, and soundness of judgment.

We deem the formation of this society one of the noblest effects of all that has been done and written for the promotion of temperance. For it promises to influence public opinion, and that in no small degree, which, after all, is the great means of advancing the 'Augean work.' Among the many who rejoice in this decided and honorable movement in favor of temperance, few have better cause for gratulation and pleasure than those engaged in the interesting design of promoting Literature and Science among the Young Men of the community. In proportion as the means of stimulating the physical, and stupifying or maddening the intellectual system, are foresworn and denounced, we may believe that the spirit's thirst will increase, and that thousands will repair to the fountains of living water which renovate and fertilize the soul. We hail, then, this new era in the annals of temperance, when the long-established principle, that preventive measures, early and generally adopted, on the part of those just entering into life, are the surest, safest and most efficacious, is thus faithfully acted upon.

'Against a foe of so terrible power, the strength of single assailants is vain; it is only when embodied into a regular and disciplined host, that they can present a force in any degree formidable, or be allowed to hope for successful combat.' And what a reinforcement to such an array, is a phalanx, composed of the Young Men of the land, with their warm hearts, and resolute purposes!'

Welcome to this auspicious undertaking! May it be prolonged with untiring perseverance, judgment, and zeal. With all our hearts, we say

MACTE!

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

[A Letter to the Editor.]

PERHAPS, Mr. Essayist, you permitted some remarks favorable to a pamphlet recently published against one of the noblest associations in our country, to appear in your Magazine for the purpose of exciting discussion. If such was your motive, I cannot *totally* condemn you for 'doing evil that good may come of it'; but, while it is evident to those immediately interested, that the article referred to is not editorial, not less from its matter and manner, than from the asterisk affixed to it, yet its tendency is, I think, to convey a wrong impression to

our friends in general, as to the sentiments of the Association who aid in conducting the Essayist, on a most interesting and important subject. Impressed with this idea, I write to correct the mistaken notion, if any such prevail, by stating that during our last session, and at one of the largest meetings, after a full discussion, the Association expressed, by a decided and unanimous vote, their interest in and respect for that admirable institution which has for its object 'the promotion and execution of a plan for colonizing, with their own consent, the free people of color in our country on the coast of Africa.'

At some future time I hope to see this momentous object, an object in which every young man in the community should take an active interest, treated of in its various relations, and its claims exhibited, in the pages of the Essayist.

I will close by respectfully directing those of your readers who desire information, to an article on the subject in the last number of the North American Review, and to the letters of Matthew Carey. From the former I extract the concluding paragraph.

'And who can enjoy more than the philanthropists of the West and South, this sweetest happiness of giving happiness to others? Who can tell better than they, what freedom is, and what the soul's yearning may be over the loss of that holy boon? God speed them in this god-like enterprize. God speed them to make a freeman of the slave, and a citizen of the freeman, and to send him back to the shores of his own radiant and verdurous land. The skies shall smile upon them, and the soil shall be sacred soil. There let him lay the foundation of an empire, in silence and in peace. Ages hence, it may still stand, a light-house in the gloom of that desolate continent, and a monument of praise to this, immortal and beautiful as the stars. Even then, though their own proud Republic should live but in history, it may be at least an asylum where he that has wandered and wept from his childhood shall again exult in the smoke of his village, and again

> Shall drink at noon
> The palm's rich nectar, and lie down at eve
> In the green pastures of remembered days,
> And walk—to wander and to weep no more,—
> On Congo's mountain-coast, or Gambia's golden shore.'

Yours, &c. H. T. T.

ON READING CROLY'S 'ANGEL OF THE WORLD.'

I HAVE drank in sweet music. And my soul
Thrills with intense, and passionate delight,
As o'er the harp of thought responses roll
In dreams like melody; and on my sight
Rise oriental visions, where unite
Beauty and stern Sublimity.———The air
Was fill'd with perfume, and no blight
Marr'd the sweet loveliness that gather'd there,
Till the Enchantress came its beauty to impair.

She came with form angelic. Her dark eye,
And rosy lip, and form of sylph-like grace,
Drew from each heart a tributary sigh.
In this fair guise, Temptation sought the place,
Where virtue had a home, to leave Disgrace
And Ruin in her stead. She comes with power
All spiritual beauty to deface.
She holds the cup—man drinks—dread tempests lower,
And muttering thunders toll the death-knell of the hour.

I thank thee, Croly, for each glowing thought,
And beautiful conception thou hast wrought.
All my degenerate feelings now have flown;
And Pleasure reigns upon the spirit's throne,
While their sweet symphonies their numbers roll
In warbling music o'er my ravished soul;
And never more shall transient troubles pain,
When Recollection can repeat thy strain;
For memory shall keep the tale apart,
And brood above its beauty in my heart.
And ne'er shall grim Forgetfulness impair
The secret raptures it shall cherish there.

R. W.

ESSAYIST ROOM.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN: or a familiar Illustration of the principles of Christian Duty. By Jacob Abott, principal of the Mt. Vernon Female School. Boston: published by Peirce & Parker, 1832.

ALTHOUGH want of time has prevented us from giving this volume the attention it deserves, we are desirous of expressing our approbation of its design.

After any duty is enforced by general argument, its performance and particular character is illustrated by a tale or supposed case, the whole being expressed in language at once simple and convincing. Those who are acquainted with the happy talent which the author possesses for his interesting sphere of

moral action, and the liberal tone which marks his religious opinions, will readily anticipate his success in an undertaking of this kind. We trust the volume will be generally and attentively read. *

THE RUINS OF ATHENS, with other poems, by a Voyager. Washington: Thompson & Homans, 1831.

THIS book, having been published at a distance from our metropolis, has hitherto escaped our attention, and we much regret that our time and limits will now preclude an extended notice. We intend hereafter, if possible, to give it a more critical perusal than we have done, and to furnish some examples of the poetical talent of the author. *

HISTORY OF THE LATE POLISH REVOLUTION, AND THE EVENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN. By Joseph Hordynski, Major of the late Seventh Regiment of Lithuanian Lancers. Boston: Carter & Hendee, 1832.

AFTER a protracted delay, this work has made its appearance; but those who anticipated its publication with pleasure will doubtless feel somewhat compensated for their 'hope deferred,' by the circumstance that the work has been extended much beyond the original design.

An analysis of its contents, much more a criticism on the style and matter of the volume, is a task which, however agreeable in itself, especially as applied to the attractive subject of the History, we are unavoidably obliged to waive, and must rest satisfied with calling the attention of our friends, the Young Men, to an account, written not only by a spectator, but by a distinguished actor, of that glorious effort for the recovery of Polish liberty, which at its outset and during its continuance failed not to excite their deep interest and elicit an honorable token of their sympathy. *

THE ETYMOLOGICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA of technical words and phrases used in the Arts and Sciences, and of many words in common use, with popular quotations from foreign languages, and their translations. From the best authorities. By D. J. Browne, Author of the Sylva Americana, Editor of the Naturalist, etc. Boston: William Hyde & Co., 1832.

THE general reader, not less than the scientific scholar, must have frequently, felt the need of a vocabulary similar to that above described to elucidate expressions which constantly recur in almost every literary work and treatise on natural science.

To Mr. Browne we are indebted for a very respectable attempt, at least, to supply this want. It may be a subject of

regret to some that the author, having embarked in the enterprize, did not accomplish it *in toto*—that is, as far as practicable. But besides the great labor, responsibility and pecuniary risk involved in such an undertaking, the work, thus prepared, would be too extensive, and consequently too costly, to constitute a popular manual, which we apprehend to be the purpose of the Etymological Encyclopedia. We think, therefore, that Mr. Browne has not erred by restricting himself, in the execution of his plan, within moderate limits.

The work is certainly indicative of much patient research and a faithful collation of respectable authorities. We are happy to give our testimony in favor of its adaptation to the wants of the community, and its instructive tendency. *

POEMS, by Bernard Barton. New Edition, including his poems to the year 1832. Boston: published by Munroe & Francis, 1832.

WE are always happy in recommending good poetry. The name of Barton has long been known among us. He has a natural simplicity of style, and a deep tone of morality, that must win to him the love of all hearts. There is none of that morbid misanthropy, which (we grieve to say it) many strive to catch from the Byronic school. His heart is a fountain of love. He looks upon the flowers of earth, and the stars of heaven, and praises God that he feels they are blessings. He wishes not that his feet tracked alone life's desolate wilderness, but rejoices that his lot has been knit into the great brotherhood of man.

He has no cant, no pompous epithets, but he has rather the sweet plaintiveness of the shepherd minstrel, who tunes his pipe to the glad warblings of birds, and the soft music of running streams. He has no bloody legends, no freezing horrors, but speaks, rather, of woman with her lilly-like purity, and childhood with its unsuspecting gladness. His heart is a well-spring of religion. He feels no shame in acknowledging his allegiance to the Infinite God, but in the whole train of his poetry, shows that he adores Him with a *silent*, as well as an audible worship.

From what we have said, the striking traits of these poems will be known. We hope they will be read and studied, and that they may cause the seeds of a pure and religious imagination to germinate in many bosoms. *

AN ESSAY on the Demoniacs of the New Testament. Boston—L. C. Bowles, 1832.

It is not customary with us to notice religious publications, for reasons many and cogent. But, as there are exceptions to all rules, we rejoice whenever works of this nature have such an object and character, that we can consistently descant upon them, however briefly.

Such an opportunity is afforded us, by the publication of the present Essay. The subject of which it treats, has ever been one of difficult interpretation. The main point of controversy, however, seems to be, whether the subjects of miraculous renovation, described in the N. Testament as possessed of devils, were actually tormented with evil spirits, or whether this expression may be referred to a figurative or national phraseology significant of affliction from disease, whether bodily, mental, or both.

The author of this treatise presents us with a concise and interesting account of the arguments, *pro* and *con*, in relation to the subject, and, as far as his own views are avowed, inclines to the last mentioned theory. But his chief aim is, we believe, to induce individual enquiry, clear the topic of useless and troublesome adjuncts, and lessen the difficulty as much as possible.

As an evidence of the progress of Biblical criticism among us, and on account of its intrinsic worth, we welcome the Essay. No attentive reader, we think, can rise from its perusal unimproved.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—Resolutions were passed at the last meeting, proposing important improvements in the government and plan of action, and the members are respectfully requested to attend generally and punctually, as these resolutions will be discussed and acted upon, at the next and several succeeding meetings. An immediate compliance with the requisitions of the Constitution on the part of those who have not yet attended to that duty, is respectfully urged upon their attention, as being necessary in order to arrange the concerns of the Association before the approaching annual meeting.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER. No. IX.

APPEAL OF THE POLISH NATIONAL COMMITTEE

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WE insert this interesting document in our Magazine, in accordance with our promise to record everything of peculiar interest relating to the Poles; and also to revive that active zeal in behalf of this oppressed but noble people, which was manifested about a year since by the young men of our community.

The appeal is certainly irresistible, when viewed in connection with the universal sympathy expressed by Americans in the cause of Polish liberty, and the station which we, as a nation, occupy in regard to political freedom. 'At no moment of the last half century,' says an eloquent divine, 'has it been so important, that we should send up a clear and strong light, that may be seen across the Atlantic.' May no cloud of selfish policy or criminal apathy, obscure this effulgent beacon, as regards our national deportment towards the unfortunate but glorious remnant of martyred Poland.

PARIS, 9TH MAY, 1832.

National Polish Committee,

To His Excellency GENERAL JACKSON, President of the United States of America.

THE Poles, exiled from their unhappy country which their efforts and their sacrifices were unavailable to save from the fangs of treachery and the frightful consequences of conquest; the Poles, persecuted by all the sworn enemies of liberty, bearing nothing from their native country saving hope and misfortune, confidently address the Government of the happy people of America, whose power and dignity the old hemisphere delights in contemplating; whose wise institutions have taken deep root in the soil, and sent forth vigorous shoots of freedom, and who has realized the sublime problem of social welfare united to liberty.

Europe knows our rights and our vicissitudes. Her nations, in their progress towards general emancipation, hailed our successes with raptures and joy, and shed tears over our reverses. The country of Washington, still revering the memory of the intrepid Pulaski, and the virtuous Kosciusco, resounded with unanimous acclamations at our last efforts, and neither the immense space of the ocean, nor the charms of social comfort which they so plentifully enjoy, should deter its happy citizens from sympathising for our cause. Those circumstances, together with the consciousness of having done our duty, induce us to make an appeal to popular feelings, which alone are capable of ministering to the sufferings of the proscribed of a once free and great nation.

Ten months of an independent existence, of which the insurrection of the 29th of November, 1830, was the signal, were passed in a bloody contest with a powerful enemy, possessed of all the advantages derived from a material force aided by allies who shared in the cruel dismemberment of the Polish Republic, and assisted by secret agents in the interior. Poland fell a victim to the league of kings. Her armies divided for the purpose of facing the enemy on all sides, having to contend with overwhelming forces, increasing every moment and suffered to want for nothing by ill disposed neighbors, were obliged to take refuge in a country which belonged to Poland before it became the booty of invaders. Meanwhile, France remained an indifferent spectator of their struggle. Lulled with the vain hope of preserving peace, and led astray by a mistaken policy founded on moderation and concession, her government disregarded the old friendship existing between both nations, the brotherly ties that once united them, and the fact of Poland having stopped the crusade of the northern despots directed against the principles proclaimed by the revolution of July. Poland has undergone the yoke, she can no longer boast of a political existence, being entirely ruled by Ukases, in violation of the very treaties and engagements which it had pleased her masters to impose on her fifteen years before. The Poles, outlawed in the empires, kingdoms and principalities of the Holy Alliance, had to choose between chains, dungeons, death, or transportation to the icy deserts of Siberia, and exile and the confiscation of their properties. The remains of the army, whom it was attempted after they had witnessed the murder of their disarmed brothers to induce to accept a perfidious amnesty; together with the members of the Diet and of the revolutionary Government, preferred going into exile, there to devise,

means of asserting some day their country's rights; or be their losses and misfortunes ever so great, the Poles shall never cease entertaining in their hearts the secret assurance of the triumph of their cause, and of the re-establishment of a free and independent Poland. They sought a secure asylum where they might vindicate their common interests, and support and preserve their nationality. A constant amity and recollections of former glory and reverses, shared and borne at different periods with the French people; zeal and repeated services rendered by Poland to France; solemn assurances given at a moment when other states remained silent, by the chief of the government and the representatives of the French people, that the Polish nationality should not perish, pointed out France as the only country in which the Poles could expect to meet with hospitality and protection, religiously preserve their nationality, and prepare the way for the regeneration of their country.

The dispersion of the members of the last government, and of the representatives of the last Diet, left no hope of their being able to muster on any point the number required by law to transact business. The absence of national representation at so critical a moment, suggested to the Poles who arrived first in Paris, the propriety of appointing from among themselves a national Committee. By degrees, as the number of refugees increased in France, the Committee entered into communication with them, and took upon itself to act in their name. It is in that quality they now apply to the President and government of the United States of America. The French people received with enthusiasm their unhappy brothers. Confiding in their generous feelings and in the solemn assurances of France, we expected to find among them a harbor in our adversity, and the guarantee of a sort of political existence. Such were our hopes in coming to France. But the government has been deaf to the just application of the Polish refugees, nay, it has even persecuted them; and both Chambers have sanctioned their system by enacting the law of the 9th April last, which is particularly aimed at the Poles, whom it places at the mercy of a hostile administration.

The political horizon of Europe is assuming every day a more sombre aspect, and France may fall a prey to factions or invasion. Then the Poles shall be left without even this last precarious asylum. Impressed with the deepest concern at the thought of the present uncertain situation of the refugees, the national Committee could not but take into serious consideration their future prospects, and devise some plan for

their safety in case the exceptional laws of France were carried into execution, or the Poles should again become the victims of a mistaken policy. They are perfectly aware of the difficulties and dangers they would have to encounter should they be compelled to quit the hospitable land of France; in their perplexity they look up to the United States, without, however, concealing that such a refuge in a friendly country so far from theirs would be very painful to their feelings, since it would be attended with a longer exile. But on the other hand, their republican minds would derive some consolation in their misfortune from breathing the air of a pure hemisphere; they flatter themselves that the government of the United States will not belie their hopes and the high opinion which the world has conceived of its dignity and liberality, and that their illustrious President, raised to that proud station by the voice of his fellow citizens, and partaking their sentiments, will favorably receive the application of the remains of a nation assailed by the most cruel fortune.

We have already had flattering proof of the friendly disposition of the Americans towards us. On the anniversary of the declaration of independence of the United States, on the 4th July, 1831, the citizens of that republic present in Paris met under the Presidency of Mr. F. Cooper, and subscribed a considerable sum in favor of our cause. Mr. S. G. Howe having brought us two banners and additional patriotic subscriptions, most of the American citizens in Paris formed into a Committee under the patronage of Gen. Lafayette.

So much sympathy shown to the Polish cause, emboldens us to hope that the government of the United States will not deny us its assistance. If it should happen through a fatality without example in the records of the world, that the Poles persecuted in Europe, should be under the hard and cruel necessity of directing their last course towards a transatlantic shore, they would demand friendship and hospitality of the people of the United States, in whose country they know misfortune is ever sure to find a refuge. Nevertheless, as the number of our countrymen might amount to between 3 and 4000 men, destitute of arms and resources, and consequently in imminent danger, they deem it expedient to warn the government of their determination, and to claim its aid.

Under those circumstances, it is important for them to be informed with all possible despatch, to what extent they may rely on the protection and support of the United States, what condition would be required of those who should seek an asylum in the republic, what would be the nature of their rela-

tions with and duties towards the states of the Union, and how far their nationality could be guaranteed without interfering with the institutions and the interests of the country? They further request to be informed, would the government secure a safe passage across the Ocean, by providing them with a safe conduct which would preserve them in their navigation from dangers they would otherwise have to encounter?

Such are the questions which the Polish National Committee take the liberty to address to the Supreme Chief of the United States. They consider it a most fortunate circumstance that their sentiments and wishes should be conveyed to him through the medium of Dr. Howe, who by his zeal and exertions in our behalf, has acquired additional right to the gratitude of the Poles.

We remain, General, with the most profound respect, your Excellency's most obedient servants,

LELEVEL JOACHIM,
LEONARD CHODSKO,
ANTHONY BLUSZUCKWIDZ,
JOSEFF ZALIZOSKI,
ANTHONY FOZCUISWOSKI,
E. RYKARZEWSKI,
MICHEL STUBE,
EDWARD WODZINSKI.

TRUTH,

A POEM, delivered at the last Anniversary of the Forensic Club, Portland.

THE publication of this poem was refused by the author, WILLIAM CUTTER, Esq. We were, however, some time ago, favored with a perusal of the manuscript, from which we ventured to make a few extracts. Mr. Cutter bears an unassuming character in the literary world. He is engaged in mercantile pursuits; and this circumstance, together with a want of disposition to appear often before the public, has occasioned his seldom attempting the production of anything in the literary way, which would draw much upon his time and attention. He is therefore not likely, perhaps, to rise so fast in public estimation, as many others of inferior abilities—though he has acquired a respectable reputation so far as he is known.

This poem we presume, was intended rather more as a satire upon some of the follies of the times, than as a studied or extremely poetical production; but it contains many passages of a very high order of poetry. It opens with a reference to 'those simple days of old,'

'When each pure spirit of celestial birth
By some fair type was shadowed out on earth,

and the Chief of Olympian counsels,'

——'laying all her primal glory by,
Stooped from her golden palace in the sky,
And dwelt with man, his erring thought to raise,
And guide his truant feet in Wisdom's pleasant ways.'

This goddess, whom he afterwards calls 'TRUTH,' exerted a reclaiming influence on the minds of men—

'Aided the teacher in his useful task,
And kindly waited for the youth to ask;
Dropped a pure word upon a mother's lip,
And left it there for infancy to sip.
She breathed on human works—and lo! her breath
Hath saved them from the withering touch of death.
She lit with fire the poet's phrensied eye,
And lo! while time endures, his fame shall never die!
* * * She dwells with modest worth,
With those whose look is more on heaven than earth,
And only lingers where the heart and soul,
Pure from all blot, are bowed to control.

The poem proceeds to apply the test of truth, to the opinions, fashions and practices of mankind, and finds them, in almost every instance, *wanting*. From the midst of the whole, we copy the following passages, not so much for the purpose of showing forth the author's talents, or the plan of the poem, as for the sake of variety.

GREECE.

——Greece!—there is magic in that classic sound.
It sends a thrill through every bosom round!
I see it sparkling in a hundred eyes!
I feel it in the heart's deep fountains rise!
Greece! noble, trampled Greece! thy chain is broke,
Spurned at thy feet, the haughty Moslem yoke!
Blazoned in heaven again, the cross I see—
The crescent waves—and thou again art free!

OUR COUNTRY.

——Our hapless bark, by furious tempests tossed,
On faction's quicksands, seems already lost;—
Already swells the roaring of the surge;
Already vice's unseen currents urge
The trembling vessel to the breakers vast,
Where lie the buried nations of the past!
—In vain the warning voice of ages comes,
Borne on the blast, from Europe's solemn tombs!
In vain the shades of old republics rise,
To warn us where our one great danger lies!
In vain upon those awful rocks they stand,
And groan and shriek, to fright us from the land!
Still madly bent on ruin, lo! the bark
Drives headlong down the vortex, deep and dark,—

And Freedom rises weeping from the wave,
Where her lost child has found an early grave!
——Stay, stay the vision yet—it is not past!
Though late, redemption may arrive at last.
If but the sons of pilgrims once awake,
And from their souls the chains of error shake;
If honor, virtue, now their thoughts control,
While Truth points upward to the steady pole;
If to the laws of Justice and of Heaven,
Their heart's best reverence be devoutly given;
If, one in heart, as one in interest, now
At heaven's pure altars all united bow,—
Then Hope's expiring lamp shall Truth relume,
And Freedom build our temple, not our tomb!

PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.

——the stage!—that boasted moral school,
Where babes learn wisdom from a knave or fool;
Where virgin modesty is sent to take
The art of blushing from a common rake;
Where polished ears and minds of lofty taste,
Meet unoffended, words and looks unchaste;
Where hoary sires their children take, to view
The mimic deeds would hang them were they true,
And make familiar to the untaught ear,
Oaths, jests, and ribald, they should start to hear;
While all, in kindred gallery, box and pit,
Swallow the poison lewdness for the wit;
Extol, and laud, with voices, hands, and feet,
Men they would scorn to speak to in the street.
'Is this, indeed, fair virtue's chosen home,
"Pure as religion's consecrated dome"?
And can you hope your morals to repair,
And teach your children holy lessons there?
I grant, if there your heart can find such blessing,
Your morals greatly stand in need of dressing;—
If puppets, jugglers, Falstaffs, are above ye,
The stage's teaching may perhaps improve ye.'
'Nay urge not reason to a task so hard—
Truth walks the stage, and quickly turns the card!"
Proves it absurd instruction pure to hope
From men whose virtues just escape the rope;
Strips from the door its false, alluring bait,
And writes above it—"Ruin's open gate!"'

PARTY CAUCUS.

——'the Party Caucus——heavens! the din!
Truth tried the door—they dared not let her in!—
And if they had, there scarce exists a doubt,
So foul the air, her candle had gone out.
There, from life's common kennels, foul and dark,
Puppies of every grade come up to bark;
The older curs, in absence of their prey,
Whet their worn teeth against the coming fray,
While the young whelps, near bursting with pent wrath,
If they can't bite, at least can show their froth.
There the poor jaded orator of stumps
Upon the groaning rostrum vainly jumps,
Harangues the bustling mob at least an hour,
Nor doubts the nation trembles at his power;
Pours all his strength in one rhetoric slap,
And feels the victory won, if fools but clap.'

A DANDY.

'Lo! yonder dupe of fashion! tou's tip top,
With hardly wit enough to be a fop!
Who dreams of nothing but his pretty shape,
And nothing studies but to "match an ape;"
Or, if aught else his poor ideas turn,
In this alone he's sense enough to learn—
Nor heeds a jot, though all within be chaff,
So he can wear—*or be*—a handsome calf!
From other mimics, perfect in the art,
He only differs in a kinder heart,—
They, close confined, like monkeys in a cage,
With monstrous fees your admiration guage;
But he, kind soul! will never live by hire—
He humbly begs the public to admire!'

A PHYSICIAN.

'Yon sage physician, arbiter of lives!
Who, like the vulture, on contagion thrives,
Dabbling in tests, some humble life-string cracks,
Then writes an essay against trusting quacks!'

A TRADESMAN.

'—— The skilful tradesman, whose most sharpened wit
Not always saves himself from being "bit,"
Who trusts, dilutes, and mixes with vast trouble,
And shrewdly keeps his books by entering double,
And still——I *might* say more, but thrift's first rule,
Forbids our "telling stories out of school."'

A LAWYER.

'——The man of law in dealing law to others,
Shames half the laws himself, and justice bothers;—
Intent on flaws, and puffed with jargon phrases,
Himself, his client, and his jury crases,—
Demurs, appeals, continues and exhausts,
And gets his triumph in—a bill of costs!'

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

'And what is truth?—there are who hold it mean,
To fix a faith, whereon the soul shall lean,
And brand a brother, bigot, slave, or fool,
Whose cautious steps are guided by a rule.
But say,—what is it, on the ocean far,
Fixes the pilot's gaze on yonder star?
Why measures he, with studious care and art,
Those glowing highways on heaven's living chart?
Why marks the changing gales, and currents deep,
That 'neath the surface steal, or o'er it sweep?—
Say, is it slavery careful thus to guide
The bark, by rule, upon the ocean wide?—
Nay—launch not thus, too vain of being free,
Without a guide, on being's boundless sea!'
Truth is a heavenly principle,—a light,
Whose beams will always guide the willing right,—
A fixed star—*a spotless, central sun,*
In the mind's heaven,—unchangeable and one!
Mistake, we need not—nay, we cannot err,
While faith or reason held dominion here;
Deep clouds may dim, or mists obscure the day,
Or passion from the soul shut out its ray;
'Tis still the same—no power can blot it out—
And only he who will not *look*, can doubt!'

CAUSES OF ERROR.

—'Tis Passion, Interest, Prejudice, and Pride,
Ever from truth have turned the world aside!
—'Tis Passion, kindling fires of hell within,
Consuming, blasting, every thing but sin!
—'Tis blind self-interest, craving earthly good,
That in the world's best light has ever stood;
The present hope outweighing that to come,
It sells for nothing all beyond the tomb!
—'Tis Prejudice, that crooked, cross-eyed fiend,
That still from all that's fair the soul can bend;
She warps the judgment—she distorts the sight—
Shuts out with mists and film the holy light—
And ne'er permits the sealed mind to view,
In all its fair proportions aught that's true!
—'Tis Pride, Protean monster! born of sin,
Claims all the deep idolatry within!
—The Pride of *Wealth*, that lives on outward glare,
Blest if it purchase from the world—a stare!
The pride of *beauty*—doubly vain and blind—
Scorns all the untold jewels of the mind,
Soils the sweet living rose-buds of the heart,
Only to shine in empty gauds of art!
The pride of *wit*, that would not lose a jest,
For all the soul deems holiest and best!
—The pride of *Reason*—that infatuate fool!
The last and blindest of the sceptic school,—
That still prefers her own poor glow-worm spark,
To guide her groping progress in the dark,—
And, though Jehovah speaks, presumes to doubt,
Because, with half-closed eye, she cannot find it out!'

CLOSE OF THE POEM.

'Come, then, and yield to truth's sublime control,
The undivided empire of the soul.
Of passion's glow, of pride's deceitful glare,
And fancy's sickly ray, alike beware!
Beware of human maxims—artful guides!
Like floating lights upon destruction's tides—
That shift and waver with each passing breath,
And cheat the eye, and lure the soul to death.
"Dare to be wise"—and though the worldling scoff,
Cast the vile slavery of the skeptic off:
Be plain, sincere, decided, honest, meek—
Truth will make pearls of every word you speak:
Be no deep purpose to your bosom known,
Which to the world, or heaven, you'd blush to own.
Let no pretence of falsehood or of art
Coil like a serpent, round the inner heart,
To trail its slime, and breed its poison there,
Sullying and withering all that 's true or fair.
Whate'er the world can offer that is true,
With patient toil and fearless step pursue—
But ne'er forget, in seeking earthly gems,
That can't be worthy man, which God condemns!
—Skim not the shallow surface,—dive below,
Where fountains spring, where pearls and diamonds grow,—
Truth loves enquiry—and will never shrink,
But from the idle mind that cannot think!

On Zion's hill-top there's a living spring—
Hard by the throne of Heaven's eternal King—

Truth's upper fountain! whence her streams pour out,
To lave the shores of danger and of doubt,—
With healing virtues for the sickly mind,
Rest for the weary, vision for the blind,
Hope for the hopeless, and eternal light,
To cheer and bless the new-recovered sight!
In the blest Book of Life, its purest rill
Down the fair vales of time is flowing still,
And still, where'er its gentle currents roll,
They heal the heart, and purify the soul,
And calm in every humble bosom rest—
A living fountain in the Christian breast!
—Go, taste those crystal waters,—drink—*drink deep,*
And in their hallowed bath, your spirit steep;
Go, trace that stream up where the well-spring lies,
The only stream on earth that springs beyond the skies!'

LAUGHING.

I AM not a remarkably nice observer of my fellow-men in most things. I pass some hours of loitering in the streets, daily, without meeting a single face of my acquaintance; and I never looked half a score of people in the eye, during a life of fifty-nine years. So far as I have made character a study, I have studied it from another feature. I judge every body by their style of laughing—the absence of it—the excess—the manner—the occasion—the accompaniments. It is wonderful how a man may be known by his use of this organ—the mouth.

The pleasantest and dullest of all creatures on earth are two classes who never laugh at all. The process is by no means a necessary indication of good humor. Several of the most amusing characters I have known, never laughed. They were in the habit of venting pleasure in some other way; and I have sometimes thought it was all habit—that we might as well covenant in society to use any other set of muscles for an expression of delight, as to operate the ordinary risibles. At all events, there is no intrinsic correspondence between the sign and the thing signified in the usual adopted process of laughing. Long custom, alone, has led us to associate certain ideas with certain appearances in our neighbor's countenance—nothing more. I have no doubt, if a man could be kept from laughing himself and from seeing it in others, till a discreet age, and then be introduced to an exhibition of it—he would be as likely to take it for a fright, as for pleasure—especially at a side view. I have known several worthy people, in particular, whose smile even, was distressing; and their laugh absolutely frightful. These are instan-

ces, I presume, where from some accident or whim, or something else, in early life, they have adopted a method of expression, precisely opposite to those in ordinary use.

The shepherd Hogg describes several actual characters of this description, in his 'Calendar.' Among others, a lady of his acquaintance, who resembled other sensible people in most respects, invariably reversed the usual operations of laughter and weeping. You would know some misfortune had happened, if you heard her singing about the house, especially a merry brisk tune—but if you heard her laugh it was 'past redemption.' The breaking of a tureen, or a set of valuable china, would quite convulse her. So with one John somebody—(the name has escaped me)—who was immoderately fond of a pet grey-hound. The dog died, and the boy spent an hour or more in the most violent merriment. He afterwards educated a turkey-cock, with great pains, to follow him, and fly at people in the streets, whom he pointed out. An irritable passenger struck the animal dead, with his staff; and this proved a source of unbounded rejoicing to John. He appeared to be delighted with the stiff half-spread wing and dull eye of the poor favorite he had fed for years with his own bread. He laughed till he was breathless. No person was ever better satisfied, apparently, with all his dead friends.

This is not common, to be sure; but according to my theory, it is no more unnatural or unaccountable, than using the left hand, as some persons do, for the right—a matter of accident in the first instance, and afterwards of habit. It is unlikely that John was actually enraptured with the decease of his favorites, (though we allow such a thing might be in certain cases, with good reason,) or that the good lady meant to rejoice, as we commonly apprehend the term, over the destruction of her fine crockery. Both of them had made an early mistake in the application of the muscles to particular purposes of expression. It is a matter of immemorial usage and fashion; and therefore, in cases of feeling which absorbs us so much that we obey nature and forget conventional practices, laughing and weeping seem to be, indifferently, indices of the most opposite passions. People 'weep for joy;' and laugh—not 'horribly a ghastly smile'—but the pleasantest laugh in the world, from utter vexation or extreme distress. Maniacs sometimes surprise us in this way; but so would all unopinionated and unhabituated characters, were such to be met with in sane mind. It shows excellent sense—*natural* sense. There is a good story of a negro, who witnessed a representation of Douglas at the Edinburgh Theatre. As the most

pathetic part of the dialogue went on between Lady ———, and Old Norval, he grew more attentive—his eyes became large, and immoveably fixed—his features moved awry—his under-lip turned down at the corners—and just as the observer expected the ordinary result, he burst into a violent spasm of merriment. He was properly affected with the tragedy, but *too much* affected to think of taking his choice between the ordinary modes of expression.

However, I abandon the argument. It matters as little to my readers, whether the process is natural or artificial, as the question whether Mahomet wore a bob-wig, or Æneas a cocked hat and kid slippers. It amounts to much the same thing, in either case.

I should like space and time to go on with a sketch. I have taken notes, for these several years, of the various styles of laughing in ordinary use. I have found them singularly indicative of character, mental and moral. I rely more on a symptom of this kind, in sounding a man, than on the *tournure* of his face, or the bumps on his brain-pan, his walking, talking, writing, or anything else. I rarely read a stranger's credentials. I get him to laugh as soon as possible, and conceive his outline, as readily as you would chalk a man's shadow on the wall. So with his habits of life. The mathematical, poetical, practical, and other various species of professional and technical laughs, are as distinct as the various styles of the English Classics. So with the different tempers, with all their gradations and dependencies—from the kind, natural heart that gushes out in laughter, irrepressibly, like a *jet d'eau*, to the mere mechanical manœuvre of the drilled forced laughter, which passes by the same name, and is no more like it than Antony of Rome was like Tony Lumkin. All these are proofs of my artificial theory. The common laugh, used as in the turkey-cock case to signify affliction—the same with such variations or accompaniments, on other organs of expression, as to give false indications of distress instead of pleasure, showing that the common process is not the only one—and the laugh, regularly performed in all respects, expressing nothing at all. *This*, with many persons, gets to be as easy as false coughing or false compliments; and has no more connection with any particular emotion—least of all, an emotion of pleasure—than any other conceivable grimace which might be agreed on as a courtesy.

I recollect acquaintances, some forty years since, who illustrated all these styles to perfection. One of them was the most splenetic dull fellow in the world, and died of the hypo.

He was always laughing—ostensibly—and absolutely breathed his last, to my knowledge, with a broad grin. His countenance never was sober, in the usual sense, but I am confident nothing like a pleasantry ever occurred to him, omni-mouthed as he was. A very pretty niece of his had another way with her. I saw her fainting in great pain on his arm once at a party, and was about offering my hartshorn. 'How excessively amusing!' whispered she, without observing me. She had been laughing. The old gentleman remarked rather drily, that three people had made the same blunder the same evening, and positively cursed the day he was born, with the veriest comic face I ever beheld, which left no doubt of his vexation. The mechanical laugh is more common. You may see it performed at any dull dinner-party, like an alarum, at every miserable stale joke of the landlord. My college-chum used to enact it in his sleep, by the hour—and the Freshmen in the same entry, at such times, frequently called for a cup of hot coffee. They mistook the laugh for the grinding of a coffee-mill, which we kept in the wood-closet.

Now that I have broached this matter of laughing, I will introduce the contents of a paper on the subject, which was picked up the other day in the streets. I do the less harm by the liberty, inasmuch as it was evidently drawn up for publication by the unhappy sufferer whose case it describes.

'To the Editor of the ——.

Dear Sir,—I see various complaints are frequently made through your columns from various correspondents. You will pardon me, therefore, I trust, for the liberty taken in the present instance. It is more than possible you may be able to give me suitable and useful advice; and at all events, it will be a pleasure to me to vent my afflictions. I am immoderately addicted to a propensity which has occasioned me great inconvenience. Not to intemperance—for I drink nothing but weak chocolate; nor to lying, except lying a-bed; nor to any other flagrant vice—but *laughing*. You will stare, perhaps. It is nevertheless true that this habit has been a great trouble to me and no small mortification to my friends. I laugh inordinately, in all cases whatsoever, wherever I may be, when the fit is on me; and of this, I have no warning. It comes upon me, sometimes in bed, and sometimes in church. I interrupted a funeral service the other day with a broad laugh, just as they were depositing the mortal remains of my grandmother, good woman, in the grave. It was impossible to prevent it. I have no control over the muscles used in the operation of grinning. It comes upon me like a fit of sneezing, when a man has caught a slight cold—with the slightest provocation. I alarmed my whole household last night about one o'clock—being a landlady, nineteen boarders, three white cooks and two negros,—with a violent outcry which they mistook for an alarm of murder. I was reading *Blair* on the Grave. The worst of it is, it prevents me from going into society. I offend and disgust every body who is not aware of my foible, and not unfrequently have my own feelings injured. A clergyman entertained me at a party the other evening with telling me how his mother died of the apoplexy. The poor man shed tears—and I took to laughing so violently as to carry away a considerable part of my unutterables, and burst my stays with a noise like a blunderbuss. "Poor man," said a by-stander, "he's

crazy." "Oh! no!" said another, "he's drunk—he is very often in this state." The fact was, a joke of Joe Miller had occurred to me at the moment. I had drunk nothing but swipes for twenty-four hours. I could go on, but it is only exposing myself. You have the cue, and I beg of you to take my malady into serious consideration.

Your humble servant, ARCHELAUS CANINE.'

TRUE AND FALSE POLITENESS.

CONSIDERABLE has been written upon politeness; but the subject is by no means exhausted. It is a theme in which all classes of men ought to be interested; and there is a want of matter particularly adapted to the wants of the various orders of society of which our country is composed.

I take it, that if a man is, in the true sense of the word, polite, he is not only qualified to associate with the best society on this planet, but is possessed of the accomplishments requisite to an introduction into that world whose society is free from all the imperfections incident to this state of existence. For a man cannot possess true politeness of heart, without treating his Maker and the universe in a manner that will render him in one sense deserving of such an introduction. The remarks of Hurd on True and False Politeness are worthy of being transferred to the pages of the Essayist:

'True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer a neighbor to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbor.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities, because he would merit by his assiduities; because in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because of all things he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favor and consideration of our neighbor.

Again: 'The man, who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept,' expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions. On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he sooths the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate* ends for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbor; *because* he sees, that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is in a good degree preserved: *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his *neighbor*.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favor and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices; in a word, *because* they *love themselves*.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honor of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit, solicits their favor by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end.'

Neglect from the World's Votaries.

Thou art an arrow
Sent from the bow that 's drawn by Providence
To pierce vain hearts; and we may learn from hence,
'T is well to harrow
Minds that will not be taught by softer measures—
And to deprive them of their fancied pleasures,
When they are vain
Enough to think that all that shines is gold,
And that the heart by outside show is told.
'T is well to chain
Him who would ever with the moon be racing,
Or evening shadows over mountains chasing.
Few ever stumble
Over the rocks neglect throws in their way,
When they are blinded not by passion's sway,
And are but humble;
For on the good man's path God's sun is glowing,
And by its side a heavenly streamlet flowing.
He who doth part
With wisdom's teachings, and bow at the shrine
Of envy, will oft feel a serpent twine
Around his heart,
And sting him till he feels that earth's vain hopes
Are little better than a hang-man's ropes.
Give me the man
Who knoweth well the depth of his mind's ocean,
What winds should give its noble surface motion—
And one who can
Consent to see a white gull fly above him,
And not repine because she does not love him.

FRANKLIN, JR.

Conversation.

We think the following remarks taken from the volume of Old English Prose Writers will be found interesting to our readers.

General Observations.

By the use of the tongue, God hath distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using it we are distinguished from one another: and therefore though silence be innocent as death, harmless as a rose's breath to a distant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death than life. By voices and homilies, by questions and answers, by narratives and invectives, by council and reproof, by praises and hymns, by prayer and glorifications, we serve God's glory, and the necessities

of men; and by the tongue our tables are made to differ from mangers, our cities from deserts, our churches from herds of beasts, and flocks of sheep.

TALKING TOO MUCH.

I have heard that all the noises and prating of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch. Every beam of reason and ray of knowledge checks the dissolutions of the tongue. But, *ut quisque contemptissimus et maxime ludibrio est, ita solutissimæ linguæ est*, said Seneca: Every man as he is a fool and contemptible, so his tongue is hanged loose, being like a bell, in which there is nothing but tongue and noise.

TALKING FOOLISHLY.

No prudence is a sufficient guard, or can always stand *in excubiis* still watching, when a man is in perpetual floods of talk; for prudence attends after the manner of an angel's ministry; it is dispatched on messages from God, and drives away enemies, and places guards and calls upon the man to awake, and bids him send out spies and observers, and then goes about his own ministries above: but an angel does not sit by a man, as a nurse by the baby's cradle, watching every motion and the lighting of a fly upon the child's lip: and so is prudence; it gives rules, and proportions out our measures, and prescribes us cautions, and by general influences, orders our particulars; but he that is given to talk cannot be secured by all this; the emissions of his tongue are beyond the general figures and lines of rule; and he can no more be wise in every period of a long and running talk, than a lutenist can deliberate and make every motion of his hand by the division of his notes, to be chosen and distinctly voluntary.

SCURRILITY, OR FOOLISH JESTING.

Plaisance, and joy, and a lively spirit, and a pleasant conversation, and the innocent caresses of a charitable humanity, is not forbidden; *plenum tamen suavitatis et grati sermonem non esse indecorum*, saint Ambrose affirmed: and here in my text our conversation is commanded to be such that it may minister grace, that is, favor, complacence, cheerfulness; and be acceptable and pleasant to the hearer: and so must be our conversation: it must be as far from sullenness, as it ought to be from lightness, and a cheerful spirit is the best convoy for religion; and though sadness does in some cases become a christian, as being an index of a pious mind,

of compassion, and a wise proper resentment of things, yet it serves but one end, being useful in the only instance of repentance; and hath done its greatest works, not when it weeps and sighs, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And indeed charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but an union of joys, concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all. It is this that makes children to be a pleasure, and friendship to be so noble and divine a thing: and upon this account it is certain that all that which innocently makes a man cheerful, does also make him charitable; for grief and age, and sickness, and weariness, these are peevish and troublesome; but mirth and cheerfulness is content, and civil, and compliant, and communicative, and loves to do good, and swells up to felicity only upon the wings of charity. Upon this account here is pleasure enough for a christian at present, and if a facete discourse, and an amicable friendly mirth can refresh the spirit, and take it off from the vile temptation of peevish, despairing, uncomplying, melancholy, it must needs be innocent and commendable. And we may as well be refreshed by a clean and a brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines; and our faces and our heads may as well be anointed and look pleasant with wit and friendly intercourse, as with the fat of the balsam-tree; and such a conversation no wise man ever did, or ought to reprove. But when the jest hath teeth and nails, biting or scratching our brother, when it is loose and wanton, when it is unseasonable, and much or many, when it serves ill purposes, or spends better time, then it is the drunkenness of the soul, and makes the spirit fly away, seeking for a temple where the mirth and the music is solemn and religious.

OF SLANDER.

This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs; it undermines peace, and saps the founda-

tion of friendship; it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vital parts of charity: it makes an evil man, party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.

OF FLATTERY.

He that persuades an ugly deformed man that he is handsome, a short man that he is tall, a bald man that he hath a good head of hair, makes him to become ridiculous and a fool, but does no other mischief. But he that persuades his friend that is a goat in his manners, that he is a holy and a chaste person, or that his looseness is a sign of a quick spirit, or that it is not dangerous but easily pardonable,—a trick of youth, a habit that old age will lay aside as a man pares his nails,—this man hath given great advantage to his friend's mischief; he hath made it grow in all the dimensions of the sin, till it grows intolerable, and perhaps unpardonable. And let it be considered, what a fearful destruction and contradiction of friendship or service it is, so to love myself and my little interest, as to prefer it before the soul of him whom I ought to love.

COMFORTING THE DISCONSOLATE.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together, than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease, and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run to useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her redeemer: so is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter—he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fet-

ters and chains of sorrow—he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

The Moral Aspect of the Tariff Question in the United States.

I do not deny that government is instituted to watch over our present interests. But still it has a spiritual or moral purpose.—Dr. Channing.

One of the most striking proofs of the versatility of the human mind, afforded by experience, is evinced in the recurrence to first principles, of such frequent necessity in political, scientific or religious discussions. Difference of opinion (when stript of all personal motives) on great and interesting questions, is perhaps originated and prolonged, not so much by the nature of the subjects, as by the various standards of thinking by which they are tried and the principles on which views are adopted. Thus as long as the divine right of Kings and a reverence for antiquated institutions, or, as a union of these has been justly styled—superstition was successfully advocated as a just principle of government, the political system of the old world was maintained with scarcely a show of opposition; but when the absurdity of the principle was ocularly demonstrated, the right and utility of self-government ceased to be questioned save by selfish policy or unreasonable scepticism.

The mere fact of the existence of a war of opinion growing out of certain laws designed and eminently calculated to promote domestic manufactures, induces the supposition that the interest of the various branches of national industry are widely separated, or that the means thus adopted for the promotion of one branch operate to retard that of the other.

By a reference to the primary principles of Political Economy, we find that national wealth is derived from the productive capacity of the soil, indigenous vegetable products, mineral and fossil mines, various local advantages, and, in short, from those natural resources which characterize different parts of the globe. If the maxim predicated upon this self-evident truth—viz. that whatever increases the exchange-

able value of products and adds to national industry, promotes national wealth, be reasonable, then it follows that commerce and manufactures, far from being antagonist, are, in fact, auxiliary pursuits, both stimulating and directing individual enterprise into natural and profitable channels, and thus advancing general prosperity. The reciprocal benefit of exchange in articles of comfort or convenience, is as real with regard to the manufactured as the raw material, and is indeed the suggestion of self-interest. We accordingly find that it was practised in some form or other at a very early period. Thus as the great Mantuan hath it:

> 'Sæpe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli
> Vilibus aut onerat pomis; lapidemque revertens
> Tucusum, aut atræ massam picis, urbe reportat.'*

The difference of sentiment which has given rise to two opposing parties, does not then proceed from any inherent repugnance between the pursuits of commerce and manufactures; it must therefore spring from the idea, whether true or false, that the means thus adopted for the advancement of one, necessarily retard the other. In which case the expediency of their adoption rests wholly upon the relative value and importance of the branch to be encouraged,—the necessity there exists for such encouragement,—which questions evidently embrace the further enquiries—to what extent will the interests of other branches be thereby impaired?—and if this sacrifice, when judged politic, is just?

From the wide field of investigation and reasoning embraced, even in a cursory treatment of these questions, there are some views suggested by the somewhat peculiar aspect which the general question,—respecting the encouragement of domestic industry by legislative enactments,—assumes, when applied to the United States.

Few, even among the most prejudiced partizans, have seriously doubted the abstract importance of manufactures to the United States. Their relative value, however, has been and is a subject of discussion. If their extensive introduction affords a new and profitable channel for talent, enterprise, and capital, and occasions the additional benefit of 'creating in some instances, and securing in all, a more certain and steady demand for the surplus produce of the soil,' then it is plain that they are intimately connected with the vital interests of the country. If many of the opinions of Adam Smith were substantiated by experience, the importance of manufactures

* Georgics, I. 173.

would, however, afford no argument for their encouragement. But observation, and the testimony of later writers, concur in declaring that the 'present interest of individuals, does not coincide with the public advantage in the introduction of a new species of industry,'—in other words, that individual enterprise will not in all instances follow the course most favorable to general prosperity. Hence the necessity of a protective system.

Objections have been urged, in frequent instances, on the ground of the inadequacy of the means to accomplish the end. It is evident that the weight of such objections depends very much upon local and other considerations. Thus, if it be true, as is said by a late writer,* that the expense of transportation from the nearest French ports, together with other circumstances, renders it impossible for any competition to arise in the vending of corn, then it is plain that the English corn law is a useless burden upon the people.

It is avowedly just that a government should be chiefly guided, in the exercise of its power for the developement of the resources of a country, by a due regard to local circumstances and influences. Thus it would be regarded as no less extravagant than absurd for the national or state government to employ means for constituting N. Carolina the great depot of the southern commerce, when, as is well known, an immense ridge occasioned by the deposit of sand and alluvial substances, together with numerous currents, present formidable and perhaps irremediable obstacles to navigation. This principle, when applied to the resources of the United States, affords a strong moral argument in favor of a cheerful acquiescence in every measure of civil policy thus adopted; for the obvious reason that the United States embrace a wonderful variety of resources. The Atlantic States, containing more than two thousand miles of sea-coast, and distinguished for their commercial capabilities, the Middle States, abounding in fruits and grain, the broad savannahs of the South, fruitful in cotton, tobacco, and rice, and the extensive prairies and unexplored forests of the west, include a contrariety of resources, all indeed promoting national wealth, but requiring the application of means for their respective developements, where the want is most urgent, and circumstances most favor the end in view. There is consequently a moral necessity that the means thus employed should be viewed in the light of liberality, without any alloy of sectional prejudice.

* C. Putt, of the Inner Temple, Esq. London.

In every exercise of political power, and especially in such as have a direct bearing upon individual interests, men are ever influenced by the origin and nature of the authority thus exerted. 'If we wish to frame to ourselves correct notions of the object of government in general, we must assume that the wills, or voluntary powers of the individuals of a nation, have been either formally or tacitly surrendered into the hands of the sovereign or executive power of the country."* When this authority is conferred, not tacitly, but by the voluntary suffrages of a people, consistency no less than duty requires, not the surrender of honest opinion, but the exercise of candor and liberality.

The prominent objections urged against the protective system are, however, those which declare its operation unequal and therefore unjust. The principle on which the system is founded is not altogether peculiar. It is readily conceded that an inventor is justly entitled, for a time at least, to the proceeds of his ingenuity, and that under ordinary circumstances, competition would deprive him of this advantage. A temporary monopoly is therefore allowed him by government. If, therefore, the importance of the arts to society, and the absolute need of encouragement, render it expedient and justifiable for government to adopt such a measure, then it is plain that upon equally tenable grounds, though necessarily by a different process, it should enable individual enterprise to compete with similar obstacles.

Admitting the policy and justice of encouragement, it becomes an interesting subject of investigation to discover the result of these measures. General effects, however, will not enable us to judge of the portion of profit or loss which may have accrued to individual States; nor indeed will they present an unfailing criterion for deciding on the direct influence of the system. 'In the complicated machinery of the body politic, a law is frequently a very subordinate element in producing the series of circumstances which succeed it; but being the only element which is the result of design, it is generally regarded as the sole cause.'†

Still it is important to ascertain how far the general interest has been promoted or depressed since the enactment of the law. It is needless to recapitulate the tokens of prosperity, commercial activity and general industry which have been augmenting during the last two years. A brief reference to a few obvious proofs of this condition of things, may not be irrelevant.

* Blakly on Free Will, p. 32 † Book of Analogy, by Dr. Todd, p. 170.

According to the Custom House reports for the year ending September, 1828, the domestic produce exported from the United States amounted to $50,669,669, and the imports to $88,589,824; and during the year ending September, 1831, the amount of exports was $62,048,253, and the amount of imports, $97,032,852; shewing an increase, as regards the former, of $1,378,548, and as respects the latter, an increase of $8,443,928, during three years. From this result we naturally deduce the conclusion that the necessary effect of the protective system is favorable to general prosperity, or that these good effects have arisen from other causes. The 'tide' was perhaps happily 'taken at the flood.' Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that whatever of evil and depressing influence the tariff laws have exerted, it has thus far proved wholly insufficient to dam up the waters of commercial enterprise, or weaken the spirit of national industry. And here is presented an appeal to patriotism, and therefore a cogent moral argument to every individual who rejoices in the prosperity and honor of our whole country.

The manufacture of hats will afford an example, in this instance at least, of the successful application of encouragement.

The first duty was laid on the imported article thirty years since, but has been subsequently increased to enable manufacturers to make a stand against foreign markets. The result has been that the home consumption of hats in the United States is equal to $10,000, and (on the information of practical men extensively engaged in the business) 18,000 persons are directly employed in the business, (15,000 men and boys and 3,000 women) who receive in money, for their labor, $4,200,000, and the manufacture subsists, in all, from 50,000 to 60,500 individuals—and all this while the consumer receives a better article at a reduced price.*

The value of mechanical and manufacturing establishments (including about fifty tenements for laboring families) is $300,000. The amount of capital employed in conducting the business varies from 150 to 160, say $140,000. There are 300 persons employed in the factories, and half as many without. Annual consumption of wool amounts to 120,000 pounds, of cotton 11,000 bales. Value of woolen goods manufactured, about $120,000, of cotton $180,000; value of machinery manufactured in 1831, $20,000.†

* This statement is derived from a report made to the New York Convention of the friends of Domestic Industry, by Mr. Prolius, chairman of a committee appointed to investigate the subject.

† Hon. Judge Lyman, of Northampton, collected these facts.

In view of these and similar facts, we can readily join in the opinion expressed by a native writer, in a most lucid work.* 'After all, if the branch of business to be introduced, is one for which the community has in itself positive and permanent advantages, and to which the character, habits, and wants of the people are well accommodated, an excess of encouragement is but a temporary inconvenience.'

Such circumstances and conclusions, however, merely serve to demonstrate a general truth. It is not to be denied that these propitious results have been produced with a degree of encroachment upon certain interests; (the reduction of duties attending the extinction of the public debt, is a subject of gratulation, as it will greatly lesson the amount of this sacrifice.)

This simple state of the case gives to the whole question a distinct moral aspect; since it plainly involves important principles—demanding on the one hand a willing sacrifice of selfish interests to general good, and on the other a ready liberality both in duly estimating, and, as far as may be, remunerating the loss thus accrued in the public service.

Our subject has been viewed with reference to some of its attendant circumstances, and these have contributed to place it in a moral light. If the figure which represents the body politic, under the similitude of a single moral being, is analogical, the question may be contemplated subject to those considerations which are generally applied to individual conduct.

The great contest carried on in every human bosom is between expediency and duty. The former arraying a dazzling train of apparently immediate benefits, which wage war (and with too frequent success) against that unutterable good visible to the eye of faith, and so distinctly anticipated in the pleadings of conscience. The responsibility incident to this warfare is, of course, increased in those individuals and communities over whose conduct arbitrary or coercive power exercises no influence. But even with this added obligation, the principle of duty has failed, among us, to recognize (practically) the rights of the Indians, or to break the fetters of the slave. Though, as regards the latter, the truth is beginning to be felt that duty alone is true expediency. It is therefore a matter of vital importance, whether a sense of the rights of the majority, and a consequent cheerful surrender of selfish interests, or a pertinacious adherence to local and party considerations shall sway public sentiment in those sections of the

* Manual of Political Economy, by Willard Philips, Esq.

Union where a sacrifice to the good of the whole may be required. The question we have been considering is but one instance where a clashing of interests occurs. Other instances must necessarily follow. Without enlarging upon the political prejudice which this particular question has generated, it will suffice that the circumstance of its being an example, rather than a peculiar result, affords an additional argument in favor of its moral aspect.

Perhaps the requisite moral preparation and grand moral results attending free institutions, however reiterated, are yet to be better appreciated and understood. The one indeed expresses a higher degree of virtue than is barely sufficient to enjoy liberty without liceetiousness, and the other includes something more than mere general improvement.

The time undoubtedly has gone by, when the idea of a moral aim in government would be ridiculed. But how few recognize in the freedom of this 'most conspicuous of human institutions,' a grand sphere for the exercise, and an impetus to the energetic developement, of moral action; especially for the exercise of liberality beyond the pale of sectional prejudice; a disinterestedness cheerfully sacrificing personal advantage on the altar of public good, and a concientiousness founded on a sense of responsibility.

And what weight is added to these truths when applied to the United States; to their interests, so various; to their institutions, so pre-eminently free, but fast losing the supporting influence of the 'only aristocracy we were ever willing to allow among us';* to their character, the example of which is identified with the best interests of humanity.

H. T. T.

MIDNIGHT.

A sullen knell proclaims the hour of ONE:
Its echo, hurrying on the leaden air,
Doth seem the exulting of some spirit dark,
Who, counting up the pulses of mankind,
Awaits with eagerness the fatal one
That closes some frail mortal's span of life;
Which, when arrived, he hails with fiendish joy.
And now I hug more nervously my cloak,
As I would fain retreat within myself,
There to be sheltered from the oppressive sense

* So has an eloquent writer styled the men who effected the revolution.

Of an omnicient, all-pervading—*something!*
And echoless midst living silence, steal
To yonder rock, which, in prospective viewed,
Erects its mystic form as if to enforce
The omnipotent decree, 'thus far thy bounds,'
Which chains the wrathful billow to the deep.
And while the moon, through element more pure
Than this which circles earth, is sailing on,
Thither O let my mental being flee!
To yonder air of light and purity;
Although its tenement is breathing dust.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here will I listen to the restless deep,
As, swelling in his majesty of might,
He casts his ragings on the distant shore,
With one unending round of mad'ning din—
As if the hum of generations past
Still lingered on the wearied ear of man;
Or, as it were the voices of the dead
Again pursuing some unearthly scheme,
With all the heat of life.
And now it breaks,—
As though the thoughts of every slumbering head
In all their native savageness of birth,
Were vocal made, in one distracted space.
Truer still to life,
It conjures up the circle of man's days,
Which, spent in noisy pomp and empty show,
Dissolve at last, like hail in summer's heat.
Now it doth lead the mind to contemplate
That 'judgment,' which through ages slumbers not;
But coming slowly, surely on, at last
Breaks on the affrighted world with deafening blast,
And waves the standard of dissolving flame.

Portland. J. T. H.

FAME—A FRAGMENT.

THE age, with its uninspiring pursuits, its dull and vapid hopes, ceases to hold up objects of ambition. I would forget for a time all things that have life, breath and motion; or like the last man, stand upon the grave of time, and have all the events of this world, as they have transpired, shadowed out before me. The past ages of time, with their 'stirring events'—those men or gods, to whom with reverence I bow, or to whose upright minds, grasping at its centre the very sun of wisdom, I pay the tribute of admiration—what were they? Did a purer atmosphere float around the one, that we see no likeness now of that brilliant and beautiful

spot—or was there some nobler element that entered into the composition of the other, that formed

> 'The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding—
> The god-like power—the art Napoleon—
> Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding,
> The hearts of millions, till they move like one.'

The heroes, poets, and sages, who afford such brilliant specimens of man—the tyrants who trembled at the frown of indignant virtue, and reformed—these were men. But men now are ever equal in inferiority. I see not one that brings to remembrance the ancients of time, but all are alike contentedly plodding along in the dull pursuit of wealth. If an eye flashes now and then, it is not at some new discovery in the firmament of heaven, but in the bowels of the earth, where the avaricious eye has discovered the yellow gold, or the sparkling gem. Of such men and such pursuits as these, who shall be the chronicler? O Lethe! bury me beneath thy waves—and may the memory of the past alone remain to me.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I stood by the side of one whose locks were white with the snows of time. On a scroll which he held in his hands were inscribed the names of philosophers, statesmen and heroes. As he held them up to view, he addressed me in these words. 'My name is Fame—I hold in my hands names that are immortal. These were your contemporaries, who lived in that age which you blindly denounced as groveling and low. The brightest galaxies in my dominions have received lustre from its worthies.' Among the names, I perceived none of that class which I had once considered as only worthy of fame. The frenzied admirer and imitator of the ancient bards—he who had spent life in searching into the mysteries of hidden lore—all alike were buried in oblivion. But he who found a new path—opened the wide gates of knowledge, of true and practical wisdom—who had been in his day scorned by the 'eagle towering in his pride,' now stood high upon the roll of the immortal. 'Learn from hence,' said Fame, 'not to trust to the past for future renown. Memory is treacherous in every respect. She places before thee the men and the deeds of other ages—but the circumstances under which the one flourished, and the other were accomplished, are hidden from thee. Despise not thine age because those who shall be deemed worthy of fame, strive also in the common pursuits of life. It is the man, as a *man*, who becomes immortal; not as the imitator of some imagined being. I

laugh at the affected qualities of the solitary and the singular, who pine away under the clear sunshine of heaven, or sigh out life in a plaintive ditty. I brush them like insects from my scroll. But those who apply their powers to the defects of the age—who replenish the streams of practical knowledge—give energy to all the means of general good—these are the lion-hearted ones, whose names will be remembered with gratitude by posterity.'

Essayist Room.

INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS, AND THE INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D. F.R.S. Complete in one volume. pp. 349. New-York: 1832. Being Harper's Family Library, No. XXXVII.

AMONG the generous and enlightened spirits engaged in the holy enterprise of advancing what we denominate 'popular education,' none have stronger claims upon our gratitude and respect than those whose labors are directed to the dissemination of that species of knowledge, which, under the name of metaphysics, has, for ages, been confined to the domicil of the speculative philosopher.

Dr. Abercrombie deserves an eminent rank among these philanthropists—for his treatise, now under consideration, is peculiarly practical and intelligible. His design in preparing it was to call the attention of the young members of the medical profession to topics, in his view, alike interesting and morally important; and the concurrent testimony of numerous European writers signally attest the felicity and faithfulness with which he effected his purpose. The volume richly merits the studious attention of our young men, both from its subject-matter and admirable execution. *

OUTLINES OF PHRENOLOGY. By G. SPURZHEIM, M. D. of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, &c. Being also a Manual of Reference for the Marked Bust. pp. 96. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon, 1832.

THOSE who wish to satisfy themselves of the truth of Phrenology, by actual experiment, will find this little volume very requisite.

By means of a cast, they may easily learn the situation of the individual organs; and an attentive perusal of the work will acquaint them with the first principles of the science and some of its practical applications.

Any one who meditates a study of the subject in its more important aspect—as a new system of mental philosophy—must have recourse to more extensive works. The 'outlines' however, are, in either case, almost indispensable. *

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. L.L. D. &c. London: 1832.

DOUBTLESS this interesting work, being the thirty-third volume of the Family Library, will, in due time, be re-published by the Harpers, and will prove as valuable and pleasing as most of its predecessors.

Scientific and imaginative men know that nature presents scenes and phenomena far more wonderful than ignorant superstition or vulgar credulity ever attributed to supernatural agency.

A correct and systematic account of these marvellous effects, together with their causes, forms the best possible argument against witchcraft, sorcery, and the like mysterious and baneful theories.

To the intelligent and philosophical mind it affords a fund of gratifying and curious entertainment. *

LEGENDS OF THE WEST. By James Hall. Philadelphia: Harrison Hull, 1832.

THE author of 'Letters from the West,' and the enterprising editor of the Illinois Magazine, has given sufficient proof of his talent as a sketcher of man and nature. This present work, although based on fictions, is designed, as he tells us, 'to convey accurate descriptions of the scenery and population of the country in which the author resides.'

We hazard little in expressing an opinion that most Yankees, especially young ones, will relish these legends of the 'mighty west.' *

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY; or an Historical Account of those individuals who have been distinguished among the N. American natives, as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and other remarkable characters. By B. B. Thatcher, Esq. 2 vols. 18mo. New-York: J. & J. Harper, 1832.

THESE volumes, continuing the series of the Family Library, furnish a valuable account of some of the aboriginals of this country, not indeed altogether connected in detail,—this were perhaps unnecessary if possible,—but affording, we believe, the best biography we have yet had of those distinguished natives of whom history or tradition preserves any authentic records. Considerable research is evinced, and it appears

to have been the aim of the author to select from the materials of tradition and current account the most plausible facts.

We recommend the work to those who are fond of Indian Biography. The information it contains will add much to the stock of knowledge in this department, and the interest maintained throughout richly recompense its perusal. *

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—Few of the means recently adopted for the advancement of the objects of this Association, promise happier results than the Elocution class which has been organized, and is now in successful operation. Mr. J. A. Rainsford was chosen superintendant at the first meeting. Questions with regard to matters of taste will be decided by vote of the class.

In future numbers we intend to notice the exercises of the class, and hope in our next to be able to give an abstract from the annual report of the Association, and a list of the officers.

The Association meet every Monday evening, at the County Court House, Court Square, at seven o'clock. The Elocution Class meet at the same hour and place every Wednesday evening.

WE would inform our readers, that the Rev. S. O. WRIGHT, known as one of the respected contributors of our magazine, has relinquished his situation as one of the editors of the New-England Christian Herald, and is about to leave this continent, with one or two other clergymen, to establish a mission at the Colony of Liberia, and among the natives in the vicinity. It hardly need be said by us, that he is a warm friend of all kinds of intellectual as well as religious and moral improvement. He has been for a considerable length of time ardently devoted to the promotion of pure christianity, and, so far as his circumstances would permit, to the advancement of intellect, among his fellow-citizens in this part of his own country, and is now soon to sacrifice every thing that binds him to his native land, to engage in raising from their present degredation the too-long neglected sons of Africa. We bid him God-speed in his philanthropic enterprise—though it will be with the deepest regret that we shall part with a gentleman so worthy of our regard, and whose unfailing friendship we have so long enjoyed.

Mr. Wright is a member of the Young Men's Association for the promotion of Literature and Science; and as he will

hold a correspondence with the society, much valuable information will probably be received from him. Should any of our friends be disposed to make any donations of books, either for a private or public library, or to be used in schools, they will be thankfully received at our Publishing Room, or at No. 63, Cornhill.

Boston Young Men's Society.—An Association under this title has been recently established, which promises to be of very extensive benefit to the young men of this city, and the young men from various parts of the country who are constantly taking up their residence here. Its objects are, moral and intellectual improvement. It has purchased the Cowper Circulating Library, and has hired part of a building on the corner of Bromfield and Tremont streets, which has been fitted up for its various purposes. We shall give a more particular account of this association hereafter. Any information respecting it can be obtained at the bookstore of Messrs. Peirce & Parker, 9 Cornhill.

CONDUCTOR'S NOTICE.

It is necessary to state to those who are not acquainted with the arduous duties of the Conductor unconnected with his charge of the Essayist, the occasion of the delay in the publication of this number. His responsibilities unexpectedly increased to such an extent about the last of July, that he began to think it his duty to transfer the control of this work to some other person or persons; and thought it advisable to suspend its publication till he should be able to come to a decision on the subject. He has, however, on account of the new assistance he has been able to obtain in the performance of his various duties, concluded to retain its editorship at least till the end of the present volume, which will now be completed in March next, instead of December. At that time such arrangements will be made as shall be thought best to subserve the interests of the work. He respectfully asks the indulgence of his friends, trusting that he will not hereafter be under the necessity of making so dull returns for their liberality.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1833. No. X.

Dr. Spurzheim.*

THE following notice of this distinguished and beloved individual, was read, shortly after his decease, before the Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science, and is inserted, by request of said society.

SPURZHEIM was a philosopher; and a reference to one or more points, on which he especially dwelt, will best illustrate this position. The sentiment selected is by no means the most novel of his views. Let those who attach great weight to this quality, remind themselves that it is the distinguishing characteristic of gifted minds to be susceptible to the force of all truth, to place it in new and striking positions and to array it in unwonted interest. 'Truths,' says Coleridge, 'of all others the most awful and mysterious, and at the same time of universal interest, are considered so true as to lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the

* Dr. Spurzheim was born on the 31st of December, 1776, at the village of Longvich, near the city of Treves, on the Mosselle. His father was a farmer. Dr. S. finished his education at the celebrated University of Treves, and was destined by his friends for the profession of Theology. In consequence of the war, in the year 1790, the students of the University were dispersed, and Dr. S. took refuge in Vienna, where he commenced the study of medicine. He had not been long engaged in this study before his attention was turned to the system by which he has acquired so great celebrity; and he soon became a pupil, and afterwards (1804) a fellow laborer and associate of Dr. Gall, the founder of that system. They quitted Vienna in 1805, on their travels through Europe; visited the principal cities in Germany and the north of Europe, and arrived in Paris in 1807. Dr. Spurzheim afterwards (1814) visited England alone; and the history of his progress in that country, as well as in Scotland, is generally known to our readers. In 1817, Dr. Spurzheim rejoined Dr. Gall, at Paris; and in 1825 he returned to London, passing his time in these two cities, till he came to the United States the present year.

soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.'

One of the most prominent principles of Dr. Spurzheim's philosophy, and one singularly rich in important inferences, is the doctrine of distinctive and well defined differences in the intellectual and moral nature of mankind.

The first grand practical deduction drawn from this principle is the necessity of mutual forbearance, a doctrine sometimes advocated on the score of its utility, but seldom recognized as a law founded in human nature. Yet this fundamental principle is, in truth, the basis of what may be called the philosophy of charity. Every one adopting it, as a living sentiment of his heart, must be liberal in the only legitimate sense of the term; liberal in matters of opinion, feeling that every subject derives a particular aspect from the mind, by which it is contemplated,—liberal in judging conduct, being sensible that it is the result of a mental constitution peculiar to the individual,—liberal in construing motives, from a consciousness of his inability to fathom the hidden springs even of his own actions.

Another effect of this truth is, that it sets forth, in bold relief, the greatest error of modern education—that of bringing all minds under one system of instruction, and making proficiency in certain branches the sole criterion of excellence, as if such a course was calculated to develope equally, or indeed justly, the innate powers of the mind. This practical neglect of one of the highest distinctions of the soul—its individuality, is perhaps, far more operative than we imagine, and tends, in no small degree, to discourage the growth of those germs of true intellectual greatness, which are far more universally existent than is usually supposed.

But the main result of this principle, into which all its effects are resolved, is, that it demonstrates, with unrivalled novelty and power, the wisdom and moral necessity of the precept which enjoins us not to reason upon individual consciousness, or, in other words, not to judge others by ourselves. Those who are not familiar with the history of philosophy, cannot easily conceive what an amount of error has originated from a disregard of this precept. The scholastic system, as it is called, affords a striking example. This system was founded by monks, and its most obnoxious principles are justly ascribed, by a celebrated ethical writer, to their celibacy, which necessarily prevented them from experiencing certain moral feelings, resulting from domestic relations; and as they did not look beyond personal experience for facts,

their theory of morals was, of course, erroneous. This principle points us to the Baconian or inductive method, as equally adapted to regulate our judgment in all philosophical and scientific researches.

Another interesting and momentous principle of Dr. Spurzheim's philosophy, may be found in his analysis of the faculties of the human soul, according to which the feelings predominate and are the incitements to the intellect. And hence he regards their claims to cultivation and direction as paramount; a consideration of no little importance in an age when human ingenuity is tasked to the utmost for expedients, by means of which the improvement of the intellect may be accelerated and insured.

Spurzheim was a naturalist; an illustrious member of that profession, which, when adopted, as it generally is, from the strong bias of taste, bespeaks a genuine purity and nobility of mind. There is something truly worthy of humanity in that spirit which, won by the love of nature, gives itself up to her with all the self-devotion of true affection; enduring hardships without a murmur, cheerfully bearing the ridicule of the multitude, and meekly resting in the self-contentedness of its pure enjoyments.

Amid the rich and dazzling objects which nature presents, Dr. Spurzheim, with the solemn determination of a gifted mind, fixed his intellectual energies on the greatest emanation of creative wisdom—man. To understand this wonderful being, his physical frame, the laws of his nature, and, above all, the soul within him, was the great object towards which he directed his efforts. For this he studied, observed, and became a pilgrim on earth. And his labors have shed a light upon anatomical and moral science, which, enshrined in the temple of gratitude, will rest upon his memory forever.

Spurzheim was a genius.

> 'Oh how poor
> Seems this high gift of heaven, when it lies
> Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
> His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
> A thing the thrush might pity; as she sits
> Brooding in quiet o'er her lowly nest.'

His was an holy genius, baptized into the spirit of christianity, and vivified by the genial warmth of philanthropy. What is the beau ideal of human beneficence? Is it the temporary alleviator of distress? Or is it the intellectual champion of humanity, seeking with untiring assiduity to elucidate the hu-

man constitution, and laboring, even under martyrdom, to disseminate a knowledge of its laws? Such was Spurzheim.

He is now no more. Death, which, within one year, has robbed England of her Mackintosh and her Bentham, Scotland of her 'Great Unknown,' Germany of her Goethe, and France of her Cuvier, has removed Spurzheim, even at the very moment when the inspiring breath of his philosophy had enkindled the American intellect.

If the romantic, yet melancholy interest which has hallowed his brief but brilliant sojourn, renders the impression of his example permanently exciting, it will not have been in vain that his spirit took its flight from our shores.

THE SICK STUDENT'S CONSOLATION.

EVE's mellow light shed a refulgent ray
Through the low lattice of the student's home,
As if to tempt his wayward feet to stray
Forth from his books, and o'er the hills to roam;
And commune with his God in silence there,
And list in peace to Nature's evening prayer.

Yet thoughtfully he sat: sickness had shed a grace
Ineffable, and the calm soberness of age
Upon his youthful and impassioned face,
Which still was fixed upon the sun-lit page.
Slowly he rose—his eye with fever fired,
And spake as if by grief's own weight inspired:

'Ambitious spirit! fold thy quivering wing,
And brood in sorrow o'er the dark decree
Whose doleful mandate yet doth sadly ring,
Like a funereal knell—a dirge to thee.
Love's holy light burns dim amid the gloom
That mantles pall-like round Hope's early tomb.

'O! I had thought to gather ancient lore,
And cull from science every brilliant flower;
The depths of knowledge fondly to explore,
And hence attain the noblest seat of power;
In the blest heaven of highest thought to soar,
And on my race its fertile waters pour.

'Presumptuous hope! the airy pallid form
Of sickness lingers round my toilsome way:
She bids me fly from wisdom's realms—to mourn,
And turn my gaze from fame's alluring ray.
Goddess of health! with thee has fled afar
Thy sister Joy, and hopeful Fancy's car.'

The student paused—for weakness staid his sighs—
And sought repose from weariness and pain.
Sweet sleep came balmily, and closed his eyes,
In the deep quiet of her peaceful reign.
Then on the wings of slumber comfort stole
Upon the visions of his mournful soul.

A form seraphic from the courts of heaven,
Descending radiantly and hovering round,
Smiled calmly on him: then for aye was riven
The selfish fetter that his spirit bound.
A passion-fiend was conquered in its might—and now
The glow of kindling thought suffused his manly brow.

'My God! I thank thee! cried the enraptured youth;
Happy my lot! sublime my trust in Thee!
How glorious shines the risen sun of Truth
On the high path of human destiny!
Benevolence! *thy* thrilling call shall urge me on,
Till my freed spirit to its home hath gone.

H. T. T.

Literature and Business Young Men.

'Let literature be an honorable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon.'—Coleridge.

The design of the present essay, is to offer some views, for the consideration of our business young men, calculated to induce a more general and systematic pursuit of literature and science among this interesting class of the community.

The first objection, which meets us at the outset of such an attempt, want of time, is, perhaps, one of the most ancient and oft-repeated pleas, with which multitudes have been and are wont to excuse their neglect of every duty, from the more imperious obligations of religion, to the casual claims which social or political relations impose. And we know not of a more effectual service to the best interests of mankind, than he would render, who most clearly demonstrates, and most successfully advocates, the truth, that capacity, in matters of duty, is ever commensurate with its claims. But a most cogent argument against this assumption might be drawn from a consideration of facts, the modifying influence of method in the use of time, and the nature of mind as it relates to the acquisition of knowledge, and to self-developement. The former of these grounds of reasoning will readily be applied by every

candid reader, and the latter can be but incidentally discussed within the limits of these necessarily brief remarks.

But a far more worthy antagonist, and one, which, considering the tendency of the age towards conventional and superficial systems, should be opposed with caution, presents itself in that axiom of intellectual education—that signal or even moderate success in the higher applications of thought, is only the result of long-continued and faithful attention.

The necessity of concentrated and earnest effort, as a condition of mental progress, is readily granted; but a survey of the argument, as applied to business young men, will show that the apparant incongruity between their pursuits and those purely intellectual in their nature, affords only that variety which is avowedly necessary in every occupation, but peculiarly so to the investigating and laboring mind.

Neither is the contrast between the retired scene of thoughtful application, and the bustling stage of active life, so complete as that one is necessarily opposed in its character and tendency to the other. On the contrary, they are but parts of a magnificent provision for human improvement, and it is to their unnatural separation that we must frequently attribute the abstraction, selfishness, and eccentricity of the scholar, and the self-ignorance, unintellectuality, and sordidness of the business man.

A conscientious objector may, however, while he admits the feasibility of our proposition, deny the expediency of its practical adoption. And we can readily conceive of a most plausible argument being based upon a consideration of the engrossing power exerted over the mind, especially the youthful mind, by congenial pursuits. This would answer well, if applied to a nature constituted like the oak, around whose trunk the vine winds her graceful luxuriance, and from the absence of coercion, soon extends its withering embrace to the topmost branches, and finally overpowers, with its unrestrained growth, the mighty but senseless tree. It is man's prerogative, however, while he cultivates, at his feet, those resources, which, like the wants whence they originated, are linked with his physical nature, to lift the verdant and fruitful emanations of his spiritual strength to heaven.

It is needless, in view of the capacity and duty of self-government, which belongs to every human being, to enter into a labored exposition of the possibility of uniting business and study with success and satisfaction. Instances, illustrative of this point, are abundant, and, in recalling them, we cannot justly pass over the notable example of the cobbler of Mo-

remburg, cited by a favorite author. This man left five folios, double columns, in print, and nearly the same in manuscript, and yet 'never made a shoe the less, but had virtuously reared a large family by the labor of his hands.' But the establishment of our proposition does not solely depend upon the confutation of adverse arguments. It is susceptible of demonstration by a reference to circumstances directly favorable to it. And first, we would adduce the opportunity afforded by an active life for moral and scientific observation, which, if seconded by judicious reading and faithful thought, can scarcely fail of producing the best practical results. Who enjoy so good an opportunity as business men, from their varied intercourse, for studying the most sublime object which the moral and philosophical world contains—the human soul? The seasons of respite from ordinary duty, possess a peculiar charm and attraction from the very contrast they present to previous employments. The mind springs with alacrity to engage in new trains of thought, grapple with another species of difficulty, and imbibe a different spirit from that which marked the period of business. And herein the business man possesses a signal advantage over the professed student, who must go in search of that variety so essential to maintaining the attention fixed, and thought sedulously employed.

The government and right direction of those powers, by which alone literary and scientific pre-eminence can be attained, is as practicable and as profitable, amid the scenes of enterprise and labor, as in the solitude of the study. Memory may there treasure up the ideas suggested by passing events; imagination may mould her images from the varied material which daily life affords; and the spirit of thought may strengthen her energies, and go forth like the dove from the ark, and seldom will she return, even from the troubled waters of active life, without some green branch gathered from the fertile tree of experience, which a beneficent Providence has planted upon the dusty highway of life, to nurture and incite the intellect and the heart.

To some of the preceding remarks it may be objected, that they merely indicate the possibility of acquiring a superficial literary and scientific education. But that surely implies something more than a general knowledge, which implies the faithful pursuit of some particular branch. To secure a tolerable acquaintance with the whole, or even the most desirable portion of ancient and modern literature, far more to investigate the laws and phenomena of science, through all

their details and principles, is an Herculean labor, from which the strongest mind and most varied talent might well shrink. The ambitious and aspiring spirit, which meditates such an achievement, can only exclaim, with the 'Dying Alchemist,'

'Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye,
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls,
To chase day's chariot to the horizon walls.

'And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move,
To nurse and purify this human love,
To clear the god-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—
This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream,
To live—O God!—this life is but a dream.'

But to attain to an accurate and improving acquaintance with one of the numerous streams which flow from the fount of human knowledge, to seek its lowest depths, mark its meanderings, and allay the thirst for improvement with its fertilizing waters, is not only within the ability, but may justly be regarded as the solemn duty of every business young man in the community. ADDISON, JR.

CHITCHAT.

I seldom have the hypo now-a-days. Not because I am not as bad ever, or treated as badly as ever—nor because I am not disappointed as often as ever. The secret of the matter is, I have something else to do.

There is nothing like being employed. If Adam had always minded his own affairs, I should not have to scribble for a living: and if I had always minded my own business, I should now be a good deal better off. The whole universe was made to be active—and to be active in minding its own concerns. Now if this principle is correct, who can expect to be otherwise than *blue*, after lying idle, or meddling with matters he has no business with? Think of this.

There are times, however, with me, when I feel a strong propensity to do—nothing in particular. The present happens

to be one of those times—and this circumstance will account for the random remarks I have just thrown out, which may be thought not exactly the thing for a sober magazine like this. By the way, speaking of magazines, I think the following lines, on 'A Fashionable Magazine,' written by, I don't know who, but an Englishman, I suppose, are not much out of the way:

'Tales of passion;
Prints of fashion;
Poems insane;
Sketches inane;
Scenes dramatic;
Loves erratic;
With portraits shown,
That few would own;
Lady writers;
Lord enditers;
Dull and prosy;
Making dozy;
With tasteless codes
Of by-gone modes;
This, I vow, is all I 've seen
In the last "Belle's Magazine."'

The Essayist is somewhat of an improvement on many of the magazines of the day, but it needs to have the whip snapped at it. Buckingham and Mrs. Hale are doing pretty well; though I dont exactly like the idea of women placing themselves at the head of periodical works. I may be wrong, however. At any rate, woman *will* do as she pleases. Did you ever see the following lines, copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, formerly called the Dungeon Field, Canterbury, England?

'Where is the man, who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't—
And if she won't, she won't, so there's the end on't.'

Do you like poetry? I was affected a good deal the other day, on meeting with the following ballad. I think nobody will object to its being preserved in the Essayist:

Oh! lady, buy these budding flowers,
For I am sad, and wet, and weary;
I gathered them ere break of day,
When all was lonely, still, and dreary;
And long I 've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valor's wretched orphan girls,
Poor me and my young sister Ellen.

Ah! those who tread life's thornless way,
In fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my lips are mute, unasking;
They have no heart for woes like mine.
Each word, each look, is cold—repelling,
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawned,
And fortune smiled on me and Ellen!

Oh! buy my flowers, they're fair and fresh,
As mine and morning tears could keep them;
To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,
Soon into fullness would be swelling.
And, nurtured by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen.

She's sleeping in the hollow tree,
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;
And I've no food to carry there,
To sooth the tears she will be shedding;
Oh that those mourners' tears which fall,
That bell which heavily is knelling,
And that deep grave, was meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying heaven's own weeping.
Unknown we've lived, unknown must die,
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young broken-hearted girls—
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen.

Not one has bought of me to-day,
And night is now the town o'ershading,
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnoticed and unwept am fading;
My soul is struggling to be free,
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling!
My limbs refuse to bear their load.
Oh God! protect lone orphan Ellen.

Exceedingly touching. I pity the person who has no taste for poetry—good poetry, I mean. But some are totally depraved, on this score. They have many good feelings, but none of that noble sensibility which the glorious works of God are calculated to inspire, and are often known to look with scorn upon him whose finer feelings are kindled by their magnificence. I like the spirit of a piece of poetry entitled 'the Poet's Requiem,' which I picked up not long since. Here it is:

Peace! exalted spirit!
To thy tomb so lowly;
Thou, in mansions holy,

Blessings doth inherit;
Earth unkind and cold,
Joy and hope denied thee,
Thee doth silence hold,
Whom no kinsmen weep;
Yet, where thou dost sleep,
Let me rest beside thee.

What is life?—a fever;
Death?—a home of quiet,
Where the shout of riot,
Comes intruding never:
Little heedest thou,
Though a world deride thee;
Heaven is round thee now;
I may shed a tear,
Slander's words to hear,—
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

Pure and generous nature,
O'er deceit compliant,
Towering, as a giant,
Of high heavenly stature:
Gold, with splendid lure
Of rich promise, tried thee;
How may fraud, secure
That his foe is gone,
Laugh thy tomb upon;—
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

Radiant heir of glory!
Genius unrequited,
Hope too early blighted,
Why was this thy story?
Why did cruel hands
From thy love divide thee?
Lo! to brighter lands
Thou didst soar away,
From thy chains of clay;
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

In a world so weary,
Would my path were ended!
For it lies extended
In perspective dreary,
Through the heartless throng,
From which the grave doth hide thee;
Gifted son of song!
Take a willing guest
To thy bed of rest;
Let me sleep beside thee!

It is pleasant to read newspaper scraps on a rainy day. I have one on 'Love,' which possibly you may not have seen. The editor says, 'Every poet that ever had an existence, has written of it—every minstrel has sung of it—and every maid has dreamed of it; but we much doubt—(we must own, however, that our own actual knowledge on this point is very su-

perficial)—whether all that has heen written, sung and dreamed, comprises more than is compressed into the following stanza:

'O, love! love! love!
Love's like a dizziness;
It wunna let a pure bodie
Gang about his business!'

I do n't see how this editor could have appreciated these lines so fully, with the 'superficial' knowledge he speaks of; but it is quite popular to affect ignorance on this point. Suppose I conclude this paper with a scrap on 'Affectation.'

Why, Affectation, why this mock grimace?
Go, silly thing, and hide that simp'ring face.
Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimick fooleries I hate;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish, hath the better plea;
Nature's true ideot I prefer to thee.
Why that soft languish? Why that drawling tone?
Art sick? art sleepy? Get thee home; begone.
I laugh at all thy pretty baby tears?
Those flutt'rings, faintings, and unreal fears.
Can they deceive us? Can such mumm'ries move,
Touch us with pity, or inspire with love?
No, Affectation, vain is all thy art—
Those eyes may wander over every part,
But never find the passage to the heart.

I shall see you again soon—probably.

JOHN CHITCHAT.

Self-Taught Men.

There are many exalted capacities in the lowly walks of life, worthy, if honors, place and power belong to talents, of a more dignified station. Though they adorn only in a small sphere, they might give light to a whole world. Their usefulness is very limited, even if their talents are of the highest order, who have not the lights of education held up in their path; and they cannot expect to reach any exalted eminence, when all around them are those who are superior in those acquirements which give double lustre to genius; and when, too, envy scowls, and holds up ancient landmarks, to depreciate honest exertion, and native mind.

Byron possessed all the elements of poetry originally in his own mind; and so did Burns, and so does he whom men call the Ettrick Shepherd; but what an immense distance be-

tween the former and the two latter! The analyzer of mind might find some difference in the original qualities of these three modern bards; but after all the allowance thus made, the better and more thorough education of Byron, gave that food and strength to his imagination, which the others were deprived of. It gave keenness to satire, that element of his nature, and perfection to his general poetry. Education made him familiar with the works of nature, as well as of art. Without it, diffidence and uncertainty would have placed him beneath the regions of sublimity. He would have faltered where he displays deathless energy, and never stood up foremost in the ranks of the bards, distancing immeasurably all the other poets of his age. There are indeed many who call themselves poets, who are well educated, and yet lack fame: but if they are indeed poets, the fault is with nature, and their consolation is in the rule of 'exceptions.'

If we search among the priests of philosophy, we find our own FRANKLIN occupying no mean place among them. And when we go back to his youth, and see him struggling with all the inconveniences of poverty—dependent upon daily labor for daily support; yet, with all these drawbacks, contriving to obtain such scattered fragments of information as came in his way, from the wilds of America to the printing-offices of London; and when we bring forward our gaze, and see him in maturity, arresting the fatal influence of the lightnings of heaven—applying the strength of a powerful and beautiful philosophy to man and his works—and, when called by the darkness of the times to side with his violated and oppressed country, meeting the strength and the pride of the oppressor, at the bar of the British parliament, with such simple, yet manly and undaunted courage, as to turn in his favor, not only the friends of freedom, but those who had entertained against him notions of meanness and inferiority; in fine, when we look upon Franklin and his works, we are surprised that under such circumstances, he should have attained to such superiority. But we derive no argument in favor of neglecting intellectual cultivation. On the contrary, the mind invariably turns to that higher firmament in which he would have shone, if unlimited opportunity of education had been conferred upon him. With no assistance in the paths of science, he obtained a footing, scarcely precedented, among the learned and great. How much wider would have been the scope of his attainments, and how much broader and brighter his fame, under more auspicious circumstances! The same remark will apply to many other self-educated men.

Genius, without education, may be compared to a ship without a helm, or an eagle without wings. Can the one be directed safely through the rocks and quicksands of the deep; or the other track its homeward course, up through the infinite regions of space? Would the stars glitter with half their brilliancy, without the agency of night? Would the seed germinate, and blossom into life, without the protection and nourishment of the earth? All these require the agency of some connected cause. So the gifted intellect must be cultivated, or it will grow in deformity, and produce noxious weeds instead of beautiful plants.

When those who have scarcely learnt its alphabet, contemplate the ponderous volume of nature, the arts and the sciences which have been deduced from it, through the greater part of which they must travel to become familiar with them, to even gratify the hungry cravings of the mind; there is but little room for pride or self-complacency as they advance. Hence the most veteran scholars have looked with mortification at their own acquirements. It is the consciousness that the road is long, wide, and often rough; that the most studious and gifted who have travelled in it, have not reached that point, where they could stop and exclaim—'Here am I, at the end of labor and acquirement,'—that causes them to look with contempt upon their own progress. But though mortification and certain failure are the result of aspirations to the entire mastery of nature and art, yet the certainty that they cannot be overcome, is one of the chief sources of delight and happiness to their votaries. What pleasure would there be in studying, if we obtained no new ideas? We have reason to think that the acquisition of knowledge can never be complete; for we can conceive of no other pursuit that would not pall in the long period of eternity.

How numerous are the instances in which splendid opportunities for the cultivation of the mind, are allotted to those who see nothing worthy of study in the noble works of nature, or the subtle theories of art! What many would sacrifice health and even life, to obtain, but are prevented by untoward circumstances from obtaining, others, with all the facilities in their possession, look upon with cold indifference, and even deem unworthy of pursuit! There are many bodies, which, once the tenements of noble, aspiring spirits, now repose upon the coral beds of the ocean, over whose trackless wastes, bound in the chains of servitude, they were doomed to toil, and to waste the energies of their fine spirits, instead of devoting them to more congenial and nobler purposes.

But, as before intimated, those whose intellects are the brightest, whose attainments are the most extensive, are very far from perfection, and scarcely find unalloyed satisfaction in the pursuit. But if, as the wayward Byron beautifully expresses it—

> 'But if there be, as holiest men have said,
> A land of souls beyond these sable shores,'

the mind may hereafter range its ample fields, unclogged, and with more than earthly desire, satisfy its immortal aspirations at the fountain head. It will rise on eagles' wings, and soar from world to world, through all the wide regions of space. At its approach, knowledge will draw back her bolts, throw open her doors—presenting a whole illumined temple, free of access, and of boundless extent. E. B.

The High courting the Low.

Perchance you 've seen, far out upon the waters—
If not, I 'll tell you of them—white gulls skimming,
Casting an eye at parents, sons and daughters
Of finny tribes, that underneath were swimming.

Perhaps you 've seen one of those gulls, while wending
Over the waves, such meekness to discover,
You thought she had consented, while descending,
To call the son of some old fish her lover.

But what thought you, when, as the bird was flying
Upward, to see the fish and gull together?
Thought you, as they to some steep crag were hying,
That all their speed was owing to the weather?

Bethink you then, when Wealth and Honor doff
Their hats, and ask you to their golden dishes;
Gulls without wings have means of flying off—
And have been found, too, mighty fond of fishes.

Franklin, Jr.

OBSERVER.....No. I.

I remember to have heard some just remarks, at one time or other in my life, singular as it may appear. Among them was one, remarkable only on account of its singularity. It was, that the youth in our towns and villages, seldom choose from their respective places of location, their partners for life. This assertion was maintained, and abundantly proved. One reason brought forward was, the general and common intimacy which exists between the two sexes. This, it was asserted, unfitted them for common mutual attachments, or rather, for mutual attachment strong enough to produce a sufficient quantity of any given material which may be necessary to induce them to come under the union yoke. I presume that I have not broached a subject, unfit for a magazine paper, even were I interested—much less so now, when I am only one of the 'living dead,' as Mrs. Hemans says, who like automata, are and only are—defying either malice by remark, or observation by ill-natured strictures; getting along, no one knows how; gliding like spectres among the vast crowd of living objects around; living, I really wish to know for what—unless it be to gain objects of pleasure, greatness, and felicity, in some other world.

Fate, indeed, leads such beings as those I have mentioned into scenes of real life—not greedy or thirsty for information, but receiving every thing into their store-houses—their 'receptacles for lost things'—as a mere matter of course; from which it is seldom likely to emerge, only when from mere laziness—perhaps I should be doing greater justice to say, mere philanthropy—they are prompted, like me, to give the world a little of their information.

I have observed, dear reader, that in this city the banners of matrimony hang all unfolded upon the outer walls of every man's citadel. Those respected and antiquated notions of love, which the admirers of John Bunyan have been pleased to term perfect, are not much in vogue. Indeed, I am surprised to find so little secresy practised in this art and mystery. My old notions of love are not derived from 'Edwards on the Affections,' but would perhaps be called by the modern lover, purely Platonic. They are told in the matron's awful, but suppressed tone of utter horror; in that decent and sincere coldness between the parties affected, which divers well authenticated precepts enforce, as the only true method

in which love is developed. I regret that I have none of the old poets at hand just now, as there is a piece in one of them which is exactly to my purpose.

> 'He sat, his head erect in youthful pride,
> At least ten paces distant from his bride'—

is all that I can recollect now. But as I read only John Bunyan's works, I think the reader will find it there.

One thing is certain: I have found that the progress of the age, and of the principles which have knocked masonry on the head, have not left love unscathed. The little god has, I am aware, grown much older—indeed he ought to be a man by this time, if not well advanced into the seer and yellow leaf of old age. The result is that the veil has been partly withdrawn—and we who have so long had two great things to accomplish, viz. to obtain a glance at the mysteries of a ladies boudoir, and to penetrate into the unfathomable abyss of love, are now likely to realize our most sanguine expectations, at least with respect to the latter.

Mysterious, indeed, were the old-fashioned rites and ceremonies practiced by candidates for the marriage state. Now, every thing is open and exposed to the broad light of the day. I have sojourned here but one month, and I suspect that I could give to the world fifty curious things, spoken by as many mutual lovers in that time. I have been borne along by the tide of fate into about that number of houses, and in every one I failed not to come in contact with the aforesaid class of beings. In this, I am certain that I err not—because I received the unrequested information gratis, from the parties themselves, who appeared not in the least solicitous to hide or varnish over the fact. Indeed, those whose imaginations admitted of being excursive, have not failed to entertain me, and not me alone, with plans of future life, ere yet their 'first sight' had passed, and with those little curious things once seen and heard only by silent heaths, and meandering streams, and the moon.

I conclude, then, that there is no want of proof to support my position, that there is a general familiarity existing between the two sexes, unwarranted by ancient custom, as explained by ancient writers, and especially John Bunyan. It remains to be seen whether this intimacy results in marriage or otherwise, which will be the subject of my next lucubrations.

MR. EDITOR—In looking over some papers left by a deceased relative, I found the following, which, on account of its moral bearing, I should like to see published in your Magazine.

BACHELORS' FOLLY.

'Why, sir, you must know that I have a mortal aversion to woman. I would rather "rove free as the air I breathe," one hour, than to enjoy the love of all the women in creation, forever and ever.'—THE REFORMED BACHELOR.

'WHAT!' said my friend Dick, a few evenings since, as we were sitting in my library, enjoying the refreshing air of a summer's evening, 'Is it necessary to the happiness and respectability of man, that he should be linked to woman—that he should be tied to her apron strings, and that for better or worse, while life endures?'

Dick Trifler's father was a clever sort of man, possessing an abundance of money—and as Dick was his only child, he gave him free access to every gratification. Dick was something of a misanthrope—something, I say—that is, he would not submit to the mortification of owning that woman possessed a power over the happiness of the 'lords of creation.' His natural disposition, however, was quite the reverse. He possessed much of the 'milk of human kindness,' and was what the world would call a jolly sort of a fellow. He was generous, to a fault, where woman was not concerned. His habit of thinking lightly of woman, was produced by an imagination in some measure dissipated, as it was acquired by deep researches into that philosophy, the first lines of which are—'It is good for man to be alone.' I say, Dick loved this philosophy, and of course thought he could not find enjoyment in any thing so earthly as a woman. No—he must soar aloft among the planets, and make his dwelling place among the stars. What had the world—I mean the world of individuals—to do with him? If he deigned to look from his ærial height upon mortals, it was with an eye of contempt—or, in the exercise of a more benign and generous disposition, to point out to them the beauties of nature, and bestow upon them the result of his anxious and indefatigable exertions.

Such was my friend Dick, at the age of twenty-four. I had often pointed out to him his errors, and reasoned with him upon the inconsistency of his notions; but I never could make him alter his opinions. On the contrary, he would adhere to them with more tenacity, when I thought I had converted him

to my own opinions—as at the time when he burst out with the remarks which commence this essay.

'Why,' said I, 'Dick, you know my mind on this subject is made up—that just where you begin to exaggerate, we branch off. There is simple truth, in relation to woman—the falsehood is of what she is not, and may be said as well of any other thing as of her.'

'Of what she is not, truly! But do you imagine there can be much satisfaction in following up a pretty girl, and filling her head with nonsensical stuff about 'everlasting constancy' and eternal regard, and stuffing her with loathsome and disgusting flattery? If so, I must think that you are deficient in sound judgment and good sense.'

'You do me injustice, Dick. I never was the advocate of such unmanly conduct as you mention. Irrational love, as it may be termed, I hold in abomination. It is base, and allied to that flattery which

> 'Is loathed as soon as tasted,
> When offered to a well-taught mind,
> And on a fool is wasted.'

Nor do I imagine that all females are worthy of our love. But there is a number among them, and it is so great as to redeem all aspersions which might otherwise be thrown upon the character of the sex. There are those among them who are an honor and a praise. The lovely and the virtuous woman is the most beautiful object in creation, and some of the happiest moments of our lives are those which are spent in her company. The man who can look upon her, in the performance of her various duties, with feelings other than those of admiration and respect, must have a heart cold and relentless as the stone.'

'Fine sentiments, sir, and, if they were not the merest enthusiasm, would perhaps be worthy of you. But if I am not convinced, that he who marries does well, I certainly am that he who does not marry does better. So, go on—sing odes to the moon, and write poetry to some pretty girl's eye-winkers. As for me, I will not confine myself to so low a pursuit as that of making love. No, I will traverse the earth, and become acquainted with the world, and catch a glimpse of the life and pursuits of other and different people. Whatever you may do, and however you may talk about domestic bliss, I will seek none of it—no spot upon the earth shall be my fixed abode, and I will sip honey from every flower, and happiness from every object. I will buy popularity, amass fortune, seek

that happiness which proceeds from a knowledge of one's independence, and, in my old age, seek some quiet resting-place, where, alone, I may sit down and enjoy the philosopher's portion.'

So said my friend Dick, in all the ardor of youthful hope and ambition; and shortly after fulfilled a part of his promise, in departing to, as he said, 'catch a glimpse of the life and pursuits of other and different people.'

The reader has seen that I entertained very different notions from those of Dick. I was about twenty, when he departed on his philosophical voyage, and all my affections were, as he was wont to say, 'thrown away upon a little thing of a pretty young woman.' She repaid my affection, however, with her own, and three months after Dick went in pursuit of happiness, I lead her to the hymeneal altar—she became my own forever.

The voice of experience, in all past time, says that woman is a star in the horizon of earthly existence, upon which the eye is directed in all the pursuits of life. In the hour of adversity, she dispels all our sorrow. Does the heavy hand of affliction press us down? It is then that her soothing influence is felt, and the chamber of sickness becomes a paradise, where we can enjoy the smiles of an affectionate wife. In the hour of prosperity, also, she is not less necessary to our happiness. Without her, what would be the gay and enchanting scenes of life? The honors of the world are changing—but woman's love is the same in all time, and under all circumstances.

* *

Twenty years have passed—my old friend Dick has returned from his pursuit after butterflies, a real 'testy old bachelor.' I understand that fortune has frowned, and that his opinions have undergone some change, although he has not yet honored me with a visit. It is said that he looks wistfully at his forlorne and desolate situation. I am surprised that he does not visit his old friend.

Oct. 27, 17—. I have this day received a long and tedious letter from Dick Trifler. The conclusion is all that I shall give to the reader.

'How dull and disconsolate is the existence of an old bachelor!—and how unfortunate am I in being obliged to claim that appellation! No kind and cheering voice from an affectionate and lovely wife, greets my waking hour; and when, after the labor and toil of the day, I wend my way to my lonesome abode, no glad and frolicsome little ones—except my cat

and dog—run to meet and welcome me to their society, around the cheerful fireside. No—weary, fatigued, and miserable, when the sun sinks beneath the horizon, desolate and alone, I seek my home, and a dreary place it is. No human being dwells there but myself, and the owl and the bat make it their hiding place, as if in mockery of my misery. Fool that I was! why did I not, in the season of youth, think upon old age, and provide against the winter of life? That was a most lamentable era in my life, when I spurned the love of woman, and called the sweet cords of her affection, galling chains and bitter bonds. But I am now reaping the harvest of folly, and nothing remains but to drag out a few years of wretchedness, and then, unlamented by any human being, pass from the stage of existence—an example of rashness, and an effect of ill-judged indifference.

DICK TRIFLER.'

LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN G. C. BRAINARD,

With a sketch of his life, by J. G. Whittier. Hartford: published by P. P. Goodsale, 1832.

THE publication of the literary remains of the poet Brainard, is a highly gratifying event, and one especially calculated to awaken the sympathy and incite the ambition of our young men. Not that these comparatively crude productions possess in themselves an extraordinary intrinsic value. They evince the workings of a noble, but infant spirit, and interest the heart, as do the unaffected and innocent breathings of childhood, from the joyous hope with which they are redolent.

The pen of friendship, while it has furnished a complete key to the poetic peculiarities of Brainard, by presenting a beautiful portraiture of his character, has wonderfully enhanced the melancholy pleasure with which we cannot but track the youthful soarings of a native and departed genius.

'His habit of self-reliance,' says his biographer, 'of a gentle retirement into the calm beauty of his own mind, rendered him in a measure indifferent to the opinion of the world. Yet he loved society—the society of the gifted and intellectual—of

those who had become accustomed to his peculiarities of mind and feeling.'

'It was his truth,' remarks one of his friends, 'his fine, open, ingenuous truth—bound up with a character of great purity and benevolence, which won love for him. * * * *

'He knew wonderfully well the secret of mental relish and developement; and had evidently examined himself till he had grown fond, as every one must who does it, of a quiet, contemplative, self-cultivating life. He had gone on with this process, until the spiritual predominated entirely over the material man.'

His address to Connecticut river is marked by a simplicity and felicity of description, characteristic of the author, as a few extracts will show.

'From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain,
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock, and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home, and leaps upon thy shore.
The promontories love thee—and for this
Turn their rough cheeks, and stay thee for a kiss.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.
—'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their colored weeds,
And there the wild-cat purs amidst her brood,
And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink,
Paddling the water by the quiet brink;
Or to out-gaze the grey owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
And day-light smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
Are there not glossy curls, and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies,
Voices as gentle as an echoed call,
And sweeter than the softened waterfall
That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
Leaping in sportive innocence away:—
And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
As wild brier budding in an April day;
—How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their sinless purposes and simple cares.'

The following is an amusing example of a lighter and more fanciful order of his poetry:

JACK FROST AND THE CATY-DID.

JACK FROST.

'I heard—'twas on an autumn night—
A little song from yonder tree;
'Twas a Caty-Did, in the branches hid,
And thus sung he:

'Fair Caty sat beside yon stream,
Beneath the chestnut tree;
Each star sent forth its brightest gleam,
And the moon let fall her softest beam
On Caty and on me.

'And thus she wished—"O, could I sing
Like the little birds in May
With a satin breast and a silken wing,
And a leafy home by this gentle spring,
I 'd chirp as bright as they.

'The Frog in the water, the Cricket on land,
The Night-Hawk in the sky,
With the Whip-poor-wi l, should be my band,
While gaily by the streamlet's sand,
The lightning-bug should fly."

'Her wish is granted—off she flings
The robes that her beauty hid;
She wraps herself in her silken wings,
And near me now she sits and sings,
And tells what Caty did.

'A beam from the waning moon was shot,
Where the little minstrel hid,
A cabinet from the cloud was let,
And down I boldly slid.

'A hollow hailstone on my head,
For a glittering helm was clasped,
And a sharpened spear, like an icicle clear,
In my cold little fingers was grasped.

'Silent, and resting on their arms,
I viewed my forces nigh,
Waiting the sign on earth to land,
Or *bivouac* in the sky.

'From a birchen bough, which yellow turned,
Beneath my withering lance;
I pointed them to that glassy pool,
And silently they advanced.

'The water crisped beneath their feet,
It never felt their weights,
And nothing but the rising sun,
Showed traces of their skates.

'No horn I sounded, no shout I made,
But I lifted my vizor lid,

My felt-shod foot on the leaf I put,
And killed the Caty-Did.

'Her song went down the southern wind,
Her last breath up the stream;
But a rustling branch is left behind,
To fan her wakeless dream.'

The following are the concluding lines of a poem written during his last illness:

'Away from all that 's bright and beautiful.
From the fresh breeze, and from the glorious view,
From all that's lovely, noble, or sublime,
To the sick pillow, and the feverish bed.
There may good angels watch me, and good thoughts
Crowd to my dreaming and my waking hours.
For the whole world of waters, the firm land,
The canopy, with all its suns and stars,
Its bright, unnumbered systems, all are His,
And He is everywhere!'

The story of early genius, its rich promise, and its premature decay, has been often eloquently told. The life of the devoted, talented, and sensitive White, is echoed in the brilliant dawning and rapid declination of many intellectual luminaries. The memory of their short, but brilliant career, is reflected, like the sun from the evening clouds, in the lingering brightness of their deserted paths. Such instances are full of melancholy interest. They are holy ground to the moral philosopher. They are attractive, even beyond the mature and dazzling characters of history. They are to the student of human nature, what chrystals are to the geologist, or flowers to the horticulturalist—his poetry.

New-England has produced many such. Her moral atmosphere has invigorated, her sunny skies and rich scenery have warmed into precocious developement the germ of genius, and then, with a more than Spartan fortitude, she has sublimated it by the mystic fire of her fatal consumption.

Thus was it with the amiable and gifted Brainard: and we rejoice that it has fallen to a friend and a poet to perform the grateful task of collecting his 'remains,' and depositing them in a resting-place, alike exempt from decay and sacrilege—the sanctuary of affectionate remembrance.

In approaching them, criticism is disarmed by the kindly influence of sympathy—sympathy in his high and holy aspirations, his deep and tender sensibility, his religious imaginings, and, above all, in the unpretending but touching and truly promising spirit of his muse.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

A SCHEMER.

Ne'er was there an idle brain,
But bred an idle thought.—OLD POEM.

S.—You need n't preach to me. I 've lived long enough to know a thing or two—and you need n't try to crowd your superstition into me. I do n't want any body to show me how to get along in the world. Give me an equal chance with the rest, and I 'll take care of number one.

F.—I 'm glad I 've met you, my young schemer. But you need n't be afraid of my preaching to you—I know a good deal better than to do that. A sound whipping is what you want before you 'll be properly 'settled.' You talk about having lived long enough to know a thing or two. What 's the reason you hav n't found out that you are a fool, yet? I need n't try to crowd my superstition into you, you say. You would n't advise me to put even dirty water into a broken kettle—would you? You do n't want any body to show you how to get along in the world. Of course, you have n't got sense enough to know the utility of advice. But I 'll soon show you down my argumentative stairs. You 'll take care of number one. You 'd better look out to get one ounce of sense: then you may know a little more of yourself, and the object of Providence in placing you in this world.

S.—*Providence!* You 'd advise me to trust her, I suppose, too. I do n't believe in that brain-cracked notion: when she pays what she owes already, she 'll do well. A fellow has hard work to keep her from knocking on the head everything he undertakes.

F.—She 's too apt to bring you up to the chalk—is n't she? You hint she 's in debt. Undoubtedly she owes you some dozen floggings. But do n't be discouraged: she 'll be ready to hand over, young man. Whether she expects your foolishness to depart from you or not, she 'll show you the pestle and mortar. She 's full of deception, you say. It 's strange she knows how to manage with snipes like you, so well. And you think she wants to knock on the head everything that a fellow undertakes. Certainly—when it 's done by a blockhead wrong end foremost, without her leave. The stones you throw up, love your pate prodigiously—do n't they?

S.—Ah—get out. Look out for number one—that 's my doctrine; and let others do the same;—and if they do n't, why, the flats must be contented with being gulled—that 's all. It is n't my look-out, if a man does n't know enough, or does n't think enough, or is n't careful enough: if I can shave him a little by fair and honorable means, I have a right to do so.

F.—You learnt that creed in *Foolsborough*; you 'll recant in *Gallowsberg*, if you do n't look out. As to your shaving, my boy, if *you* do n't get pretty cleverly shaved with a handsaw, it will be because the dressing-room of Providence is too respectable for lubberly fellows like you.

S.—Mighty respectable—to shave with a handsaw! I 'll venture all that follows from my conduct. The fact is, Frank, you do n't understand what it is to be a sharper: if you did, you might have had a wife worth at least fifty thousand dollars, by this time. I know this will make you rather wrathy; but you 've got to learn that, considering all circumstances, a man has a right to be fond of *solid charms;* that is, he has a right to fall in love with the shiners of a female's purse, if he pleases; and if there happens to be a little deception in the matter—why, that 's the way of doing the thing in a world like this. Now, Frank, do n't be quite so stiff.

F.—Stiff? If I did n't believe it well now and then to answer a fool according to his folly, I should be tempted to take you up in the tongs and throw you out of the window. Not that I 'm apt to be wrathy with a baboon, however, I would n't have you think. You say, a man has a right to be fond of *solid charms*, as they are termed. No one doubts you are a charming fellow; but the charms of a handsome horsewhip will make you more charming still.

S.—Where 'd you get so much gravity? I suppose you 'll begin to harp about improving the heart, and improving the mind, if I stay much longer. But you 'll do no good by talking to me. I 'm as good as if my face were ten yards longer; I 've no opinion of these whining hypocrites. And as to my mind—I know how to look out for number one, and that 's enough for me.

F.—It seems somebody else is likely to grow 'wrathy.' But you are mistaken; as I said in the first place, I shan't preach to you. I 'm glad *your* face is n't ten yards longer; and if you ever undertake to improve your mind, I hope you won't begin as you always have begun to do anything—backwards. You may go, now, Mr. Schemer; but I 'll whisper a word or two in your ear before I let you out. You are a *man*,

notwithstanding what I have said; and *may* be a good deal better one. You pretend to have wisdom. Just rap its case with your cane, to see if it is as solid as your imagination tells you. Take a little time to-night to see how much it will probably weigh in the scales which are to balance the wisdom of the universe. Do this, and you may learn, that a man may not be the less a villain, or a hypocrite, because he is bold enough to own that he is both; and that a man may not be the less a fool, because he is sharp enough to cut his own throat.

FRANKLIN, JR.

ESSAYIST ROOM.

English Periodicals.

IT is delightful to us to behold a tangible evidence of the active, sincere, determined sentiment of the friends of Poland on the continent. Such an one is presented in the shape of a beautiful periodical, entitled POLONIA, conducted by 'A Literary Association of the friends of Poland,' of which THOMAS CAMPBELL is President. Here is a stanza from a poem published in the first number, translated by SOTHEBY:

'What seest thou passing o'er yon boundless plain?
Nought but a bird that cleaves the cloud?
Look up—a cross illumes the sky,
Where Heaven's pure virgin queen descends from high;
One hand is on her heart,
The other draws the mystic veil apart,
The veil that hides futurity:
Lo! o'er her star-crowned brow a banner waives,
Where flame, in characters of light,
Words that a seraph hand engraves—
Poland! arise, fix on the cross thy light,
Go forth where freedom leads—mailed in Jehovah's might!'

The New Monthly, in many respects the most pleasing specimen of British periodical literature, has been largely occupied of late with a journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington. Although Byron is here 'shown up' in no very novel aspect, yet there is a degree of vividness in these 'Conversations,' which renders them interesting.

One remark of Byron's, though doubtless the offspring of his misanthropy, expresses an idea rife with useful topics of speculation:

'There is,' says he, 'something, I am convinced, in the poetical temperament which precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him. The way in which I account for it is, that our *imaginations* being warmer than our *hearts*, and much more given to wander, the latter have not the power to control the former.'

The same number from which this extract is taken, contains an admirable essay on 'The true spirit of Religious Poetry,' which is thus justly described:

'Perhaps the poetry of the day most suited to religious subjects, is the rich verse of Mrs. Hemans: there is a fine organ tone in the swell of her stately line—a cathedral loftiness and solemnity in her general thought, which renders her muse peculiarly adapted to the serious and august strains that belong to human worship. And there is in her a certain soft and tender spirit, which would free religious effusion from the ascetic and small bigotry which so frequently mars its music.'

'Take antiquity away from religion, and you make it prose. Its poetry is a temple through which you pass at once from the past into the future; it has no present! Wrapt in its sacred and awful dreams, the soul forgets itself, egotism vanishes in a sense of the universal, the eternal. We have no identity, save with the great whole; or if for one moment we return to our own cabined and minute existence, it is as Milton wakes in the openings of his mighty poem, with an overborne and hushed sense of loneliness, with a sentiment of corporeal pain, with a recollection of fleshy ills, with a rushing and solemn desire to escape from earth, and draw empyreal air. This is the true spirit of Religious Poetry.' *

Literary Notices.

PHILOSOPHICAL CATECHISM OF THE NATURAL LAWS OF MAN, by G. Spurzheim. Second edition, improved. Boston: Marsh, Capen, & Lyon, 1832.

THERE is still a field to be studied and cultivated by our young men, to which the voice of the most benevolent of Nature's priests called them, as he served for the last time at her altar. There are laws to be known and obeyed, on the observance of which, human happiness depends—laws, not written on tables of stone, but on the broad page of Nature, in the indelible characters of experience. This little book is a lucid exposition of these laws, and should be studied by every young man in our country. *

Address of the Trustees of the New-England Institution for the education of the Blind, to the Public. Boston: Carter, Hendee, & Co. 1833.

THE Asylum, in behalf of which this pamphlet has been issued, promises to become one of the most felicitous establishments in New-England. No one can be insensible to the excellence of its objects, or withhold his sympathy in the noble sentiments of its founders; but this Address evinces such an unaffected interest in the subject, and exhibits so much wisdom in respect to the plans proposed and adopted, that we think it can scarcely fail to commend itself to the serious attention of a liberal community. *

FAMILIAR LESSONS IN MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY. Designed for the use of young persons and Lyceums. In two volumes. By Jane Kilby Welsh, author of the Pastime of Learning, with Lessons in Botany. Boston: Clapp & Hull.

WE shall not attempt a particular notice of this book at present, having merely glanced over its pages. But we do not hesitate to say, that it contains much useful instruction on the subjects of which it treats, presented in a very attractive form, particularly to the younger portion of the community.

FUNERAL ORATION delivered at the burial of Gaspar Spurzheim, M. D.

IN this oration, Dr. Follen has exhibited, in an unostentatious and agreeable manner, the interesting traits of Spurzheim's character. At the time of its delivery, we were disappointed, because we looked for a genuine eulogy—not a panegyric, but a moving delineation of the character and philosophy of the departed. Upon looking over the Oration, however, we feel its appropriateness, and deem it a fit tribute to its lamented object. *

COMMON INCIDENTS. By Philo Paidos. Portland: G. Hyde & Co.

WE notice this little Sabbath School book, because the author is a young writer. It is made up, according to the introduction, of 'simple facts,' calculated to interest and benefit the juvenile portion of the community. There are a number of defects in the book, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, as a little more experience will probably correct all or most of the errors which are manifest in this volume. Its praiseworthy traits are—a simplicity well adapted to the minds of those

for whom the book is intended, the warm interest everywhere exhibited in the right direction of the youthful intellect, the taking advantage of some of the *most* common incidents in order to convey some good moral, and the easy and unaffected manner in which the whole is embodied. No young reader can fail to be benefitted by its perusal.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This is the new title of the Illinois Magazine. Having just perused the editor's interesting 'Legends of the West,' we are just now, at least, duly sensible of his literary worth and enterprise. Periodical literature is a mighty agent in our country, and we rejoice that one of its best specimens in the West, is under the benign auspices of so worthy an editor as James Hall. *

Intelligence.

BALTIMORE AUXILIARY TO THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—At a meeting held in the city of Baltimore, on the 30th of November, 1832, for the purpose of organizing a Literary Society in said city, Mr. Teakle Wallis was called to the chair, and Mr. W. F. Frick appointed Secretary.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it appears to this assembly, that too little interest has been taken and manifested by the young men of our city in Literature and the elements of Science; and as these have been found to be eminently promoted by associations, in which unity of action and zealous co-operation unite to advance the members thereof in the objects of their association: and whereas, Conversation, Essays, Lectures, and Oral Debates, have been found to be powerful means of imparting knowledge in the objects of pursuit; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Assembly deem it expedient to form itself into an Association for the advancement of Literature and Science, adapted to the age of its members; and, with that view, will adopt and practice such means as have been indicated, and such others as may, from time to time, be found expedient.

Resolved, That this Association approves of the Boston Association of Young Men for the promotion of Literature and Science, and organize themselves in like manner, and, with

the consent of that Association, do hereby become an Auxiliary Society, under the name of 'Auxiliary Association of the Young Men of Baltimore, for the promotion of Literature and Science.'

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to prepare a Constitution and By-laws for the Association, and that the same be submitted for consideration on Thursday, the 6th of December next.

Resolved, That after the adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws, and the full organization of this Association, the Corresponding Secretary be requested to prepare a letter, addressed to the Boston Association, informing them of the proceedings of this meeting, and requesting their concurrence in its views and objects; and desire that their Secretary may reciprocally communicate, from time to time, with this Association, so that both societies may be fully informed of the more important means adopted by each for the promotion of the objects of said societies.

Upon motion of Mr. Thomas L. Bond,

Resolved, That in accordance with the foregoing resolutions, the Chairman now appoint a committee of three, for the purpose of drafting a Constitution and By-Laws; and that the same be requested to report at the next meeting—and that the Chairman be one of that committee.

Whereupon, the Chair appointed Messrs. Wallis, Bond, and Frick, a committee for this purpose.

The Association has since been duly organized, and has commenced operations with every prospect of accomplishing the highly important ends, to promote which it was instituted. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the present year:

OLIVER S. JENKINS, President.
T. WALLIS & G. BAKER, Vice Presidents.
F. FRICK, Recording Secretary.
F. TALBOTT, Treasurer.
F. W. HOFFMAN, Corresponding Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—It is gratifying to know that this Society is about to present its claims to the young men generally, in a more public manner than has hitherto been done. The society numbers at present nearly one hundred members, but its objects being very deserving, and

at the same time such as encroach but very little either upon the time or purse, they should be liberally promoted.

It is proposed to call a public meeting, in the course of a few weeks, for the purpose of annexing to the list of members the names of such young men, as may then be inclined to join. We trust their success will be commensurate with the claims of their objects.

Boston Lyceum.—Lectures have been delivered before this popular Association this season, on the Mind, Elocution, Education of the Moral Powers, Indian Civilization, Books, Slavery and the Colonization Society, Business and Study, and the Blind. A Eulogy on Dr. Spurzheim has also been given by Dr. Grigg. The discussion of a question relating to business men holding public stations, has occupied two evenings. The meetings have been well attended, and great interest exhibited. The lecture on the Blind, given by Dr. Howe, at the last meeting, was listened to by a large audience, and received with unbounded satisfaction. Several of his pupils were present, one of whom, a little girl, gave an exhibition of some of her acquirements, to the great aston- and gratification of the auditors. Most of the Classes are in a flourishing condition; one of them will probably exhibit before the Lyceum in the course of six or eight weeks.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1833. No. XI.

THE CULTIVATION OF THOUGHT.

'The authority of all possible truths exist for me only on this ground—that in the free exercise of thought they are evident to me.'—DESCARTES.

THOUGHT is confessedly the most wonderful and interesting manifestation of mind, and a power the sublimest and most subtle in the universe. Embodied in literature it is the grand representative of humanity; assuming the form of opinion, it is the mightiest agent under heaven; existing in every human bosom, it is in itself felicity or woe. Even in its debasement, as the gleams of its native splendour, ever and anon, make its desolation more apparent, the grandeur of the ruin will inspire awe. If viewed as it pours itself forth amid the attractions of the material world, directs its devoted capacity to the labors of philanthropy, or, winged by religion, mounts to its celestial home—under the incitement of the idea every endeavor will be put forth in its cultivation.

We propose in the present essay, to take a concise view of some of the habits of thought conducive to the improvement of the thinking faculty.

The power of thought, like all the spiritual endowments of man, can indeed only be studied through its manifestations; yet these are amply sufficient to impress us with a conviction of its unlimited energy, and acquaint us with its most important laws and phenomena. We perceive then, that this faculty is developed in each individual according to his peculiar taste or affective powers. The incitements to intellectual action, therefore, are as numerous as our relations to God, to Nature and to our fellow beings. Yet there is another class of incentives tending to the same result, and no less effective—

those which are included in that host of personal motives existing in every mind. Even our physical infirmities minister to mental activity; and the knowledge of this truth led Lord Bacon to ascribe the foundation of all philosophy to the fact that 'we have a great deal of curiosity and very bad eyes.'

Our thoughts are either the product of study, or they rise spontaneously, excited by some obvious circumstance, perhaps, or by some cause imperceptible even to ourselves. Still, it is a plain, and to a conscientious mind, a solemn consideration, that we not only possess the power of directing our thinking faculties, but are capable of acquiring habits of thought which will not only influence but give a decided character to our most involuntary reveries and vaguest musings.

The first application of thought, incumbent on one who designs to cultivate and exercise this faculty according to its legitimate wants and powers, is to

> ——'force back the mind
> To settle on itself;'

in other words—to reflect. This is requisite, not only that by contemplating its own unlimited power of progress and energetic action, an impetus may be given which shall awaken thought, but because every individual mind should know itself, study its peculiar tastes and excellencies, seek to understand its errors and weaknesses, and, by this self-knowledge, avoid a misapplication of its powers, and an erroneous opinion of its character. It is true that reflection, in its legitimate exercise, is an act requiring great intellectual and moral maturity; still it should properly precede any foreign application of thought, any grand attempt to grapple with a great subject, to create original ideas, or embody mighty conceptions. The true *proprium ingenium* can, obviously, only be learned by individual reflection.

This self-communion will most forcibly suggest the duty of cultivating thought; and the first object to be attained, in its performance, is the acquisition of a thoughtful spirit—the habitual exercise of thought, not its neglect and abandonment to every varying influence. We may go on augmenting spiritual distinctions, and set innumerable mental and moral criterions of human conduct, but the truth is, what chiefly distinguishes the virtuous from the vicious, and genius from stupidity, is the various treatment of this faculty.

Among the most natural, but perhaps least cultivated applications of thought, is that which we term observation; an

exercise of mind which, when applied with discrimination and constancy, is an important function of the intellectual system. It embraces the study of outward objects, from the noblest exhibition of natural beauty to the simplest of artificial contrivances. On the right and habitual observation of men and things, the success of other applications of thought greatly depend. Men who have been true to their capacity of accurate observation, have given ample evidence of the important relation which this exercise sustains to general mental cultivation. Their productions, being chiefly the results of observation, constitute the most attractive, not to say the most valuable fruits of mind. They comprehend the only truly standard works on the natural sciences, because founded on experiment. They form the most admirable metaphysical treatises, being predicated on the study of man's nature, not as manifested by individual consciousness, but as illustrated on the stage of existence. They attest the truth of revelation, and illustrate moral phenomena, with an unequalled power of conviction; for they draw a living testimony from nature and providence. To the natural and interesting enquiry—Why is it that the spirit of observation sleeps in so many bosoms, unimproved and scarcely exerted?—various answers may be given. According to some philosophers it is explicable by inherent diversities of mental constitution. But many, perhaps most men, are insensible to their connexion with what is about them. They feel not that the stupendous operations and thrilling scenes of nature, the effects of great principles, and the lessons of individual experience, which make up the history of human society, have a direct and preconcerted bearing, not only upon mankind in general, but upon the highest interests of every human being. A sense of this truth would couch the observing eye, introduce man into a new and exciting school, and elicit his active powers; for, as was said by one whose nearness to the spiritual world had quickened his finer sensibilities, 'we should sympathise with *all things* would we condescend to *observe* all things.'

There is another means of cultivating thought, which would readily suggest itself to an enlightened selfishness, the faithful improvement of hours of intellectual illumination and vigor. Whatever romance and error there may be in the idea of poetical inspiration, as confined to certain periods and dependent on particular influences, we are all sensible at some seasons, of an unwonted perspicacity of intellect and fertility of imagination; when we perceive, as it were, through a rarer medium, and objects appear in their just proportions—the sen-

sual in their naked sterility, the spiritual in their glowing perfection. Infrequent and inspiring as such seasons are, with what little assiduity do we avail of them for the strengthening and ennobling of our thoughts! There is an intellectual economy, founded on a sense of the value of thought and the duty of improving it, the practical adoption of which would produce inconceivable good.

If, after contemplating the interesting, but comparatively common fruits of the thinking principle, we exalt our view to those which solely result from the vigorous discipline of the reasoning powers, a sentiment of admiration possesses us like that inspired by the view of ancient architectural magnificence. The combination of acumen and power constituting judgment, is the most sublime product of human thought; and the ripeness of this spiritual function, preeminently evinces the superiority of the mental vision over its material prototype. The outward eye can indeed comprise in its view the beautiful and the grand of the universe, but it is this inward perception which discriminates and analyses. The noble work of elevating the reasoning power to its just rank and influence, is the exciting reward of faithful effort, communion with great and good minds, and the maintaining of an habitually high direction of the thoughts. A modern English writer, of deserved celebrity, deems the habit of contemplating superior excellence a distinguishing proof of moral purity; and the habitual aim of thought towards the 'highest heaven of philosophy,' may equally well be regarded as a direct evidence of improving intellect.

No labored panegyric on the advantages of occasional solitude, as conducive to the improvement of thought, is necessary. It is almost involuntarily sought, save by those who fear to hearken to the language of their own souls. We prize it as a relief from the bustle and glare of ordinary life, and as rich in improving influences. Yet meditation may be made subservient to yet higher purposes—it is the scene of self-communion and is especially favorable to one of the highest developements of thought—invention.

The mind, urged by the promptings of awakened feeling, fixes itself on the subject it would master, or the truth it would investigate; the theme gradually extends itself, like an opening prospect, becoming more and more brightly perceptible beneath the sun-like gaze of attention, varying its aspect, unfolding new truth, and sating the intellectual vision with its comprehensiveness and variety. Now it is, that the effects of faithful discipline, conquest of prejudice, imbibing of

holy influences and the lofty direction of thought, are distinctly evinced and sincerely appreciated; for these are the strength and the hope of the spirit, imparting a conscious energy in the hour of its severest toil. Then the process of division and analysis commences, and what was a mingled and confused picture becomes distinct and systematised. Man, viewed in reference to these purely spiritual efforts, occupies his legitimate rank; his physical nature is merged and lost in the contemplation of his diviner attributes, his connexion with the infinite mind becomes more strikingly obvious, and we see him only as a being of thought.

To advance in the mighty work which we have cursorily examined, to cultivate thought, an independent habit of mind is essential. So insiduous in their operation and so powerful in their result, are the influences which are about and within us, that a rare degree of firmness and indifferency (as Locke terms it) is requisite to the right exercise of reason. This desirable state of mind is best acquired by cherishing a devoted love of truth, and, of consequence, an anxious desire to seek and to find it. Men, in whom this sentiment is strong, are habitually open to conviction, and 'hold their judgment in suspense,' with a satisfaction far greater than is ever derivable from what is called 'a settled state of opinion.' Such a condition indeed seems incompatible with the nature of thought; for thus a conclusion, instead of forming one of an infinite and progressive series, is made a resting place into which thought not unfrequently sinks, and reposes in contented though ignoble stagnation. Numerous and active as are the expedients for diffusing knowledge, how seldom do they exceed this effect and create ideas! The admired and popular principle of association far oftener serves to chain thought in single minds by the undue influence of general opinion, than to excite it by sympathy or opposition. If there be one element of true greatness, preeminently distinct, it is a rational self-confidence in thinking.

Thought has a natural affinity with all that is great and excellent; and whenever, regardless of this law, it violates its natural adaptation, we perceive its power decline and its aptitude fail. Hence, in unconstrained developement, it ever tends to the ideal and gives to ordinary subjects a dignity not their own; and when thought is mellowed and enriched by virtue and religion, this effect is wonderfully enhanced. But thought not only receives and transfers an all-pervading spirit of beauty from moral and religious influences, but these, when permanently exerted, are the true sources of its natural vigor.

Its strength seems to grow faint and dull in the embrace of scepticism and sin; but moral and religious principle endow it with a power of action and endurance, before which every other emanation of creative wisdom bends in conscious impotence. This obvious relation between the power of thought and virtue, causing its very efficiency to depend on its purity, conveys and should impress important suggestions. It directs us to the spiritual world as the dearest and happiest region for thought to range untrammelled. It conducts us to the sublime in nature, and the noble in humanity, as the fit subjects of human contemplation. And it urges, as with the voice of inspiration, the undying principle of thought, to soar steadfastly towards its divine original, even from the fetters of matter, and when freed from these, to fix itself there forever.

THOUGHTVILLE.

The Sea of Galilee.

Hail, holy expanse! sea of Galilee!
Embosomed by the hills, whose forms around,
Stand sentinelled with grandeur; unto thee,
In fond imagining, I turn, and, spirit-bound,
Gaze on thy placid tide, as the rich clouds of even
Curtain the firmament with tints of gold,
And fling o'er earth the rosy light of heaven;
Till night her star-gemmed banner hath unrolled,
And thou art sleeping 'neath its peaceful fold.

The melody of love, thy zephyrs sweetly bore,
Whose notes first floated on the midnight air.
Earth's noblest temple was thy foot-worn shore,
When the blest Saviour of the world was there!
When, raging fearfully in midnight storm,
The lightning flashed upon thy billow's crest,
How glorious moved his calm, benignant form,
Shaping a stable path along thy heaving breast,
E'en when the sea-bird trembled in its nest.

Through the long lapse of ages, thou, O sea,
Wilt live unrivalled, shrined in human love.
Thou art, in truth, the christian's scenery,
Pointing the spirit's eye to realms above—
Ay, and to him whose blest sojourn hath shed
A radiance, more enduring than the spheres,
Around man's destiny, and made the dying bed
Of virtue, more sublime than the departing sun,
Setting mid glory's hues—his brilliant journey done.

H. T. P.

Young Men's Benevolent Society.

Being impressed with the claims of the subject of the Address lately delivered before the Young Men's Benevolent Society, upon the attention of our young men, and feeling desirous to insert in the Essayist the most interesting documents emanating from this Association, we cheerfully comply with the request of some of the members to give it a place in our present number, together with a brief sketch of the society recently drawn up.

The Young Men's Benevolent Society was originated, about five years since, by several young men, with a view of concentrating their means of usefulness. For some time after its institution, the increase of members was gradual but regular; and as the annual amount collected was necessarily small, it was disbursed with as much care and discrimination as possible. Indeed, the early efforts of the Society were confined to one object—the furnishing of fuel to the poor, during the most trying portion of the year. By pursuing this course, a degree of relief was afforded, which could not, by any other appropriation of the funds, have been effected. The subsequent growth of the Society has, however, enabled them greatly to extend their sphere of action.

The objects aimed at, are two-fold—the relief of the poor, and the propagation of a benevolent spirit among the young men. And the method of proceeding, is obviously quite favorable to these ends. Members, upon applying to the Standing Committee, are furnished with orders for wood, groceries, clothing and other necessaries, in favor of every deserving object, for whom they seek aid. Hence a personal interest in the cases, is almost unavoidable. The semi-annual meetings are also eminently calculated to bring these important objects, with renewed interest, before the members.

The happiest results have been realized by many who have been active in sustaining the Society; and there is every reason to believe, that an immeasurable amount of charitable effort and individual improvement is yet in store for such as act up to the high standard here proposed. It is not until recently, that the Society has presented its claims, in any other, than a private manner. But the new and active spirit, which at present pervades our young men, has excited the members to renewed efforts, and they have had the satisfaction of receiving, in a good measure, the general and cordial support of which their objects are so justly deserving. It is believed, that ere long, the Society will embrace *all* the young men of the community, who are in any degree favorable to the cause of benevolence and self-improvement.

ADDRESS.

THE foundation upon which rest the claims of every charitable institution, and indeed, of charity itself, is too obvious to require exposition. We recognise it in the dispensations of that providence which has ordained an unequal distribution of property, and thus given rise to an order of duties the most interesting and important. It may be questioned if, in the moral economy of the universe, there operates any principle more sublime in its character and more rife with felicitous results, than that which gives occasion to charitable effort. And when we contemplate the dignity and surpassing interest which these duties have derived from Christianity, we may well wonder that they do not rivet the attention, and absorb the energies of the religious world.

Notwithstanding the numerous and original forms which charitable enterprise has assumed in our own times, that it still needs the light of intelligence, and the warmth of genuine sentiment, is a generally admitted truth. We have yet more clearly to comprehend that its native spring is love; and that its fruits are to be measured rather by motive and action, than by apparent munificence. We are to know from experience, and acknowledge, as the expression of gratitude, that 'doing good' is a privilege as highly prized as the light of knowledge, the teachings of nature, or the happiness of social intercourse. And we may justly consider our progress in moral and religious excellence as commensurate with the vividness of these feelings within us; for if there be one self-evident truth in moral science, it is that our estimate of improving influences is coequal with our loyalty to duty. It is, therefore, to benevolence, considered as an innate principle, that we must look for light and incitement in the exercise of charity. And by viewing it in connexion with external circumstances and general considerations, we may hope to acquire a just sense of its nature and claims.

While mind is beginning, in a measure, to be appreciated, and means, unequalled in profusion, are made to minister to its advancement, we are strangely insensible to those rich and holy fountains, by which alone intellect is refreshed and invigorated. The springs of poetic sensibility, the imagery of pure imagination, and the warmth of benevolent affection vivify mind; without them, it is frigid; its sublimity remains, but it is a cold and icy grandeur. Contemplate, for a moment, the direct language of nature. From the vastest of her scenes to the most beautiful of her creations, she calls upon the feelings. Can any one, not totally bereft of susceptibility, look into the universe and not feel his imagination kin-

dled? Can he go into the world and not glow with philanthropy? Can he study human nature and not burn with benevolence? To the neglect, ay the indurations of these blessed incentives, these heaven-appointed excitements, we must ascribe the paucity of high and just benevolent effort. They are resisted as if incompatible with manliness; they are turned into stone by the Gorgon head of pride. A spirit of inspiration is breathing around us, but it is only in the fitful pauses of passion's storm that her voice reaches the soul.

One of the noblest truths which is yet to electrify our social system, education and literature, is a consciousness of the true nature and relative value of the feelings. We do not practically admit, that these impulses are to be educated as well as called forth: and among them, the benevolent sentiment bears striking marks of an undeveloped, and most benignant capacity. It is this which peculiarly demands for itself a discipline which shall empower, and an enthusiasm which shall enkindle,—an enthusiasm so admirably described by Coleridge, as 'the swallowing up of self in an object dearer than self, or in an idea more vivid.'

This sentiment is avowedly the main spring of all efficient exertion for the good of others. Political economy indeed, professes to indicate the causes and propose the remedies of pauperism and crime; but the little it has yet effected in this cause clearly proves that it is misunderstood. The primary obstacle to its success, in this department, has been lucidly pointed out. It has not been studied with reference to the laws of man, especially the moral and intellectual laws. Policy, not human welfare, has been its real aim; in short, it has not been rendered effective by the influence of christian benevolence.

Many enlightened philanthropists, however, look to this science as auspicious, in the highest degree, to human interests. They believe that the vague and speculative controversies, of which it has been the subject, are to terminate in a brilliant discovery, such as has laid open the mighty river of Africa. ' Benevolent feeling and action they regard as its fountain, and individual beneficence as the sole source whence these arise. If this be true, if the dazzling plans of the statesman to remove the evils of poverty, are, for the most part, but chimeras, and personal attention and care is the only just manner of discharging that debt which human society owes to itself, which the favored of fortune owes to his less successful brother, which man owes to man,—then our charitable duties stand out prominently from the record of moral obligation, then there rests on each of us a heavy responsibility,—

then it behoves every young man to be 'up and doing' in a work, to which, as a citizen of the world, he is called.

Benevolence, we would maintain, is something better and higher than a simple impulse. It is so familiar a term and linked with so many ordinary associations, that we are naturally slow to recognise the grandeur and extent of the idea which it represents. Although we have seen it so conspicuously manifested as to identify itself with our own age, and perhaps with our community, it yet remains for some master spirit to exhibit, in a complete and tangible shape, its true nature. If by taking cognisance of some of its distinguishing principles, our conception of its character and claims is rendered more vivid, and, by consequence, more exciting, we shall, in a degree at least, have promoted the cause which has brought us together.

Its object we admit to be the good of man. Its legitimate spring is the love of humanity; a sentiment not based alone upon the sympathies of a common nature, but sustained by reverence for a spiritual germ, which emanated from an infinite and perfect being, to inspire which, a magnificent universe was created, to enlighten which, the luminaries of knowledge were kindled, and to sublimate which, religion was sent from heaven. This germ, then, is the ultimate object of benevolence; to this, it looks in the darkest hour of its toil, as does the warrior to his country's banner; towards this it presses amid the insignia of shame and degradation; around this, even when darkened almost to total obscuration, it lingers hopefully, as affection over the death-bed of the loved.

Readily may we induce from an adequate perception of this truth the principles of practical benevolence. They cannot but be acted upon, as it were instinctively, when this their rudiment is heartily adopted. No stimulus to self-denying effort is requisite to a bosom, enraptured by the habitual contemplation of the capacity and destiny of man. No incentive to tender and encouraging aid is wanted by one impressed with the evil of sin. No discouragement at apparent ill success, can influence him who feels that 'the smallest thing becomes respectable when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence.'

Aristippus, as he wandered over the desolate island upon which he had been wrecked, at the view of some mathematical diagrams drawn upon the sand, cried, 'Rejoice O companions, for I behold marks of man!' And will the philanthropist yield to a throb of delight less ecstatic, when he exalts his view from the fragile signs of humanity which mark the cycles of time, to those which render eloquent the eras of eternity? The birds leave the solitary forests to dwell amid human habitations, and will man, when winged with

love and vocal with cheering consolation, be less certainly attracted to the lowly homes of his race?

The benevolent sentiment is the only true and holy philosophy of happiness. This is a familiar truth; yet a few illustrations of it seem too appropriate to our design to be omitted. And among the numerous examples which crowd upon our notice, one is preeminent. It is that which unfolds benevolence as a principle designed and signally fitted to modify the grosser influences which surround us, to quicken the moral sensibilities, and preserve in their native susceptibility, the best sympathies of our nature. Every contemplative mind, in looking abroad over the face of society, has felt and acknowledged the want of such an element. It has been in the engrossing power of gain, the overwhelming calls of active life, and above all, in the unenlightened selfishness of the multitude, foes to every better sentiment of the soul. And hence results the moral necessity of an element which should combine, like the air with all other tendencies, and impart to them beauty, purity and power. Such an element is the spirit of active benevolence. It is the poetry of the moral world.

And this spirit should advance, step by step, with the diffusion of knowledge. There exists an intimate relation between the benevolent principle and intellectual improvement. Under its blessed inspiration the best efforts of mind have been originated and matured; and should its influence decrease as the mental powers wax strong, the cause of humanity must unavoidably suffer. Minds of all orders are vying with each other, like the trees of our western forests, in efforts to mount higher and higher into the atmosphere of light on which their vigor depends. And if Wordsworth uttered a truth, in the garb of poetry, when he said that the

> ——'charities which soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers,'

have we not reason to watch lest they are gradually but surely overshadowed?

It may, however, be doubted whether popular education can achieve a genuine triumph, unless this spirit 'grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength.' It is indissolubly knit into the destiny of mind. The greatest aim of the greatest intellect is truth; and how can she be obtained independent of the excitement of pure feeling? As well might an organised being, attempt to exercise its limbs, when the vital fluid has ceased to circulate, as for a human mind to move towards the temple of undiscovered knowledge, with no impetus to urge it on, and no

sentiment to quicken its powers and give keenness to its vision. The fondest delight of the most brilliant imagination, is communion with nature;—and how can she be felt and appreciated by a soul, uncongenial with the very spirit which pervades her—a spirit of divine benevolence? The deepest researches of the philosopher have for their object the relations of cause and effect; and is not the one great design of the universe, from the law which binds a planet in its orbit, to that which regulates an insect's transformations—the accomplishment of boundless good?

Nor is this spirit alone needful to the labors of a healthful intellect. How emphatically may we say of it, that it

'Can minister to a mind diseased.'

In the hour when fruitless exertion has dispirited the intellectual laborer, when his aspirations have engendered a gloomy dissatisfaction with the present, or physical suffering slackened his powers, then the gratification of this sentiment is the means of obtaining renovation and peace.

If benevolence as a principle and affection is so essential to mental labor and excellence, as an agent for the progress of human happiness, it looks to mind for its best results. We acknowledge ignorance to be the chief cause of misery, and, in so doing, we declare intelligence its main antidote. The momentous truth that there are natural laws of divine institution, and that it is to their infringement that we must chiefly attribute human suffering, opens an immense field, and utters a spirit-call to every benevolent affection. To understand these and convey them to the haunts of poverty, and sound them abroad till they float on every breeze, echo from every hill side, and impress every heart, is eminently the duty of the benevolent. It has been our privilege to be reminded of this duty in tones that will never again dwell on the ear or thrill the heart. The message they conveyed has been consecrated by the death of him that bore it; and it requires little imagination and less faith to conceive that it was thus rendered impressive, because it was peculiarly needed among us. 'Man will be happy when he confines himself to understand the laws of his Creator, and find out the means of putting them into execution.' Such were the words of its lamented anthor, and in none should they arouse a firmer resolution, or induce more persevering action than in young men associated for benevolent enterprise.

We are constrained to believe, that the present is peculiarly favorable to the advancement of a charitable spirit at once enlightened and earnest, and consequently efficient. The poor among

us are neither so numerous nor so wretched as to startle the benevolent by the magnitude of the evil they would gladly alleviate, nor is liberality a strange or unwelcome guest in our community. Thus, although we have the poor 'always with us,' their number and condition is such as to enable those disposed, to effect much with a very inconsiderable sacrifice either of toil or means.

And, in this view, there is one feature of our plan, to the utility of which no reflecting mind can be insensible. Its appropriate result is to create 'visitors of the poor.' If it thus leads young men to turn frequently and fondly from the scenes of active life, to the abodes of poverty; to forget the call of noxious or useless amusement, in the more endearing invitation of charity; or if it should be subservient to the acquisition of *benevolent habits*, who can measure either the intrinsic excellence or the extent of its fruits? 'There are,' says Degerando, 'schools established for belle lettres, for the different branches of science, for the liberal arts and for mechanical industry. But there is still another great school, not less fertile in positive knowledge, and not less necessary to the age, where we may learn to know misfortune, and study human destiny.'

We have meditated awhile upon the nature and claims of benevolence; and could we review its course from the hour when it first glowed in the breast of man, we should scan, in the survey, all that is beautiful and noble in human history. We should stand at the foot of the cross to gaze on its perfect manifestation. We should behold its unenlightened but energetic promptings in the romantic self-devotion of the crusaders. And we should linger to admire its more modern fruits, in the renovated valley of Waldbach.

And such an appeal to the past, would but deepen our sense of the dignity and interest of the principle. In view of its achievements amid the gloom of superstition, and the bright halo it has thrown around even the infancy of humanity, we might acquire something like an adequate idea of its character; and yearning for a portion of its heavenly spirit, we could not but labor to quicken its latent power, in our own bosoms, into a vivid and prevailing sentiment.

This is the great end proposed by this Association. However exalted it may seem, its loftiness corresponds with the spirit of the age, and coincides with the standard of duty. This sufficiently demonstrates its attainableness to every christian. And what an aspect of intense interest and promise it assumes in view of those pledged to its promotion! Young men—spirits which the meridian light of existence has not yet illuminated; they are to render that light perennial, by radiating from within the celestial hues of

philanthropy; minds to which the fountains of knowledge are opened, they are to convert them into living waters by dispensing and consecrating their influences; immortals, before whom stretches a path of limitless good, they are to catch glimpses of its future splendor, even at its commencement.

And if there be exciting motives in christianity, enlightened patriotism and self-improvement, they invoke us, by the ties of brotherhood, the claims of country and the yearnings of affection, to devote ourselves feelingly and faithfully to this morally sublime object. They bid us religiously guard, guide, and exercise this divine principle of our nature, until it shall expand its yet infant energies, in the appointed place of their perfection.

To J. M. T.

Though my faults and my follies have broken the ties
Which bound other beings to me;
Though I seem like a star which sunk from the skies,
To set in a sunless sea;
Yet still, when the thought of thy friendship and love,
With its white wings my heart may infold,
That heart seems lit up with a flame from above,
And its current is warm as of old.

Though the world stamp my name with the seal of disgrace,
Though calumny, hatred, may urge—
Though the star of my fortune be mantled in haze,
And may never in brightness emerge—
One thought will arise, all my sorrows amid,
Like a beacon afar on the sea—
Though I with the tempest and storm may be hid,
Thou wilt ever be faithful to me.

A. P.

Arkansas, December, 1832.

Old Age.

It is not easy for the young to conceive how one can become 'a-weary of the world;' I do not mean of life itself, but of the interests of active life. To them every thing on earth has its charms. The passions are yet warm, and they cannot imagine they will ever be cold. The objects of their anxious and emulous pursuit are in full view, and they will not bear to believe, for a moment, that the pursuit shall ever flag, or the object finally escape them. The persuasion, which children appear to entertain at their first birth, that every thing within the scope of their vision is also within the reach of their hand, continues longer with us, in one sense, than many would be willing to acknowledge. The eye is deceived in the first instance, and the mind in the other. In other words, we are so far disposed by our constitution to be happy, that our hopes often prevail over our cool judgment. One, who has sought after wealth, till he has acquired a habit of estimating everything he sees by its value in money, encourages himself to the last that he needs labor but a few more years as he has done, to be rich,—though all the while poverty may have been staring him full in the face. Another, who aims to be popular, and covets the praise of the multitude, either for its own sake, or because it may help him to move on farther and higher in community, engrosses himself with studying public opinion, and adjusting his whole behaviour before it as a mirror. This he submits to, from a comfortable expectation that bye-and-bye, and probably quite soon, he will have obtained office. or eminence, or influence enough to reward him in full for his perseverance. So it is with most other pursuits; it being the chief difference in this respect, between different individuals, that from diversities of native feeling or genius, of education, early associates, prejudice, or other varieties of circumstance, they set very different values on the same objects; though with some one or more they scarcely ever fail to be earnestly occupied.

But whatever leading habits of feeling and employment the mind may take, and however or whenever these habits arise, time is sure to effect great changes in them sooner or later. The passions infallibly subside, whether gratified or exhausted; the physical powers are gradually undermined by infirmities; the intellect, though it may not have been broken down under its burdens, is weary of bearing them; and after the

lapse of some sixty or seventy years, during which the body has been but a machine of perpetual movement, propelled by the intense, incessant, self-supplied energy of the spirit within, or at any other advanced age, as the case may be, (since one individual may have become fatuitous, when a senior associate has only grown old, and another to all active purposes is still young,) the whole man stands in as much need of repose from the severities of human existence, as the faint and hungry husbandman ever can from the work of a day. Old age ought not therefore to be considered a period of cheerless gloom, but of rest long looked for and cordially welcomed. It is the sabbath of life—when, if we have previously exerted ourselves sufficiently to require and relish it—perhaps even to long for it, as the traveller, 'faint and astray,' longs to see once more the chimney-smoke and window-light of his last home—we shall go in to the fire-side of our latter years, to go out never again, and throwing by our staves, sit down with a satisfied sense of relief, such as younger men feel only in detail, at the accomplishment of one labor, or the escape from a single peril—but unlike theirs, final and perpetual. All the weightiest of those infinite responsibilities, active and intellectual, civil, official, and professional, which have made society lean upon us more or less as its pillars—a part of its very frame-work—will have been transferred from ourselves to our descendants. After lending and spending ourselves so many scores of years, for the benefit of others, our turns shall have come round again to receive; to be a second time, as in childhood, the object of support, tenderness, and protection; but more so, and with more self-contentedness than before, since these things were rendered us *then* as a duty—now, as a *debt*. So, too, is the reverence of the young another comfort of dignified and honorable age, than which nothing on earth can be sweeter, but the consciousness of deserving it. I say dignified and honorable age, because, in dwelling on the pleasures of this period, it must be considered in its best estate, as it often is, and always should be. Its happiness or unhappiness, as at other stages of life, must depend chiefly on the character, though somewhat on other circumstances of the individual. The old are *respected* naturally enough for the wisdom and experience which they are supposed to possess in proportion to their years. They are the guides and examples of society, and the world regards them with gratitude, as veterans, who have manfully acted their parts among past generations, and have come off from the warfare of life, with gray hairs, as with scars and badges of honor. And it is a princi-

ple of our nature to attach a sacredness to everything moral or physical, that stirs up the ancient and infant memories of the heart; to old traditions and institutions, to the household tree, and the moss-grown roof. Fondly too as the young cling to life itself and all its vivacities, and mournfully as they think, when they do think at all, of the frailty and the close of human existence, there is something in the faint tone, and dim eye of the old, that melts them into tenderness. They cannot see these things, without connecting them with their own destiny. But whatever explanation may be given of this feeling of reverence for the aged, the usage of all time, and even of the rudest nations, points it out as an instinct of the heart. Hence, in the infancy of governments, we find that the ablest and most successful lawgivers have lodged a large share of official authority with men of an age that in our days is supposed to incapacitate them for everything but the enjoyment of private life. It was their manifest policy to enlist the strongest prejudices of mankind in favor both of themselves and their innovations. The decline of the faculties is often numbered among the supposed miseries of the last period of life; concerning which it may be remarked in the first place, that, granting the course of the human mind to be like that of its envelope, the body,—continual progress from infancy to manhood, and continual though slow decline from manhood to its utter extinction forever; yet, at least, the *comfort* or the health of the first, as well as the second, must depend on the prudent care of the individual; on the attention he has given formerly and still gives to its cultivation; and beside this, on the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition. For a person inclined to be morose and saturnine, may find it no difficult matter to make himself wretched at any age, and as all habits grow with indulgence, will be more and more unhappy as he grows older. The result is, a confirmed querulous spirit of peevishness in his old age, which tortures him by casting a shadow on every object of his thought: with a restless repining against life, and dread of death at the same moment; with despair at leaving all that he loves on earth, regrets for the exaggerated pleasures of his boyhood, and complaints that every thing on earth has degenerated and decayed. A temper like this not only keeps his spirits in the shade, as clouds may shut out the serene starlight of a summer evening, but constantly increases itself, aggravates bodily pain, strengthens disease, and

'Like a mildew,
Blasting its wholesome brother,'

gnaws in, day after day, on the very core of the intellect. But these things, we repeat, are not the attribute of age, but the fault or misfortune of the individual. If his disposition is cheerful at first, and he endeavors after a habit of preserving it so, it will be equally sure to grow better. In a word, the happiness of his latter years must depend in this, as in other respects, on his youth. With regard to the decline of the intellect, we may add, that the failure of its interest in active life, its powers of practical business, &c. which the young are apt to make the criterion of their hasty and superficial estimates, is very different from the real loss of its best powers. It may retain these, secret and still, but sufficient for its own quiet speculations, long after it has ceased to exert them in the brisk tumult of life. Just so the body often continues in perfect health, though not in complete activity, at the same age. The mind itself undergoes changes, but only such as are exactly adapted to the several stages of life. A middle-aged man might be unhappy, if, in connection with those restless passions and moral and mental energies mentioned before, he had only the physical abilities of a child. And so might an older man, on the other hand, if, after being disabled by decrepitude of body, his mind should continue as restlessly active as ever. But as things are ordered, he retains that part of his capacities, or perhaps of his will to exert and display them, which is suited to his situation. Sometimes, indeed, we meet with instances where the rational powers themselves have become weak, as well as their energy of action. Whether this may arise from their having been overwrought, or culpably neglected, from the violence of disease, which has frequently the same effect on the young, or from any other extraordinary and casual cause, these instances are only exceptions to the general rule. We have intended to speak of old age under ordinary circumstances—after a life prudently and properly spent. But granting again, in contradiction to manifest observation of every day, to memorable cases in history too numerous to mention, to proofs to the contrary that occur at all ages, in cases of sickness, lunacy, &c. that the state of the mind must depend infallibly on the state of the body,—distinct as they are, mortal and immortal, spirit and substance,—and therefore always must decline with the increasing infirmities of age, we would only refer finally to infancy, youth, and the whole history of man, to suggest how little the happiness of the heart is graduated by the vigor of the intellect.

T.

CHITCHAT.

That the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

BROTHER John, in the last number, harps upon his poetical taste, or rather his taste for poetry, as if it were a *peculiar* endowment. I had thought, for the honor of human nature, in these intellectual times, that the love of song was almost an universal passion. Assuredly it was well said by Madame De Stael, that 'what is wanted in the present age is an insurrection against egotism.'

Have not the Chitchat family, (and especially myself,) been renowned for allegiance to the muses? The first employment of our infancy was to put mottos into sugar cockles; and thus, by the law of association, we early imbibed a *sweet* notion of the poetic art. After learning those inspiring rhymes commencing with

'In Adam's fall
We sinned all,'

the next book placed in our hands was 'Sidney's Defence of Poesie.' Nor were such *first impressions* inefficient. The insinuation of being unworthy of a sonnet, would melt my sisters to tears, in their stubbornest moods. And I remember my blood run cold, when my father concluded a solemn harangue on my boyish freaks by saying—'Why, boy, if you continue in this course a day longer, you will never figure in the FOUNT of any newspaper; no, not even of the Centinel!' My ears tingle at the remembrance! The suggestion never was repeated, for I was fairly frightened into reformation.

Such being our instinctive and acquired love of the divinest of arts, Jack's ideas must have been as confused as his namesake's of 'sack memory,' when he took such pains to inform the readers of the Essayist of his wonderful poetic affection.

Never a knight, in the good old times of chivalry, more nobly vindicated the charms of his mistress, than I the claims of Calliope, Erato, and Thalia. Unlike the aforesaid gentlemen, however, it has ever been my aim to obtain for these ladies as many lovers as possible. I would that every generous spirit would enlist in our corps; for we mean to have a grand tournament, and prove to an admiring world the truth of our

cause. Our creed is, that *all* men *may* and must be poets of some species or other. Especially are we anxious to engage the services of *young* knight-errants. They may be awkward at first, but like the rust of their newly-assumed lances, it will wear off in action. 'Ay, but,' say those close-visored knaves, our opponents, 'few are fit to enter the lists in so glorious a contest.' Thus speaks one of our number, SOUTHEY by name. Who will pick up the gauntlet which he has thrown down?

'When it is laid down as a law of philosophical criticism, that poetry should never be encouraged, unless it is excellent in its kind—that it is an art in which inferior execution is not to be tolerated—a luxury, and must therefore be rejected, unless of the very best; such reasoning may be addressed with success to a cockered or sickly intellect, but it will never impose upon a generous understanding, a healthy imagination, or a good heart.'*

As to the croaking objection that none should write 'but such as do excel,' here is the opinion of one George Tuberville,† a real veteran in the good work.

'Should no man write, say you,
But such as doe excell?
This fonde Devise of your's deserves
A Bable and a Bell.
Then one alone should doe,
Or verie few in Deede;
For that in erie Art there can
But one alone exceede.
By Practice Skill is got,
By Practice Wit is wonne.
At Games you see how many doe,
To win the Wager runne;
Yet one among the mve,
Doth beare away the Bell:
Is that a Cause the rest
In running did not well?
If none in Phisick should
But only *Galen* deale,
No doubt a thousand perish would
Whom Phisick now doth heale.
Eche one his Talent hath,
To vse at his Devise;
Which makes that many men, as well

* Southey's Lives of uneducated poets.

† Of the age of Queen Elizabeth. The orthography of this truly curious relic is retained, as it greatly enhances its worth—at least in the estimation of the literary antiquarian.

As one, are counted wise.
For if that Wit alone
In one should rest and raine;
Then God the Skulles of other men
Did make but all in vaine.
Let eche One trie his Force,
And do the best he can;
For thereunto appointed were
The Hande and Hed of Man.
The Poet Horace speakes
Against thy reason plaine,
Who says, 'tis somewhat to attempt,
Although thou not attaine
The scope in erie thing;
To touch the highest degree
Is passing hard, to doe thy best
Sufficing is for thee.

The anti-poet, who is not convinced by such a cogent and venerable appeal to his understanding, is verily deserving of Sir Philip's curse—to die from the memory of man for want of an epitaph. Speaking of epitaphs—there is a beautiful one recorded in 'Greenwood's History of King's Chapel,' a new and pleasing work. The original is still to be seen in the church. Its beauty is essentially diminished by translation from the concise and expressive Latin in which it is couched. This is the sense of it, however:

M. S.
To Francis Shirley,
As a Virgin,
The distinction of a beautiful person
Commended her to the admiration of all,
But the virtue dwelling
In that lovely form,
Was dearer to the hearts
Of those who *knew* her.

As a wife,
Unwavering fidelity, sincere love,
A prudent discharge of domestic duties,
And a most affectionate disposition,
So overcame her husband,
That his heart most confidently
Reposed in her.

As a mother,
Her first care was to imbue

The minds of her children
With the most noble principles,
And she accomplished this
Conscientiously and happily.

In fine,
In every stage and condition of life,
The superior elegance of her mind,
The cultivation of whatever is right and just,
The avoiding of whatever is vain or trifling,
Pure simplicity of manners,
Unobtrusive piety,
Liberality towards the needy, benevolence towards all,
Patience under trial, moderation in pleasure,
And every kind of virtue,
Made her life so dear to all,
That she was the love and delight of this Province,
And rendered her death a sad and irreparable loss.

A glorious example truly! How many such have descended to us, embalmed by that mystic and fragrant art which we will call poetry!

HARRY CHITCHAT.

Observer—No. II.

The subject of my last reflections remained long in my mind after I had finished that paper. I was carried away, or perhaps became enthusiastic. I was thinking how much better it would be to have some system about these things—to draw the veil of secresy a little more closely over such affairs. 'The system is radically defective,' I exclaimed. To be sure, the art of being married is a necessary art, and one which we may all be called to learn in this world of uncertainties. Moreover, I find, on reference, that Bunyan himself speaks of it, not only as worthy of being obtained, but as instinctively recommending itself to the serious attention of our young men. It may, however, be improved indefinitely, and a great and beautiful system be erected, which will stand the test of innovation and of time. I say, I was wrapt in these profound philosophical reflections, when I concluded my last essay. It was late in the evening—(let me be for once poetical)—dark-

ness had thrown her mantle over the earth, and no bright stars glittered in the sky. Alone I promenaded the pavements—when my ears were saluted with the sound of a concussion, which was perfectly natural then, though once, in my younger days, I confess I was at a loss to account for it, and for a long time classed it among that mysterious species, which, being heard only at night, and generally at the dread hour of twelve, portend the fate of old maids and children. I will only observe, that it was what is generally the *finale* among lovers, on the occasion of an interview. A door then closed, and the hero of the noise went on his way singing these truly eloquent lines—

O how my whiskers grow!
And beard of honest pride,
Beneath my eye-brows low,
In glossy blackness flow!'—

till he and his song were lost in the distance. This coincidence of positive fact with the train of my ideas, appeared to me rather remarkable. At the same time I drew this very natural conclusion—that mutual flattery characterises the affairs of the two sexes. How is it possible that the noisy hero above mentioned, should have become so suddenly musical in his own praise?—that he should so rejoice that the moral wastes of his face had been made to bud and blossom like the rose? The answer is plain. He had been flattered by his mistress—and consequently brought himself to think whiskers manly appendages. Hence he became suddenly inspired, and gave to himself that glory which in fact belonged to Bear's grease and Macassar oil. Now this mutual flattery, &c. may be considered as one consequence of the too common intimacy of the sexes.

I have observed moreover, that each sex loses that peculiar dignity which it possesses in the eye of the other, by too common familiarity. One begins to lose, just so far as the other advances beyond the bounds of profound respect—and both gradually lose those qualities which are absolutely necessary to inspire a marriageable quantity of love. This discovery produced in myself no ordinary feelings of gratification, because it accounted for one problem which had long remained unsolved in my mind, in my earlier meditations on this abstruse and difficult subject. I refer to the fact that our young men generally pass over a place of long residence in their search for wives, and select them from among strangers. I am persuaded that this discovery will give the other sex

similar gratification, because, being aware of the fact and its cause, their good sense will teach them the remedy. In my opinion, young ladies never should be forward in

'Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;'

but always maintain a strict natural dignity, and never, on peril of their hopes, give us reason, by their too intimate attentions, to suppose that their destiny is in our hands. Most of us are prone to be *heroic*, and I grieve to say, that many in our ranks would glory in holding a female in chains of captivity, and in ruling her at pleasure. And to my own compeers, too, it is necessary to observe, that the gentle sex are quite discerning in the affections; that if you place love and confidence in any one of them sincerely, and by constant attention render it certain, you are a

'Captive knight at a proud woman's feet;'

and she in a moment perceives your situation, and though she may love like an angel, she will hold you in chains, and drive you with a rod of iron, and her proud lips will curl, and her bright eyes flash fire. Hence originate *love-cracked* heroes and captains—and what in this world can be worse? I could at this moment appeal to hundreds of this class, and they would all unite in imploring you to steer clear of their poor course.

I might mention other consequences of this intimacy, so apparent in this goodly city. Reader—hast thou seen poor, pennyless, shirtless poverty offering up devotions at the shrine of Bacchus?—or beheld the once spotless virgin low at the feet of infamy? I maintain then, that you have heard enough and seen enough, and ought to be convinced that my deductions are reasonable. And if so, it is plain that too much intimacy is detrimental to the happiness of both sexes. Nor can reform in this respect be too much insisted on. I have something in my eye—just as if the two classes should receive such an impetus as to place an immense distance between them in regard to all *lovely* matters. I mean the unmarried. The idea is rather whimsical—but then it serves my purpose. There are duties for females, which place them on a par with us; and if they would keep to those duties, and permit us now and then to behold them in their leisure moments, and, if we choose to fix upon any of them as wives, merely to let us know it civilly, if we have their consent, and abjure all falseness and flirtation then, and just encourage us

now and then with a smile or so, at the distance of a yard or so—why, *we* certainly ought to promise no less. And then for better days! Why, the race of love-cracked heroes and old maids would only be remembered as things that were once; and there would be a general millennium wherever these rules were adopted.

FALSTAFF.

The Evening Star.

BY L. E. L.

How beautiful the twilight sky,
Whose starry worlds now spread,
Amid the purple depths of eve,
Their glory o'er my head!

And there is one—a radiant one—
Amid the rest shines he,
As if just risen from his sleep,
Within the mighty sea.

The clouds fall off in glittering flakes,
Before his shining brow;
So moves a ship that flings the waves
In bright foam from its prow.

I marvel not in former days,
Ere purer light was given,
That men fell down and worshipped thee,
A spirit-king in heaven.

But now that knowledge great and high
Is kindled in man's soul,
We know thee but the glorious part
Of a more glorious whole.

Oh, mysteries of night! that fill
The mind with awe and love!
How visibly the power of God
Is manifest above!

Oh! might and majesty that reign
Upon the midnight sky!—
Creed of my hope! I feel thy truth,
Whene'er I gaze on high.

Essayist Room.

Caspar Hauser—An account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world from early childhood to about the age of seventeen. Drawn up from legal documents, by Anselm Von Tenerbach, President of one of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, &c. Translated from the German. Boston: Allen & Ticknor, 1832.

This is a work of no little interest; the account of one who, from earliest infancy, had, for some mysterious reason, been confined to a lonesome dungeon, shut out from all communication with the world. His fiendish keeper was to him unknown, and though great pains have been taken by the judicial authorities of Nuremburg, to trace the perpetrator of this base transaction, it is still covered by the veil of inscrutable mystery.

It is not our purpose, in a notice like this, to give a detail of his biography. We will merely state that he was discovered in the streets of Nuremburg, on the 26th of May, 1828, uniting the appearance of a young man with the demeanor of a mere child. Every faculty of his mind remained undeveloped, and having ever been confined to the darkness of his narrow cell, all things were as new to him, as though he had been lifted to the third heavens. 'Thus is presented,' says the preface, 'an opportunity for observation of the highest interest to the phisiological philosopher, the moral and religious teacher, the phisiologist and physician—an opportunity which must be as rare, as the crime which has afforded it.'

We will mention one instance, in the development of his mental powers, which is somewhat remarkable. We will give the incident in the author's own words. 'It was in the month of August, 1829, when, on a fine summer evening, his instructor showed him, for the first time, the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the differences of their respective color. "That," he exclaimed, "is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?" When he was told that, like the sun with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again, "Who placed them there above,

that they may always continue to give light?" At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eye staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked, why that wicked man had kept him always so closely locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things,' &c. It is also remarked that before seeing this beautiful celestial display, Caspar had never shown anything like indignation against that man, but that now the full conception of his unhappy fate came to his mind with most painful force.

Some months afterwards, while looking upon the beauty of rural scenery, Casper was for a moment highly delighted with the view; but he soon became silent and sad. When asked the reason of his altered humor, he replied: 'I was just thinking, how many beautiful things there are in the world, and how very hard it is for me to have lived so long and to have seen comparatively nothing of them; and how happy children are, who have been able to see all these things from their earliest infancy, and can still look at them. I am already so old, and am still obliged to learn what children know long ago. I wish I had never come out of my cage. He who put me there should have left me there. Then I should never have known and felt the want of anything, and should never have experienced the misery of never having been a child, and of coming into the world so late.'

We will add but one word more. We think this book of peculiar interest to the metaphysical student. Here we have one, who for seventeen years was kept from all the influence and example of the world. What then was the result? Had his mind retained an unspotted purity, or had the seeds of depravity shot up with wild luxuriance? We will let President Tenerbach speak for us. 'He no longer retains,' says that eminent writer, 'any thing that is extraordinary, but his extraordinary fate, his indiscribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition.' *

SATURDAY EVENING—By the author of 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' 1 vol. 12 mo. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

A work, bearing the above title, has recently been republished from the original English edition. It is by the author of an able and elaborate essay, entitled the Natural History of Enthusiasm, which appeared about three years since, and was very generally admired.

The volume is composed of several treatises on various interesting religious topics. They are dwelt upon with strong thought and great feeling. The style, though sometimes unnecessarily obscure, is, for the most part, well adapted to the subject, and in some respects quite original.

The title of the work is very appropriate, since it breathes the calm, contemplative spirit of the eventide preceding the Sabbath; we mean such a spirit as that holy season *was* wont to generate throughout our community.

Philosophy, combined with every species of literature, increases its worth, but it is peculiarly calculated to coalesce with the grave and momentous influences of religious thought. In the volume before us we find this union, and it is this which constitutes its principle attraction. The following extracts will exhibit the author's manner of illustrating his ideas:

'Death divides friends, but it is only as the successive ranks of a host are divided, when summoned, in turn, to advance and pass singly a perilous defile. Beyond that strait of momentary gloom and danger, they are all again to be marshalled; and every one to join his commander.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

'The man who secretly contemns the humility and humanity of great minds, as if it were a *weakness*, may be sure that there is a region of thought of which he has no more knowledge than the mole has of the vastness and splendor of the upper skies, where the eagle soars.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

'The Eden of human nature has indeed long ago been trampled down and desolated: storms waste it continually;—nevertheless the soil is rich with the germs of its pristine beauty;—all the colors of Paradise are sleeping in the clods; and a little favor, a little protection, a little culture will show what once was there.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

'The man of meditation by no means desires to be placed in the midst of the gaudy magnificence of nature, before he can fill his soul with the ravishments he delights in. He would not, even if he could, walk through groves of luscious and spicy pleasures, where every color and every fragrance satiate the sense. He does not covet, as his home, a valley of the east, where the sun seems to linger and shed all his favors. On the contrary, he would much rather draw his devout inferences from the slenderest and most modest example; he chooses to dwell upon instances where the parsimony of nature gives the larger space to the diligence of reflection; and where the premises are less obtrusive than the conclusion. Yes, it is most true that the pious contemplatist finds in the sear herbage of the wilderness, and on the rugged and scorched surface of granite rocks, symbols enough of God; and he thinks himself richly furnished with book and lesson and teacher, when he descries, on his solitary way, only a blade of grass.'

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AN ADDRESS delivered before the Teachers of Howard Sunday School, September, 1832. By a Teacher. Boston: B. H. Green. 1832.

WE are happy in having an opportunity to speak of another production of the author of the address delivered before the Hancock Sunday School, which we noticed some time since. We allude to that indefatigable laborer in the cause of christian benevolence, Mr. FREDERICK T. GRAY.

This address has the appearance of being written in haste, and put to press without the revision of the author, as there are a number of small errors, and faults in the construction of sentences, which doubtless he would otherwise have corrected: but good judgment is perceptible in the arrangement, and, on the whole, it may be said to be well written. Mr. Gray is at present, however, more of a MAN than a writer; he is a *doer* more than a speaker of the word. He is a well-informed, warm-hearted, zealous and devoted friend of humanity. Extensive business pursuits, and active benevolent duties, have hitherto prevented his devoting particular attention to literary acquisitions; but he has shown considerable talent even in this department, and we are glad to learn that he is about to commence a regular course of study where he will be free from the disadvantages which have to this time attended his course.

To one who feels in any degree as Mr. Gray feels, the production before us must abound with interest. In it is unfolded the heart of a faithful and devoted teacher; it contains the thoughts of an intelligent and studious teacher; it furnishes counsel and advice from an experienced and effectual teacher; and affords the strongest encouragement to seek the reward of him who lays aside every weight, and presses forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of every Sabbath School Teacher.

We hail with great satisfaction the placing of Mr. Gray at the head of the Young Men's Benevolent Society of this city. This event will afford both him and that praiseworthy association more ample opportunity for prosecuting their benevolent objects than they have heretofore possessed.

WHATELY'S LOGIC AND RHETORIC.—The subjects of these volumes, and particularly the latter, have, within a short period, unusually engaged the attention of our young men. Happily they are decided improvements upon prior works of a similar nature. Their author is one of the brightest ornaments of the English church, and has long devoted himself to various useful subjects, with distinguished success. Much

thought is requisite to digest the volumes under consideration, but we are confident that the result will prove highly satisfactory.

COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.—It is truly a subject of gratulation that a second edition of this admirable treatise has at length appeared. Let every young man who would acquire an adequate conception of his own nature attentively peruse it. If it but succeed, where the monitions of affection and the dictates of common prudence so often fail—if it render the claims of the Natural Laws of Man more apparent and actuating, it will prove an inestimable blessing. But we are sure that it will effect more than this. It *must* awaken an interest, a personal and efficient interest, in the cause to which it is devoted—the cause of humanity. The true sources of happiness, the conditions of improvement, physical and moral, in a word, the constitution of man—this is its theme. And when we say that it is feelingly and intelligently treated, we say all that is necessary to commend the work to the study of our young men. This we do heartily and we trust not in vain.

DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.—The authorship of these tales has been attributed to various individuals; but we believe there is little but chance-guessing with respect to any of the sources given as their origin. James Sheridan Knowles has worn the honors of their author longer than any other individual. If we mistake not, the London New Monthly first attributed them to him—good authority in most literary matters, though not in this, if the following extract from a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer is authentic. 'Mr. Knowles has written a tale in the Monthly Magazine, called the Magdalen, good of its kind; but he is not the author of the tales in Blackwood. They are written by a young barrister of London, named Warren.' The question is not one of particular interest, but we apprehend that the real author remains as much in the dark as ever. The numerous speculations upon this subject are some of them extremely wild. We have heard them attributed to Hogg, Bulwer, Wilson, Harrison, and many others. For ourselves, we are willing to remain in ignorance, so long as it may please the author to keep his vizor closed. At present, however, there is no good reason to attribute them to any of the numerous sources which imagination has discovered.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.—It is ever highly satisfactory to the friends of truth and benevolence to witness the *debut* of a good cause, on the stage of public opinion. Once fairly before the world, it attracts a portion at least of its deserved regard. And, if made the subject of controversy, the ordeal through which it passes, by pruning its excrescences, and rendering its virtues more conspicuous, will but consummate its success.

The investigation and promotion of the Colonization scheme has been comparatively confined, in our community, until recently. But there are *now* indications, neither few nor small, that it is interesting and awakening the *public*. The Boston Young Men's Society occupied three evenings in discussing its claims. The debate was spirited, well sustained, and creditable. The question being taken by ayes and noes, evidenced a large majority in favor of the cause. It was discussed at the Boston Lyceum last week, with considerable interest, and the debate is to be continued at the meeting of this week.

A Young Men's Colonization Society has likewise been formed in this city. The first public meeting was held about a fortnight since, and was admirably conducted. The remarks of B. B. Thatcher, and G. S. Hilliard, Esq's. particularly interested us. Although young men, their speeches were truly statesmanlike and eloquent. The proposed establishment of a periodical, however, devoted to this object, presents a striking proof that the cause is rapidly advancing in the estimation of our fellow-citizens. And the anticipations of those who felt the public pulse, on the subject, were well founded. The design has been most cordially received, and will forthwith be put in execution.

NEW COLLEGE.—The ladies succeed with their influence almost everywhere, and in almost everything. It is to this that we attribute the fact that a new college has recently been chartered in Indiana with power to confer degrees on females. These degrees are to be Doctress of Natural Science, of English literature, of Belles lettres, of the Fine Arts, and of Arts and Sciences. Thus it seems that the ladies have pressed forward into the front ranks, with wreaths and garlands. Heaven forfend the consequences, now, should they be fatal! We knew the chase was laggard and dull, that many an intellect reposed in inglorious ease on beds of roses—that there was wanted some eagle-spirit to lead the van—but little did we dream that a palsy so death-like be-

numbed the strong-hearted aspirants to fame, as to give the precedence and lead to the weak-natured and the weak-hearted by heaven's decree. Look on this, ye lazy bachelors of art! Will nothing rouse you from your inglorious repose? Will you look listlessly on, and see your once bright honors torn from your heads? You heard the notes of preparation as they sounded far and wide—you saw the maidens on their winding way—you permitted them to take from your hand the trumpet of fame—nor were you aroused when they wound the first loud blast of triumph! If you do not soon wake up, your eyes may behold this terrific vision:

THE
MATHEMATICS ILLUSTRATED.
WITH A TREATISE ON
HYDROSTATICS, HYDRAULICS AND PNEUMATICS.

BY LYDIA BLUESTOCKING,
Doctress of Science, &c. &c.

BOSTON.

THE ESSAYIST.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1833. No. XII.

PRESENT AND PAST TIMES,

AS AFFORDING EXERCISE TO THE IMAGINATIVE POWERS.

FOR my own vicious opinion, it is in favor of the present age on many accounts, but not in so far as it affords means for exercising the imagination, or exciting the interest which attaches to other times.

I am glad to be a writer or a reader in 1826, but I should be most interested in reading or relating what happened from half a century to a century ago.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

NATIONS, like men, become less imaginative and less credulous as they grow older. The child, in a very few years, learns that Blue Beard, who so haunted his youthful slumbers, is a creature of the imagination; and that the Children in the Wood, over whose tragical fate he had so often wept, had no existence, save in the ballad writer's own fancy. By degrees, the scales fall from his eyes, he learns to distinguish truth from fiction, and to know what is within, and what without, the bounds of probability. Every preceding year makes him less a slave to the delusions which once enthralled him, and the grown-up man looks with as much contempt on his nursery tales, as upon the rattles and bells which once charmed his infant ear.

Nations, too, have their infancy and their manhood, and the characteristics are the same in each. In the early periods of society, all men are, more or less, poets. Brought up among the wild and beautiful scenes of untamed Nature; familiar with woods and streams, mountains and lakes, their language is naturally highly figurative and poetical, and they constantly illustrate the invisible world of thought, by the visible one of the senses. They are as much the slaves of imagination as little children. They believe in ghosts and

brownies, in spirits of the earth, and spirits of the air. They see water-nymphs in the glassy mirror of the fountain, and fairy footprints on the dewy grass of a summer's morning. All parts of creation teem with imagined life. The close-ribbed oak is the prison-house of the Dryad. Sylphs and Peris are sucking the perfumes of the 'liberal' air; and even the bowels of the earth are not without their gnomes and salamanders. The beautiful mythology of the Greeks, and the wild and romantic system of demonology found in the ballads and romances of the middle ages, more particularly the English and Scotch, were both the inventions of a comparatively rude and barbarous people.

But this delusion does not long continue. Men soon become sober-minded and practical. The severe matron, Philosophy, takes the place once occupied by the frolic form of Romance. They speculate and reason, rather than invent; they withdraw from the fair outward creation, its veil of enchantment, and prefer to group into new combinations their old materials, rather than to fashion new ones. The sciences and practical arts of life, occupy a prominent place in the attention of men, and every successive step towards civilization, diminishes the influence of the poetry and romance which were once so absorbing. Poetry, philosophy and criticism, are the characteristics of the three epochs in a nation's literary history. Witness Homer, Plato and Longinus; Chaucer and the ballad writers, Bacon and Locke, and the Edinburgh Review.

The poet or novelist, who is doomed to cater for the fastidious palate of the present age, would do well to throw back as far as possible, the scene of his story, and to shroud his subject in the gloom and mist of by-gone days. His imaginations will not bear the strong light of reality; something 'more must be meant, than meets the eye.' It is the natural tendency of familiarity with objects, to weaken the impression which they produce, and our blunted sensibility requires to be excited by novelty. One half of the pleasure derived from reading a story two or three centuries old, arises from the fact, that we are transported, as it were, into a new world, in which the actors and the scenes are equally strange to us. A modern novel depends for its success on the point and brilliancy of the dialogue, or the bold and graceful delineation of character, rather than on the tangled intricacy of the plot, or the romantic interest of the adventures. These last are entirely precluded by our familiarity with places and persons.

We know the street and number of the hero's residence, and could swear to the boarding school in which the heroine was educated, and the names of the characters are such as we may see every day in the newspapers. All these are essentially unromantic, and he who endeavors to surmount these evils, is sure to make a failure. It may seem singular that we should be so powerfully affected by such trivial things as the names of men and places; but it is no less true than singular; the slightest incongruity is sufficient to break the spell of Romance, and convert the sublime into the ludicrous. With how much more interest should we read of an adventure which happened centuries ago, in the frowning castle of some grim old Baron, with a fine Norman name, than if it had taken place at the villa of a modern peer, where his lordship, as the newspapers have it, 'entertained a highly select and fashionable party!' It is on this principle, that we may account for the ill success of a species of tragedy, which has been attempted in England, and which is commonly called 'domestic.' An apprentice to a thriving tradesman in London is seduced by a lewd woman and murders his uncle. This does not affect me so powerfully, as the story of Rimini or Mirra. Nor can I think that Mr. Beverly, who ruins himself by gaming, is so fine a conception as Shylock or Sir Giles Overreach.

I do not mean to insinuate by what I have said, that there is no longer any room for poetry or romance, and that the materials of fancy have long since been used up. Far from it. As long as man, with his passions and feelings—and nature, with her grandeur and her beauty, exist, there will be eloquence, there will be imagination, there will be poetry. But the task of the poet is more arduous than it was of yore; the highway of romance has been so often trod, that it has long ceased to be interesting: New bye-paths must be continually struck out and explored. The old and well worn similes and illustrations drawn from flowers and forests, and the obvious appearances of nature, have lost their original grace and beauty. We demand new and striking combinations in our fondness for novelty, as well as our taste, shall be gratified. Our poetry must be of course far-fetched, and in some measure, unnatural. But it is a necessary result of circumstances.

The poet, the novel-writer, or the dramatist, who would most successfully appeal to our romantic feelings, must have recourse to the treasured lore of antiquity. He must not present to us events in the reign of George IV., but carry

us back to the stiring times of the lion-hearted Richard, or the equally lion-hearted Elizabeth, where our imagination has free scope and range, and where we are unvexed by the miseries of reality. It is incumbent on us to encourage such feelings, in this 'bank note' age, when all our energies are devoted to the overcoming of physical evils, and to the increasing of our bodily ease and comfort. The adventures of to-day are like a newly painted picture, offensive by its glare of colors and its sharply defined outlines; but the tales of the olden time are like the same picture, when years shall have mellowed its colors, and softened its outlines, and shed over the whole that richness and glow which age alone can give.

MODERN BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

AMONG the prominent contributers of the continental literature of the present day, there are two writers to whom we are indebted for the greatest, because the best, of the obligations of intellect:—the evolution of sound practical principles and truths fitted to occupy man's highest and most benevolent energies. Such food to the mind is as superior to gifts solely designed for the gratification of taste and fancy, as are the laws and productions of the earth to the manifestations of grandeur which naturally flow from them.

In the intellectual world, thought constitutes at once the mind's natural food, and is the fertile source of concomitant beauty. Apparent as is this fact, how seldom is it practically recognised! A high-sounding word, elegantly turned period, unique figure—any thing but thought, deep, thrilling, original thought, is made the beau-ideal of our modern literati. When the grand truth that these are but the frames to the picture, is acknowledged and acted upon, how will the mental banquet be replenished! The frickasies and exquisites will give place to substantials, and intellectual dyspepsia will be quite as rare as any other; for man will no longer attribute to his fellow the 'stomach of a lion,' and feed him with the 'aliment of a lamb.'

The writers to whom we allude, stand foremost in the ranks of those who are accelerating the consummation of this auspicious revolution, and their comparative paucity of popular fa-

vor is a striking proof of the requisiteness of their labors. The one, by his just and enlightened philosophy, and the other, by his admirable practical disquisitions, are erecting to themselves monuments which, however deficient in perfect symmetry and ornamental detail, possess the massive dignity and grandeur of design, which will ever perpetuate the fame of the architects.

We can readily understand with what sincere feeling Coleridge must have inwardly, if not audibly, breathed the wish which his pen has recorded: 'Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into circulation, or the number and value of the minds which, by his conversation or letters, he has excited into activity, or supplied with the germs of their after growth!' *

An excessive refinement in argument and mysticism of language, are, perhaps, most generally considered the leading faults of this writer. His works, however, essentially differ in regard to the developement of these, and perhaps they may, in some instances, at least, be referred to special causes.—That they are faults, whatever be their origin, is admitted, but it is an undeniable fact that they have been prejudicial to an extent altogether beyond their legitimate tendency.

We would fain adopt an expedient of Lord Bacon's in reference to individuals thus influenced, who directed the attention of certain ill-judging fault-finders to the 'Elogie Alcibiades gave of his master Socrates, whom he compared to the Gallipots of the Apothecaries, which on the outside were drawn with apes, owls and antiques, but contained within precious liquors and sovereign confections, acknowledging that to vulgar capacities and popular report, he was not without some superficial lenities and deformities, but was inwardly replenished with excellent powers and virtues.'

A simple medium is confessedly the best for the transmission of thought, but it is the complaint of an over fastidious taste, when an obscure arcana of nature is illuminated, that its interior is not rendered clearly perceptible to the untried and indiscriminating vision of the multitude.

John Foster possesses a signal advantage over Coleridge, in point of popularity, from the fact that most of his works are directly addressed to an enlightened self-interest, and of consequence, are better appreciated by those who possess

* Biographia, p. 136.

even a moderate share of this rare and invaluable quality, than labors of the same character, but not of such obvious and immediate utility, at least, in the apprehension of the many.

What an absolute treasure, considered with regard to their appropriate results, are his Essays on the 'Formation and Publication of Opinions.' The single but great truth of the 'independence of belief on the will' so amply and powerfully enforced in that volume, is fraught with unmeasurable good. Some of these effects he has specified, but there are innumerable others, less prominent indeed, but as truly knit into the well-being and advancement of society.

Few, who are habitually observant, can have failed to remark the guarded conduct of many individuals, perhaps imprudent in other respects, as relates to the expression of their opinions, which, as far as it is the result of conscientiousness, is doubtless commendable, but which, not unfrequently, appears to spring from a self-distrust, almost amounting to moral cowardice.

Now we conceive it impossible for a candid individual to peruse the evidence and effects of the truth of which we are speaking, as illustrated by Mr. Foster, without feeling that, as opinions are unvoluntary and consequently 'not subjects of moral approbation or disapprobation,' it behoves him, while he sedulously follows candor in the formation of opinions, to listen with renewed faithfulness to the dictates of his own judgment, and fearlessly to declare its oracles, whenever private friendship or social duty shall claim its aid.

Yet the times have yet to come when the names of Coleridge and Foster will be engraved in the indelible characters of the popular voice upon the escutcheon of true glory. And the approach of this period will assuredly be retarded, as long as phraseological faults are magnified into paramount objections. But their fame is founded upon a noble sentiment of our nature—intelligent gratitude, or the thankfulness of the improved understanding for the light which has warmed into happy existence its latest and unlimited powers.

ADDISON, JR.

To E. P.

How sinks the sad and lonely heart
Amid the world's dim wilderness,
When not an eye with friendship's art
Gleams like the day-star's silver dart,
His sombre path of life to bless!
How sinks the heart, when not a tone
Of friendship breathes upon its blight;
When mid the world it seems alone,
Like a sad star, which once hath shone,
But sunk within a sunless night!
So sets the star—but if there glide
Another star in quietly,
To shine in splendor by its side,
Like some sweet, tender, loving bride,
The night is like a sunlit sea:
And so whene'er I think on thee—
Upon thy love, thy faithfulness—
Though, hid in guilt and misery,
Each other thought a torment be,
That one doth never cease to bless.

A. F.

Letter Writing.

I have ever been a lover of epistolary composition; for, of all vehicles of thought, I think a letter the most apt and beautiful, combining in itself all the advantages of the more artificial modes of writing with most of those which belong to verbal intercourse. It is singular what a prejudice obtains, even among educated persons, in regard to letter writing. The most voluble talkers often shrink with unfeigned abhorrence from inditing an epistle. If one were disposed to judge harshly, this dread might be ascribed to a commendable fear of beholding their ideas in a tangible shape. But, I believe very vague ideas prevail on this subject, and that a clear apprehension of the true character and legitimate design of letter-writing, would raise it to its deserved rank in human regards.

Perhaps the best definition of the word letter is that which describes it as written conversation. We trace upon paper what we should say were our friend at hand. Nothing is more ludicrous, therefore, than for one when provided with all the conventional materials, to lament that he is minus in the es-

sential—that 'he has nothing to say;' in the name of common sense then, let him not attempt impossibilities, nor waste time in preparations for doing—nothing. The truth is, I fear, that in cases of this sort, the desired epistle, which is expected to make its appearance spontaneously, is what is called a letter of duty; i. e. one of those things which a regard to appearances demands, and in which the mind and heart of the individual are as little engaged as they are in the countless 'how d'ye dos?' and words of recognition with which his physical organs are daily occupied. If it be so, sympathy is wasted on his case, and the most friendly can only hope that experience will teach him to give over battling with nature, and to *feel* that for a man to act the machine is a task under which ingenuity sinks, and from which every native impulse revolts.

In spite of the partial discredit cast upon this ancient and elegant species of writing by such calumniators, it has attained an elevated position even as a branch of polite literature. The letters of the younger Pliny are unsurpassed for taste and purity by any ancient classic. And what compositions equal the fervor and rhetorical force exhibited in the epistles of St. Paul? How few writings of celebrity are given to the world without a portion, at least, of the author's correspondence.—This is thought almost as essential as a memoir, and for very much the same reasons. If we are anxious to be initiated into the habits, circumstances, and domestic history of an interesting author, how can we be indifferent to his prevailing sentiments and mental moods? And what biography like a series of friendly letters? These are indeed the precious household lore, a portraiture dearer to affection than the delineation on the canvass or the studied history. Through this we behold not only the marked features of mind, but the delicate shades of feeling.

Yes—if nature, pure unsophisticated nature is to be found in the guise of literature, we must seek it here. How much of talent, poetry and sentiment that never aspired to the honors of authorship has been developed through this medium! Especially is it a happy channel for the female mind. Could the worldling behold here the evidences of a celestial spirit—the breathings of a mother's love—the confiding trust of conjugal tenderness—the devotion of genuine friendship, he would feel that the iciness of self-love and the impulse of ambitious passion hold a disputed sway.

There is, too, a disinterestedness in letter-writing peculiar to itself. When abilities of the highest order, or powers usually

made subservient to personal good, are tasked for an individual's pleasure, there is afforded a true token of sympathy. Who has not felt this in perusing the consolotary letter of Sir Thomas Browne, or the characterestic epistle of Deborah Lenox, which concludes the favorite fiction of our distinguished countryman?

'The truth is,' says Melmoth, 'a fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but in expressing ordinary ones in an uncommon manner.' This kind of writing is, indeed, admirably fitted to call forth originality, from the very fact that it favors independence of thought and feeling. We transcribe our opinions and sentiments freely, conscious that they are to meet only the eye of friendship. We labor not to give them a panoply of frigid words and regarded expressions, as they are not to be exposed to the arrow-darkened atmosphere of public criticism.

Interesting and valuable, then, for its own sake, is that medium by which we hold intercourse with the absent and loved. And perchance, amid all species of composition, none is more truly honorable to humanity. Nor should its contracted sphere of operation depreciate it in human regards. It may prove a blessing when the more ostentatious forms of literary enterprise shall have become futile from their very pretensions.

'With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches, from the shore, the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.'

THOUGHTVILLE.

SATIRE,

As inflicted by different writers, say Pope, Addison, Swift, Byron, Cowper.

THERE is hardly a more comprehensive word in our language than satire. Wit, eloquence, humor, imagination, are comparatively limited in their signification, and we expect that these qualities as displayed by one person, shall not materially differ from the same qualities as displayed by another. But we apply the general epithet 'satirical' to compositions, which, in their very form and pressure, are essentially different; to the lofty declamations of Juvenal and the playful raillery of Horace, to the gall of Churchill and the good-humored pleasantry of Irving. It is equally the province of satire to

make vice odious, and folly contemptible; to make us shudder, by exposing in naked deformity, the debauchee, the adulterer or the hypocritical fanatic, or to amuse us by lively caricatures of the vulgar rich man, the frivolous coxcomb, the insolent patron, the fawning toad-eater, the ignorant connoisseur,—in a word, of all the countless shapes in which human folly, Proteus-like, delights to appear.

Although every satirist has his own marked and obvious peculiarities, they may be all included under two great classes. The satire of the one of these classes, is the offspring of a fiery indignation, of an incensed spirit, and it may be, of crushed hopes and wounded feelings. It is bitter in its sarcasm, loud and fervent in its denunciations, and rancorous in its abuse.—The other kind is essentially different; it is light, playful and harmless; it arises from an unchecked vivacity of feeling and a shrewd observation of men and manners, and is often found united with the best heart and the most even temper. The wounds produced by the one are not deep, and are soon skimmed over and healed, while the sting of the other is venomed, and breeds rankling and festering sores. One is a lambent and imrocuous flame; the other, a consuming and devouring fire. The one class wield the knotty club of Hercules and the iron flail of Talus, while the weapon of the other is the lithe and polished rapier.

To the former of these two classes belong Swift and Byron. The satire of Swift is coarse, strong and virulent, forgetting all the decencies and proprieties of life. He was an unhappy man, and his pen drops the gall of a high and outraged spirit. He is a memorable illustration of the danger of wit, when not united to a warmth of heart and a stability of feeling. No man had more of the show, and less of the substance of friendship than Swift. Many feared him, but no one loved him. In the satire which lord Byron wrote when young, there is nothing very remarkable. It is more distinguished for eloquence, than wit or humor, and it is evidently written under strong excitement, which, generally speaking, is not favorable to the satirist. It has, however, a Roman nerve and vigor which will always ensure it a certain degree of popularity. In his later writings, his lordship seems to have become a disciple of Rouchecafoult, and to be always, like Tacitus, in search for the worse motive. There is something cold and caustic in his sarcasm; it has none of the fine glow of human feeling. There is devil in his sneer, but not a laughing one, and we turn from

the satirical portions of his Don Juan with no other feeling than that of sorrow for its author's diseased intellect.

To the other class of satirists belong Horace, Pope, Addison, and a host of inferior wits. They expose the foibles and weak points of humanity, and do not chastise its vices and sins. They amuse us with graceful good humor, and do not thrill us with indignant eloquence. Their satire carries with it a salve for the wounds it inflicts, like Achilles' spear, the rust of which healed the wounds its point inflicted. At the head of this class stands Pope, though in him we occasionally see the malice of the *man* aiming his shafts at individual heads. There is an inimitable grace and airiness in his style, and a sparkling richness and brilliancy in the flow of his thought. His illustrations are so well-timed and apropos, his versification is so finished, the field of his allusions so extensive, and his portraits are drawn with such strength of outline and force of expression, that the common consent of mankind has placed him at the head of all modern satirists.

First Annual Report

of the Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science.

This Association, like most institutions, owes its origin to the efforts of a few individuals impressed with the belief that such a Society was called for by the wants of community. These gentlemen, however, do not boast of having been the first who perceived the necessity of its being formed. They have reason to believe—and from the expression they have since heard on the subject they are confirmed in the belief—that the design has been a subject of thought with no inconsiderable number of intelligent young men in various parts of the country. They can, therefore, only claim the credit of being the first to execute the plan, and of having persevered in the work till, as they trust, they have placed this Society upon a solid foundation.

The first meeting was held on the 24th of October, 1831, when resolutions in favor of the objects in view, and of the formation of an Association, were unanimously adopted, and

a committee appointed to draft a constitution. This committee reported a constitution at an adjourned meeting, which, with some amendments, was adopted; and at subsequent meetings the several offices were filled. Numerous meetings have since that time been held, at which reports on various subjects were presented. As the business attending the organization and establishment of the Society is now completed, and a lively interest awakened, of the permanency of which there can be but little if any doubt, the Association may be said to be in a prosperous condition. Through its instrumentality, a most promising institution, the HORSTENSIAN SOCIETY of young men, has been founded in Baltimore.

As the title expresses, the main object of this Association is, the promotion of literature and science. Its design, however, is not to advance either of these branches of learning independent of, but rather in cooperation with, the various other existing institutions for general improvement. In fact, the very results of those institutions, more than any other circumstances, have occasioned the necessity for its existence. All of them are fitted to awaken an interest in literature and science: it is the object of this Association to increase and perpetuate that interest. They are calculated to, and do, educate to a certain extent, those who are actively engaged in them: it is the object of this Association to call forth and animate to higher exertions the talents which, but for its fostering care, might have been unknown even to their possessors.

Another important object is, to encourage and afford assistance in the acquisition of a free and good style of writing and expression of thought. Few other societies answer this end in any degree, and none to any considerable extent. We believe we keep far within bounds in saying, that not more than one out of ten in any class of community, who is not liberally educated, but who nevertheless can converse with intelligence on almost any subject, is able to express his thoughts in writing with even common accuracy and in a respectable style. This Association will doubtless supply a deficiency in this respect, which has too long existed. We believe it to be practicable for every young man of respectable standing, to become a good writer, as well as to make considerable progress in literary and scientific attainments.

Each member who engages in the exercises of the Society, has an opportunity of obtaining an acquaintance with the general literature of the day, and will thus be enabled to judge, at any time, of the propriety of calling public attention to

any important subject. Of course, the manners and customs of the times will meet with a portion of attention, their bearing upon the advancement of literature and science being by no means inconsiderable.

Having given a brief but general view of the objects of the Association, we shall now devote some attention to the means of advancing them.

The first instruments which we shall mention, are the members. We must have a proper number of members, and we must have members of a proper character. By this we do not mean that every member must be a deep thinker and a good writer, or that he must be extensively learned in some branch of literature or science. Such an one may or may not be of a proper character. The more of this description who will join us with a determination, so far as they are able, to do their duty as members, the better; but the young men of talent and learning among us, who are nevertheless indifferent to the promotion of the Society's objects, would not obviously constitute the desirable cooperation. Our Association is open to every young man of good moral standing, whatever be his religious or political creed, who possesses a taste for study, a desire to improve himself, to do what he can for the improvement of others, and (as far as his circumstances will permit) to advance the general interests of the Association. With such members the cause will prosper; with any other class it will decline.

2. By an enlarged spirit of liberality. We mean that liberality which is founded on sound judgment, which tells us that the most direct and the most efficient method of advancing our own good, is to seek it through the inspiring medium of some general interest. Let not the members of this Association aim simply at their own advancement in knowledge. This is a selfish end, unworthy of a true scholar. But let them always act in accordance with the fact, that in order to secure to themselves the greatest amount of moral or intellectual good, they must do all in their power to advance the moral and intellectual good of others.

3. By the advice of experienced men of talent and learning. This may be obtained by addressing communications to all our distinguished literary and scientific men, requesting their opinions of our objects, and their views with regard to the best means of promoting them.

4. By the Press. The advantages which are derived from a periodical, through which an Association may commu-

nicate its thoughts and present the most valuable portion of its doings to the public, are perfectly obvious. As regards this Association, especially, it cannot be doubted that this would be one of the best means of exciting and perpetuating a spirit of improvement among the young men of our community, and at the same time afford a medium for exhibiting the results of this spirit before the eye of the public. It is required to afford a medium for candid criticism on the works of the younger and less experienced class of writers among us, and to defend many of them against the unfair strictures so common in the criticisms of the day. It is generally admitted that our young men can do something, and that they ought to do something for the cause of literature and science. A periodical will show that they will do something, and that they are doing something, for the promotion of this noble object. The members of this Association are, or ought to be, workmen in the garden of intellect, and of course they want a vehicle for the dissemination of their best fruits.

5. By premiums. We think we need only refer to experience where this method for the encouragement of writers has been adopted, to make its utility evident; and whenever this Association shall be in a situation to do it, we trust that this will be a prominent means used for the promotion of its objects.

6. By operations in a private but energetic manner, and publicly when deemed expedient. We ought not to make ourselves known except by our works. Let them speak for us; and if they bear a creditable character, let us be encouraged. Let not popularity be mainly sought. Let TRUTH be our pole-star, and in cases where any of her departments are generally unappreciated, let us be as unpopular as possible.

7. By the cooperation of young men throughout the country. One measure to promote this end has been adopted. Persons residing in any place in the country may be admitted as members, and will be requested to correspond with the Association, and to do what they can to form similar Societies. But we offer it as our opinion, that the most effectual means for securing the cooperation of our young men generally, will be, to call a CONVENTION of young men from various parts of the country, to adopt measures for the promotion of literature and science among this class of community. We trust this subject will be discussed, at least, at some future meeting of

this Association, and that measures will be taken to effect this object.

It is expected that every member will labor generally in accordance with his own taste; but that he will never shrink from any task which there is any probability he may accomplish consistently with his other duties. But let it ever be remembered, that no kind of possession can be obtained or retained, without persevering labor and without persevering attention. This is a general remark, as applied to worldly goods; but universally so with regard to moral and intellectual acquirements. Chance may throw a man into the possession of wealth in some cases; but the improvement of the understanding, the improvement of the heart, and the government of the will, cannot be effected but by persevering attention and exertion.

We are engaged in a holy cause. The cultivation and expansion of intellect are duties peculiarly urgent upon a religious man. The first design of Christianity is to purify the mind; but one of the greatest objects of this is to remove all obstacles in the way of its advancement in knowledge. For there can be no goodness without knowledge; and therefore the holiness and consequent happiness of the world of spirits, is great only in proportion to its advancement in spiritual perception. The understanding is the most noble faculty of the mind. It is analogous to that faculty which is called wisdom in Deity, and wisdom is the basis of all perfection. Love, pure and refined, is the main spring of the universe. But what is a spring without an intellect? What is creative power, without judgment? What is the human sphere of free agency, without understanding? It is not our intention to disparage in the minutest degree the other faculties of the mind. They are all indispensable to the existence of any perfection. But we maintain, that the understanding is preeminent above all the other principles of the soul. A strong reason why the heart should be kept with all diligence is, that the understanding may not be degraded—that it may retain wisdom—that it may freely expand—that it may be like the unclouded sun. We must not be diverted from our purpose. We have formed new plans for the promotion of literature and science. This is the first institution of the kind among us, based on kindred principles. Let it take an exalted stand among the agents of intellect. Let it advance, zealously and perseveringly. Not with the baseless pretensions and extrava-

gant zeal, too often the characteristic of earnest social action —but, like the Spartans in a less worthy cause, let each member find in the objects to be accomplished, and the happiness of promoting them, his strongest incitement to effort.

For the Board of Censors,

GEO. W. LIGHT.

As the second number of the Essayist contains the *original* Constitution, we now insert, as a supplement to the preceding Report, that document as recently revised by a Committee.

INFLUENCED by the desire of self-improvement and usefulness, we hereby agree to associate under the name of the 'ADDISONIAN ASSOCIATION OF YOUNG MEN FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,' with the intention and hope of advancing, among ourselves and others, the just exercise and developement of our intellectual and moral powers, and inducing a mutual interest and regard: and for our direction we agree to adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President and Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who together shall constitute a Board of Directors for the general supervision of the objects and interests of the Association, to be chosen on the first Wednesday of October annually. The President shall preside at all meetings, and maintain parliamentary order; the Secretary faithfully record the proceedings, hold the papers and call the meetings of the Association; the Treasurer shall take charge of the financial department, presenting a statement thereof at the annual meeting, at which time the Directors shall also report on the general condition of the Association, its interests and proceedings.

ARTICLE 2. Meetings shall be holden on the evening of the first Wednesday in October annually, and during the rest of the year at such times as may be specified by the Directors or the Society. Special meetings may likewise be called at the instance of the majority of the government or five members.

ARTICLE 3. Individuals nominated for membership, whose names have been before the Association at least one week, and who shall receive the votes of two thirds of the members present, may become and continue members, by signing the Constitution and paying annually, in the month of October, the sum of $2,00.

ARTICLE 4. The objects of this Association shall be promoted by appropriate exercises, the use of the press, and the improvement of all other means and opportunities which shall be deemed expedient.

[From a collection of Poems soon to be published.]

The Robin.

Written in New Mexico, on hearing a read-breast sing, the only one that I ever heard there.

Hush! where art thou clinging,
And what art thou singing,
Bird of my own native land?
Thy song is as sweet
As a fairy's feet
Stepping on silver sand—
And thou
Art now
As merry as though thou wast singing at home,
Away
In the spray
Of a shower, that tumbles through odorous gloom;
Or as if thou wast hid,
To the tip of thy wing,
By a broad oaken leaf
In its greenness of spring,
And thy nest lurked amid a gray heaven of shade,
Where thy young and thyself from the sunshine were laid.

Hush! hush!—Look around thee!
Lo! bleak mountains bound thee,
All barren and gloomy and red;
And a desolate pine
Doth above thee incline,
And gives not a leaf to thy bed—
And lo!
Below
No flowers of beauty and brilliancy blow,
But weeds,
Gray heads,
That mutter and moan when the wind waves flow;
And the rain never falls
In the season of spring,
To freshen thy heart
And to lighten thy wing;
But thou livest a hermit these deserts among,
And echo alone makes reply to thy song.

And while thou art chanting,
With head thus upslanting,
Thou seemest a thought or a vision,
Which flits in its haste
O'er the heart's dreary waste,
With an influence soothing, Elysian—
Or a lone
Sweet tone,
That sounds for a time in the ear of Sorrow.
And soon,
Too soon,
I must leave thee, and bid thee a long good morrow.

But if thou wilt turn
To the South thy wing,
I will meet thee again
E'er the end of spring;
And thy nest can be made where the peach and the vine
Shall shade thee, and leaf and tendril entwine.

Oh! thou art a stranger,
And darer of danger,
That over these mountains hast flown,
And the land of the North,
Is the clime of thy birth,
And here thou, like me, art alone.
Go back
On thy track;
It were wiser and better for thee and me,
Than to moan
Alone,
So far from the waves of our own bright sea,
And the eyes that we left
To grow dim months ago,
Will greet us again
With their idolized glow.
Let us go—let us go—and revisit our home,
Where the oak leaves are green and the sea-waters foam.

Valley of Tisuqui, March 20, 1832.

COMMUNICATION FROM A FLY.

LAST Sabbath I left the uncomfortable gloom of a provision store, and flew to a neighboring boarding house. When I entered, the landlady was wondering why the flies should be so much thicker on Sunday than on any other day during the week. Had she been acquainted with the fly dialect, I would have informed her of the desolation and gloom of the place I had left; that the Irish women had bought or stolen every atom of liver; that not a piece of remainder-beef was left large enough for a fly's dinner, and that the last thing a spiteful fellow did, was to scrape the benches to a state of most vexatious cleanliness.

After a hasty breakfast I proceeded to take a survey of the room. What most powerfully attracted my attention, was a most heterogeneous assortment of books on the mantle piece. I immediately winged my way to the place, and seating myself on an alabaster Napoleon, forthwith proceeded to examine, with my hundred eyes, what was above and around me. Permit me however, before I describe what I saw, to ingratiate myself into your favor, by setting forth my pretensions to your esteem.

It is related of the celebrated Dr. Barrow, that when he was to preach to the king, that potentate was so prejudiced, by his mean appearance, that supposing it impossible that such a shrunk anatomy should be the great Dr. Barrow, he arose and left the chapel. I have always labored under a similar disadvantage, owing not indeed to any natural deformity, but to the imperfection of other people's eyes. I therefore never preach in public. My obscurity, however, has not been so very occult but that I have been noticed by several eminent writers, and being three hundred summers old, have that wisdom which is derived from extensive observation and experience.

I was in Bishop Taylor's study once, when that excellent man was writing. Happening to hear me buz, he gazed on me and my friends with a benignant smile for a moment, and then penned the following:—'The flies do rise again from their little graves in the walls, and dance awhile in the air to tell us that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer;—so is the heart of a sorrowful man, under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despair of the grave and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted.' Sturm thought us not unworthy of a reflection; and was it from me that Sterne took that idea by the aid of which he gave to the world an elegant lesson of humanity, and threw another pearl on that dung-heap of licentiousness, Tristam Shandy? Solomon wrote a particular account of me and my tribe, and passed an elegant compliment on my cousins, by recommending the sluggard to go to them for a lesson of industry.

I will now describe what I saw at my aforementioned Sunday quarters. Immediately over my head, hung a perpetual almanac. O! thought I, as I looked at its painted face, you are very fond of painting out joyous days—days of birth and days of mirth; but does the weeping mother come to thee to know if her little child will spend its last breath on the very fountain of life? Does this sometimes mourning girl wish thine aid to bring back to her mind those days of deep distress, when she looked on and saw death disrobe her friend of his health, his beauty, his genius, and his life, and then, with cruel kindness leave his cold body? Canst thou point out to this gray-headed man the day of his death? Why then

cheat men into a *feeling* that time is infinite, by showing them its small divisions? Hide, therefore, thy gaudy face, and give place to the yearly time-teller. Who would *wish* to anticipate more, who *can* anticipate even that?

On my right, is a Methodist hymn-book in close companionship with a Unitarian one. The peculiarities of these two sects, as far as externals go, may be learned from the books. The Methodist hymn-book is in plain sheep, as the bookbinders would say, and plain enough it is; whereas the Unitarian is dressed in blue morrocco, with gilt ornaments.

There is a pretty little book called Zion's Lyre; and there is a Stoughton's Collection—this must be a musical family if that is the case, and beautiful songs of adoration are often heard. I will tarry and drink in the soft sounds, with silent delight; for, as Burton says, 'a sweet voice and music, are powerful enticers; those Samian whenches, Aristonica and Anathia, insulted kings with impunity.' Clitiphon, if you know who he is, heard Leucippes, if you know who she is, play by chance upon a lute and sing a pretty song—and the poor fellow fell into such an inveterate fit of love that he never got out of it till he got married. But list! she comes—she has taken down the lyre—and oh! what a sweet voice she has. To quote from old Burton again, 'if thou didst but hear her sing, thou wouldst forsake father and mother, forget all thy friends, and follow her.' What is that young man saying? He addresses the singer thus:—'In a peculiar sense, your internal frame is a harp of a thousand strings, and if, while the silver cord is unloosed, holy thoughts keep time with the music, and the heart sanctifies its sounds, you may hope to receive a golden harp, and sing the song of the redeemed, a new song being put into your lips.' There is a piece of paper sticking out of a book; what is inscribed upon it? It is a comparison between the love of the sexes and the love of God—a quotation, we should say, from Burton. 'This love causeth true and absolute virtues; the life, spirit, and root of every virtuous action; it finisheth prosperity, easeth adversity, corrects all natural incumbrances, inflames our souls with a divine heat, and being so inflamed, purgeth, and so purged, elevates to God, makes an atonement and reconciles us to him. That other love, infects the soul of man, this cleanseth; that depresses, this exalts; that causeth cares and troubles, this quietness of mind; this informs, that deforms our life; that leads to repentance, this to Heaven.'

The next book is the Bible—a book I have always considered of the first importance to man. I often wonder it

is not more generally read. On long summer evenings, it has been my delight to visit the cottages of the contented poor of our country towns, and I have often been thrilled with delight at hearing little girls read the Bible during the long twilight to their grand parents, and when it was too dark to read, converse with beautiful freedom on what they had read. For such are the advantages of Sunday schools at the present day, such the devotion of the teachers, and such the eagerness with which little children press forward to receive the pleasant instruction, that it often happens that the child is much further advanced in the kingdom of Heaven than the parent. But to me it has been a source of wonder, that I have not oftener seen the young men of New England perusing it; I suppose, however, they do it during winter, when we are asleep. Peter du Monlin pays the following tribute to the Bible in his book on 'Peace and Contentment of Mind.' 'Some years ago, being cast by the storm upon a remote coast, and judging that it would have been to no purpose for me to quarrel with the tempest, I sat upon the shore to behold it calmly. There I found myself invited to husband that uncertain interval of unexpected rest, to meditate by what means I might possess everywhere, and in this very storm, peace and contentment of mind; and to try whether I could be so happy, while I got peace myself, to procure it unto others. For that contemplation, I made use of four books, the half wild country where I found myself affording but few more. The first and chief was the Holy Scriptures, the meditation whereof brings that peace which passes all understanding. My second book was the great Volume of Nature. The third was the Lessons of Divine Providence. The fourth, that which every man carrieth along with himself, and that is Man.'

I next came to the miniature of a female—a pretty one—for who ever saw an ugly miniature? The history of the original of the picture, at one period of life, was strange. She was one evening in company with other maidens, who, with their proper beaux, had assembled in the hall of a country inn, to have a dance, but becoming weary with that exercise, they went to playing forfeits; and from that they transgressed to marriage—which consists in drawing a partner by lot, and being united by a mock ceremony in wedlock. It so happened that there were two gentlemen strangers at the inn, who were invited to participate in the rustic festivity, by the master of ceremonies. They drew their lots with the rest, and the original of this picture found herself wife, by lot, to

one of the strangers. The other stranger was chosen priest pro tem, and administered matrimony to these two. When the time arrived for the party to retire, our stranger politely offered his services to see his partner home. She took his arm, and they were proceeding out of the door, when his progress was obstructed by the ponderous frame of a tanner's apprentice, who seemed, as a person present remarked, to be in a pretty considerable frustration. The tanner looked first at the lady and then at the gentlemen, and addressing the latter in a tone compounded of politeness and passion, exclaimed, 'That lady belongs to me.' No she don't,' said the stranger —'she is mine.' '*Yours?*' 'Yes, she is my wife.' 'Well, that joke has been carried far enough.' 'Oh it's no joke, I assure you; my friend who married us is a justice of the peace, and she is therefore my legal wife.' The young lady was somewhat confused, but by this time they were out of the revealing influence of the lights. Soon arriving at her home, the stranger related to the astonished parents the events of the evening, said that he was well pleased with his wife—(the young lady looked confused)—that he was able to maintain her handsomely—(the young lady looked astonished)—that he should like to have her accompany him home—(the young lady grew pale)—that he should be happy to have her father go with them—(the young lady looked pleased)—and that if *his wife* was not satisfied with him, on farther acquaintance, she should be at liberty to return—(the young lady looked delighted.') A.

SKETCHES.

[*From the Note Book of the Wandering Piper.*]

BOSTON.

BOSTON is a delightful city. The streets are spacious and regular, and the buildings excellent. The State House is a splendid edifice, with a cupola very much resembling the dome of St. Paul's Church, London. The Market House is very large, and possesses every convenience. Those who are not pleased with it, I pity them, be they piper or *fiddler*. The Post office, churches, Masonic Temple, and the other public buildings, are all of a superior description. The wood and water scenery in the environs of Boston, very much resemble that in the neighborhood of Naples. I had but little oppor-

tunity of being in company with the Bostonians, except when performing in the Hall; but from what I saw of them there, I have no hesitation in saying, that they are well bred, generous and warm hearted. Take Boston all in all, the traveller will scarcely meet with its like again. I put up at the Tremont House, kept by Mr. Boyden, an establishment not to be surpassed in any foreign country where I have travelled. It is finished in a most masterly style; the rooms are magnificent, and the furniture of the first rate quality. The tables are furnished with all the delicacies which this or any other country can produce, and the cooking is such that the most consummate epicure could not find the least fault with it. The charges are very moderate, and the greatest attention paid to all who frequent it.

CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

This Navy Yard is very extensive, and has all the necessaries requisite for such an establishment. The Dry Dock, in which the ship Constitution is at present undergoing a thorough repair, is a specimen of mason-work of the very first order. In ship-building, the Americans excel all other nations; and when one of their vessels arrives in a foreign harbor, it is sure to excite the admiration and draw forth the encomiums of all who visit it. The models are beautiful, and the finish of the outside looks more like veneering than common ship-building. Strength is not, however, sacrificed in any instance for mere beauty of appearance. The beams, knees, &c. are so strong, that a simple landsman like me would imagine that they might almost defy the violence of the elements to whose fury they are exposed. Their timber for ship-building is nowhere to be equalled. Should any *grasping* Government be disposed to invade the American shores, they will meet with a warm reception.

I DREAMED.

I DREAMED—and 'twas a lovely, blessed dream,
That I again my native hills had found,
The mossy rocks, the valley, and the stream
That used to hold me captive to its sound.

I was a child again—I roamed anew,
About my early haunts, and saw the whole
That fades, with waking memory, from the view
Of this mysterious thing we call the soul.

A very child, again beside the brook,
I made my puny hand a cup to dip
Among the sparkling waters, where I took
Its hollow full, and brought it to my lip.

And oh! that cooling draught I still can taste,
And feel it in the spirit and the flesh.
'T is like a fount, that in the desert waste,
Leaps out, the weary pilgrim to refresh.

The spice of other days was borne along,
From shrub and forest, on the balmy breeze;
I heard my warbling wild bird's tender song
Come sweet and thrilling, through the rustling trees.

All was restored, as in the sunny day,
When I believed my little, rural ground
The centre of the world, whose limits lay
Just where the bright horizon hemmed it round.

And she who was my sister then, but now,
What she may be, the pure immortals know,
Who, round the throne of the Eternal bow,
And bathe in glory veiled from all below.

But, she was there, who, with her riper years,
Once walked, the guardian of my infant feet,
Drew from my hand the thorn, wiped off my tears,
And brought her flowers to deck our grassy seat.

I saw her cheek with life's warm current flushed,
Clung to the fingers that I used to hold,
Heard the loved voice that is forever hushed,
And felt the form that long ago was cold.

All I have been and known, in all the years,
Since I was sporting in that cherished spot—
My hopes, my joys, my wishes and my tears,
As only dreamings, were alike forgot.

'T was this that made my dream so blest and bright,
And me the careless thing that I was then.
Yet, Time, I would not now reverse thy flight,
And risk the running of my race again.

The fairest joys that struck their roots in earth
I would not rear again, to bloom and fade!
I've had them once, in their ideal worth,
Their height I 've measured, and their substance weighed.

Nor, those who sleep in peace, would I awake,
To have their hearts with time's delusions filled.
The seal that God has set, I would not break,
Nor call the voice to lips that he has stilled.

And still, I love my dream—'twas very sweet,
To be among my native hills again,
Where my light heart was borne by infant feet,
The careless, blissful creature I was then!

Whene'er I think of it, the warm tears roll,
Uncalled, and unforbidden, down my cheek,
But, not for joy nor sorrow. O, my soul!
Thy nature, power, or purpose, who can speak?

H. F. G.

Essayist Room.

Gordon's Lecture on Lotteries before the Boston Young Men's Society. Boston: Ford & Damrell.

Walker's Address before Eleven of the Young Men's Associations, on the last 4th of July. Boston: Allen & Ticknor.

Associations like those which originated the delivery and publication of these productions, on account of their multiplicity and almost proverbial fragility, have often been made the occasions of indiscriminate ridicule. And, it may be, that their utility is still a matter of doubt in the view of many worthy observers and sage interpreters of the signs of the times. And at some seasons, misgivings of a like nature have arisen in our own breasts—albeit they lack not sympathy in all well-intended combinations of kindred spirits. Careful observation, however, has established us in the conviction that the Young Men's Societies existing in our community exert a decidedly good influence upon all concerned, and that contrary effects are traceable rather to the perversion of the individual than to any intrinsic evil of the social influence.

These excellent fruits are, in general, the promotion and maintenance of an improving ambition, a fellow-feeling and an intelligent interest in those great objects which, while they deeply concern the individual, are generally unappreciated and disregarded till pressed upon him by the force and attraction of common example and unanimity of sentiment.

The chief dangers to be apprehended from these institutions are, the subversion of moral independence in the individual, and an undue devotion to them. In both cases the evil often brings with it its own remedy, in the spirit of discussion they engender, and the poor reward with which they repay *his* devotion who delights in them *alone*, and not in the happy reflex benefit derivable to himself from a judicious improvement of their means and influences.

We welcome the publication of the 'Lecture on Lotteries,' therefore, as calculated to set the public right as regards Young Men's Societies. What *act* of more actual moral utility can there be, than a spirited and well-supported attack upon one of the strong holds of popular vice and folly? And what *instrument* can prove more effectual than a well-authenticated exposition of the sources, methods and ravages of the Lottery system? That this has been accomplished under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Society, is proof positive of the usefulness and promise of that popular

institution. We know not what measures have been taken to circulate the pamphlet, but would suggest the expediency of securing the cooperation of all the Young Men's Moral Societies in the country in aid of its dissemination. There are regions less favored than our own, which *demand* its revealing and saving influence.

We are glad to see Mr. Walker's Address, notwithstanding we had, as an individual, some objection to its publication in the shape in which it was delivered.

There are many excellent views in this discourse, expressed in good language, and with a spirit such as might be expected from a young man, appointed by young men, for an occasion like that on which the performance took place. We might extract several passages on which unqualified approbation would be bestowed, we presume, by our readers of all classes; but this our limits prevent us from doing.

The faults of the Address are very manifestly the faults of a man not much accustomed to write—to write systematically. They are not deficiencies of material, or want of animation, or variety, or plainness of expression. They are rather incongruities of style in matters of mere taste—the introduction, for example, of stale illustrations, altogether too puerile for such a discourse—the mingling, too abruptly, of the grave with the gay, and the lively with the severe—the random, offhand vehemence, in a word, of a writer who feels the force of his subject generally rather than particularly, and therefore expresses himself with more animation than caution, and with more vigor than point.

Most of the faults of the Address are in the remarks on the most important topic—the Young Men's Societies—a subject which has engrossed much of Mr. W.'s attention. But these remarks, on the whole, are excellent. The allusion to the character of the other sex, though apparently somewhat elaborate, is perhaps, in respect to taste and correctness both—(your pardon, respected sir)—one of the most objectionable parts of the whole discourse. We think that honorable class deserve better treatment.

We ought, in justice, to mention, that the situation of Mr. Walker as a mercantile man, together with the little time allowed him to prepare his Address, are circumstances sufficient to cover a multitude of literary sins.

The discourse ought to be read by every young man in the country.

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